

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



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## STORK EXPECTED AT POINT BARROW

BY ELIZABETH C. FORREST

[MRS. FORREST and her husband, in their early twenties, spent three years as government teachers for the United States Bureau of Education at Wainwright, Alaska, three hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle. In addition to schoolroom work, their duties included doctoring, conducting religious services, providing entertainment for the Eskimos, acting as the final court of appeal in igloo discussions, and otherwise taking an intimate and whole-hearted part in the daily life of their 'brown friends.' — THE EDITORS]

### I

WITH August the *Bear* returned on her annual cruise into the North, doctor and district superintendent on board, a scientist or two, and a high church prelate. And in the parcel post was an exciting package — tiny garments of creamy silk and wool. But with it came upsetting information. My order had properly impressed the firm with the need for promptness; the letter had reached them at ten o'clock in the morning, and the package had gone

north by two of that same afternoon. Their publicity man, however, had seen an excellent opportunity for advertising. He had given my signed letter to the *Toledo Blade*. In the same mail with the package came clippings from various sections of the United States, — sent by unknown well-wishers, — captioned in black, 'Stork Expected at Point Barrow!'

Suppose this news item should come to the attention of some friend or relative! Our mothers were not living, but we were particularly anxious that our fathers and other relatives should be spared months of worry and anxiety; for, if the baby arrived in March, it would be five months before word of his arrival could reach our homes. This unwanted publicity filled us with consternation and wrath. I sat down and relieved my mind in a caustic letter to the firm at fault, a letter which brought by return mail, six months later, a startled apology. Probably never before had they found newspaper publicity so unwelcome to a patron.

On board the cutter that brought our package was our superintendent on his

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annual visit. Already I was feeling wretched — a condition aggravated by the bustle, confusion, crowds, and sleepless hours of the boat's coming. We shared our secret with Superintendent Shields, and his reception of it was reassuring. He was convinced that everything would go off splendidly, and he offered to try to arrange with the Mission doctor for a March visit to Wainwright which should include an inspection of our natives.

Dr. Townsend was not on the *Bear* this trip; but I consulted with the new doctor, and secured from him suggestion and advice. Later I saw him eyeing me askance; sheer madness to run such a risk deliberately, his expression said. I knew a moment's panic.

That feeling was n't lessened when, after the *Bear's* departure, we began studying the medical books it had brought, intent upon being prepared for any emergency. Actually we knew practically nothing about the birth of babies; but we did n't realize that until we began our investigations. In our own families the births had been normal affairs. One particularly gruesome book on obstetrics, however, was copiously illustrated, and convinced us that babies could be born in all sorts of monstrous forms and showed a predisposition to arrive in every way except the correct one. What had seemed a natural event, properly directed by Nature, took on depressing uncertainty. Moreover, in addition to the fund of information our medical library displayed, there were numerous episodes now recalled which the old doctor, in an attempt to dissuade us from our purpose, had enumerated — tragedies that had resulted from lack of proper surgical care.

For the most part, however, this thing of having a baby was an absorbing adventure. Our previously overcrowded days were now filled even fuller. Preparations of all sorts were

under way. I made a tiny down pillow, and an eider quilt of lavender sateen, the only material that was available. The same material served as a maternity gown.

If I had been wise I should have worn a native *koshbrook*. Hanging in ample folds straight from the neck, kindly concealing, it is the perfect maternity garment. Often a woman had given birth to her child before I so much as suspected that one was on the way. But we are creatures of fixed grooves.

I drew on memories of my childhood for wrapper and tea gown such as my mother had worn on similar occasions. Without pattern or guidance, a horrible concoction resulted: kimono-sleeved yoke with straight lengths gathered round, bands of wide black velvet my only trimming. Its companion garment, cut on the same voluminous lines, was of scarlet flannel from the Barrow trading post, trimmed, like the lavender sateen, with black velvet. These two garments took painful form under my direction at the hands of Eskimo seamstresses.

Sewing had never been my strong suit. At home my older sister had borne the brunt of it while I turned to more congenial tasks. I regretted my ignorance now. One garment took weeks in the making, growing steadily more odious to me. The rules required that sewing be taught, but material with which to work was limited. One bolt of gingham, one of calico, a khaki drill for snow shirts, and hideous purple outing flannel, with thread, needles, and small sundries, completed the list of our sewing supplies. Here was an opportunity ready to my hand for teaching practical sewing to my pupils.

In the schoolroom rows of little Eskimo girls sat solemnly hemming diapers, while in the aisles older girls cut and constructed tiny flannel gowns and wrappers, and dresses of sheer

lawn. Those hours of sewing on the garments for my unborn babe must have been a bit hard on a race to whom any preparation before the baby's coming spells disaster. But their stolid little faces gave no hint as they made row after row of stitches with awkward unfamiliar movements, pushing the needle from them. One after another, incredibly dirty little garments were completed, boiled long and lustily, and folded away.

Of an evening when no more pressing business interfered, Earle worked with Grouse in the schoolroom, building a sled; for we had decided that we could not depend upon a clumsy brakeless Eskimo sled for that important last-minute dash to Barrow. Earle and his director-assistant laboriously ripped a hardwood plank into strips of suitable thickness, planed and shaved and bent them, until a graceful sled, light and strong, took shape under their hands. And while they worked I sat at a school desk crocheting and embroidering, fashioning, in deference to custom, intricate scallops and sprays of flowers about the edges of flannel petticoats. Our satisfaction in our work was equal — Earle's in his sled, in the proud curve of rounding bow and uptilted runners, in steel-pronged brake and intricate design of sinew lashings for adornment; mine in web of silken lace and perfect eyelet. Both worked for the same purpose — our arctic baby.

## II

Early in the winter, with all of these unusual preparations under way, rumors spread through the village and up and down the coast. Old women would walk up to me, thrust an inquisitive finger into my abdomen, and ask bluntly, 'Baby inside?'

At first hot waves of confusion scorched me. In our home babies had not been openly discussed before their

arrival. They were something sacred and secret. Now here was my secret being openly discussed about the seal-oil lamps along six hundred miles of coast. Privacy was neither permitted nor possible in this vast, sparsely settled land of unlocked doors. Letters in greasy blurred sprawl came from a hundred miles away. 'I hear that your wife has baby inside. I hope that it will come forth safely.' Our nearest neighbor on the south, the Episcopal missionary at Point Hope, three hundred miles away, sent his felicitations. Messages of encouragement and good cheer came by every native traveler from our good friends at Point Barrow.

Developments were closely followed. Bleary-eyed old Shuguk brought her crumpled face — like crushed brown tissue paper — close to mine to ask in husky gutturals whether I had yet felt life, her graphic gestures making clear the meaning of her words.

And then one day in January, Robert, interpreter for that Sunday, stood after service confused and wordless while from all over the room insistent questions were thrust at him. At last, flushed, head hanging, he brought out, 'The people like to know when the baby will come forth!'

Informed that March was the expected date, the gathering settled back with ejaculations of relief and pleasure, brown faces beaming, two hundred pairs of interested black eyes fixed upon me where I sat, uncomfortably, at the little organ.

As I look back now I wish that I had shared my baby's coming with those friendly Eskimo mothers. But New England ancestry shrank and cringed from probing eyes and wagging tongues.

The winter passed slowly. I had little information at hand, but I made desperate efforts to do everything possible to keep well. Certain things I knew were expected of a pregnant mother: daily baths; walks in the open

air; much fruit. Prunes and dried apples were my daily diet *ad nauseam*. Conscientiously each night, no matter how weary from a hard day in the schoolroom, I stood in the galvanized tub close to the stove, ice unthawing in the corners of the kitchen, my breath a white cloud before my face, and took a sponge bath, expecting at any moment that the water coursing over my body would turn to icicles.

'Exercise daily in the open air' was prescribed. I was deathly afraid of slipping on the ice, falling, and causing disaster. Yet, clinging like grim death to Earle's arm, every day after school I ventured forth on the glazed surface of hard-packed snow.

We had decided that we could not count on native dogs to get us to Barrow quickly enough when the time arrived. We must have dogs of our own. Ever since Ivuk's brief, tragic life we had been longing for another dog. Now we had legitimate excuse for acquiring a dog team.

Good dogs were difficult to buy; and one must be wary of those offered for sale. Adam Neakok, the sanctimonious, sold us Portugee, a big-headed black dog with white spots above the eyes, the laziest dog I have ever seen. In spite of voice or whip, his tug line always dragged the snow as he jogged leisurely along, just a shade behind the others, never pulling his share of the load.

From Nome Okilleak we bought Ahboo, a good worker but vicious, Nome warned us. He was a lean rangy brute with brown bristly hair, a lone wolf with a doleful, never-ending howl. The thudding of drums in the village, the young people singing hymns in the schoolroom of an evening, would start him off into tremulous lonely wails that raised the hair. He was an outlaw. The sturdy packing box Earle gave him for a house he tore to tiny splinters with powerful fangs. When Earle built

a snow house to take its place he scorned its shelter. He lay on top of it in the bitter wind, sometimes consenting to curl up in its lee with a contempt that made us blush for our censure of the natives because they provided no shelter for their dogs.

Sisoak was a lean black dog, characterless, quiet, and efficient. But Ekluk was our favorite. We bought him from Robert for six dollars — a great woolly bouncing pup, not yet full-grown, though he was heavier than any in our team. The name Ekluk — black bear — just suited him.

We decided to have him for a leader, not realizing in our ignorance that leaders are born, not made. Earle made him a harness like a horse's — collar of reindeer skin stuffed with hair, traces of sealskin. Sometimes as I lay on the front-room couch of an evening, luxuriating in my misery, mercifully alone for a few minutes, prodigious bumpings and sharp squalls came to me from the schoolroom where Earle was training his leader, driving him up one aisle, then geeing or hawing down another. I could hear faintly Earle's short insistent commands, then startled yips from Ekluk. Apparently he was not learning very fast. The natives shook their heads, insisting that he was too slow and clumsy for a leader. All of their leaders, I noticed, were small and cringing, with terrified eyes.

The leader we finally got was of that sort. For weeks we tried to break one of our own, with many a spill and loss of temper incurred in the struggle. Out on the tundra we would try first one dog, then another, in the lead. Ekluk bounced back among the others, woofing and playing. Ahboo was pugnacious. None of them would lead out in the proper manner. Earle tried running ahead, calling them after him, while I rode the runners of the sled. Once they broke loose. Another time the sled upset and I, with a sickening



jar, sat down hard. At last we were forced to the conclusion that a leader is not made in a week or even a month. When one's only control over a dog team is by voice, a leader who knows his business is essential.

Earle rented two dogs from Charley and Grace, I-chew-siakh, for leader, and Rover, a wheel dog. We housed and fed the dogs, and put some meat on their lean ribs. Then Earle went out one day to find them gone. The dogs belonged to Charley; Kotook, his father-in-law, needing two good dogs for a trip to Icy Cape, had taken them. To him it was as simple as that. When Kotook returned, Earle interviewed him and explained at length that as long as we were paying rent for them the dogs were virtually ours, and we were feeding them for a very special use. Kotook nodded cheerful acquiescence — and a few days later the dogs were gone again.

This time Earle's tone was not so mild. But losing one's temper did no good at all. To Kotook the facts were plain: the two dogs belonged to Charley, the husband of his daughter; that entitled him to use them when he pleased.

We would gladly have returned the dogs, been quit of the whole business. But leaders were not easy to find; most men had only one and needed him themselves. And a leader we must have. A dog team without one is n't a team at all — just a snarl of dogs fastened together, with as many different ideas as there are dogs. We endured I-chew-siakh, always in terror that when the day arrived when we should need him most we should find him gone.

I-chew-siakh did n't fulfill our ideas of a leader. He had a sharp fox nose and a small cringing body covered with faded yellow hair, while we had visions of a handsome wolf-gray Malemute, pacing proudly, plumelike tail aloft. I-chew-siakh was a 'problem dog,' full

of vague terrors. A dog psychoanalyst might have delved into his past and dispelled his phobias. We had to endure them.

At first he shunned his warm packing-box house, evidently fearing a trap, and had to be forcibly thrust in. But, once he had grasped its significance, he sublimated it to a den. Shrinking into the farthest corner, making himself as small as possible, he would peer from the darkness with wary green eyes. While the rest of the team lunged and screamed, wild to be off, at harnessing time, we had to pry him with a crowbar from the back of his house. Once in the harness, however, he strained far out at the end of the towline, holding his team taut in the most approved fashion. At the release of the brake, he was off like a shot, traveling sideways, crab-fashion, and casting swift furtive glances back across his shoulder at his driver and the dogs behind him.

Such were the six dogs which we had as nucleus for a team to drive in March to Barrow. Part of our preparation during these months of waiting was to have that team ready: well-broken to obey Earle's voice; hardened to the trail; in prime condition.

Every night Earle cooked dog feed: a mulligan of seal or walrus, shorts, and seal oil in a five-gallon coal-oil can on the schoolroom heater. With an axe he hacked the frozen meat into chunks of suitable size, two to a dog, and filled the can with snow. When it boiled he stirred in meal. In spite of stirring, it always stuck, and filled the hallways with a strong rank smell of burnt seal mulligan. At about ten every night we put on our reindeer parkas and carried it out into the big snow hallway before the building. The steam rolled up in the stinging cold, filling the snow hall with a dense white cloud. Handling them cautiously with fox-skin mittens, I spread out on the snow the six pans fashioned from cut-down coal-oil tins,

and Earle divided the stew among them.

All this time the dogs were lunging, clamoring at their stakes, with sharp rattle of jerking chains. We left them shrieking, and ran inside for a moment to let their feed cool. Sometimes when we came back some scrawny furtive pariah lurked in the door, not quite daring to pounce upon the steaming food. Each carrying a pan, we made three trips out to the dogs. They wolfed the burnt mess in great gulps. In a moment the pans were licked clean. Ahboo, deathly afraid of heat, often flipped his pan over with deft paw and ate his portion from the snow.

As the dogs ate I would revolve slowly on the thick fur soles of my winter boots and look about me. Empty white landscape reached in all directions as far as the eye could see. Across the vast arch of the sky, studded with brilliant stars, luminous white streamers of light flowed and wavered. Crushed piles of ice glittered with chill beauty on the frozen sea. Close at hand in the awful immensity huddled a handful of igloos — dwellings of human beings. Puny mites. What did we matter in this vast emptiness? Would one more tiny atom matter?

### III

As always toward the last, the time of waiting seemed unbearably long. Everything was now in readiness for the trip to Barrow. At Kokluk's and Itta's igloos, the two usual stops on the Barrow trail, frozen seal had been purchased and waited in caches to feed our dog team. Our good friend, James Angashuk, had promised additional dogs for the journey, the pick of his team, and the first week in March had been set as the time to start.

I would n't let myself think of that journey. All day long for at least three days I must sit flat in a sled, legs ex-

tended in a desperately uncomfortable position. Hour after hour there would be the jolt of sled runners dropping from cake after cake of ice. I knew from Saturday runs out on the frozen sea what it would be like. On more than one occasion I had left the sled and scrambled laboriously over fragments of broken ice to avoid that sickening jar.

At night I should have to crawl somehow into tiny igloos, close and foul, crowded with Eskimos, and lie on the floor. A blizzard might hold us stormbound for days in some igloo. Anything might happen on that Barrow journey. I was anxious to have it over.

During the last months I was trying to break in a girl to help me. I must have help after the baby's arrival, and now was the time to train someone.

At times I despaired of ever finding the efficient helper. The girls moved with incredible slowness about the tasks I set them. Isabel could take three hours to do the evening's dishes. Mabel took two hours to wash half-a-dozen dishcloths. Without success I tried to prod or coax them to a faster pace.

At Icy Cape was Kiowuk's adopted daughter, a half-breed, child of a member of some whaler's crew. Faye was a pretty girl, and I hoped would show superior intelligence. I sent for her foster parents and asked if they would like her to stay at the school-house, going to school and helping me.

Faye wanted to come. 'I like,' she said stolidly when questioned.

But her father and mother were full of fears. Through an interpreter her mother protested that she was afraid I would scold Faye; that I would make her work too hard; that she would be lonesome and cry. I appealed to Faye standing by, her face a mask.

'How about it, Faye? Do you want to stay?'

'I like,' she reiterated in a monotone.

Another fear came out. Faye's parents were afraid that she would spend her wages on herself instead of taking food for her parents.

This fear too was quieted, and they left, carrying a twenty-five-pound sack of flour, advance guaranty on Faye's wages.

Within the week I wished that they had taken her along with the flour. She was sullenly resentful of every task I set her. She wanted to be out at play with the other boys and girls, yet would not or could not finish the dinner dishes and join them. All evening she pouted over the dishpan. When I invited other girls in to keep her company, she abandoned her work entirely and devoted herself to chatter and giggling. She spent laggard hours in dishpan and washtub, and as a result in a few weeks her hands, unaccustomed to that unfamiliar element, water, opened along all the lines, showing a network of bloody cracks. I salved and bandaged and waited on her while they healed, then, with a long breath of relief, sent her back to her parents at Icy Cape.

In the end the girl we chose was Mabel Adreenyah, oldest daughter of Segevan. Some teacher had named her Mabel, with more discrimination than was used in naming many, but we liked to call her by her Eskimo name, Adreenyah. She was as slow as any and no brighter, but she was cheerful and willing, not given to fits of pouting like Faye and Eva, and she came from the cleanest home in the village.

Segevan expanded visibly at our choice. 'All the time you tell Mabel to working something,' he beamed proudly. 'She will learn the quickly.'

Scrubbed, shampooed, dressed from the skin out in store clothes, she caused me no anxiety about her cleanliness. She helped me during the day, and stayed nights at the schoolhouse when Earle was away.

A month before the baby's coming, knowing that he would n't be able to leave later, Earle made a last trip to the reindeer herds. Mabel Adreenyah stayed at the house to keep me company. She was sleeping, dead to the world, in the upstairs storeroom on a night which emerges starkly from those last weeks of waiting.

Shortly after midnight I was awakened by a tapping at the wooden ventilator in the front-room window. I crept out of bed, threw a wrap about me, and went to the window. Outside the temperature was thirty-five below zero, and the blast of air that swept into the room when I opened the ventilator set me chattering. Outside stood Kotook's wife, Betsy, her broad flat face a dim, fur-encircled blur. Her sleeves dangled limply, but she deftly slipped an arm back into one to gesture graphically, speaking in a mixture of Eskimo and broken English. Lucy, her stepdaughter, had been in labor for many hours, but the baby would not come forth.

We had been dreading this birth. Lucy, an unmarried girl of about nineteen, was paralyzed from the waist down. She had come recently from Icy Cape, where she had been living, and moved in with Kotook and Betsy. Ever since it became generally known in the village that she was pregnant the village ancients had been shaking doleful heads and saying, 'The baby cannot come forth.'

We believed they spoke the truth, and, helpless to avert the tragedy, awaited the day of labor with a feeling of awful impotence. Now it had come, and Betsy wanted my help.

It was an impossible situation. Large and awkward as I now was, it was only with the greatest difficulty that I was able to insert myself into the tiny entrance of the snow hallways and creep along the dark inner passage. I no longer trusted my footing on the slippery ice outside; and, above all, I

could do nothing for Lucy. I had never even seen a woman in labor, and this case required a surgeon. The usual midwives could do more for her than I. I gave Betsy medicine to accelerate labor and relieve pain, sent her away, and crept back to bed.

I was chilled through from standing at the window, and lay shivering, picturing horribly the scene at Kotook's.

An hour dragged by. Then Betsy was back again. I felt a sharp surge of nausea as I crawled out of bed and went back to the window. Surely she brought word that Lucy lay dying.

But she had only returned to plead with me once more to come. Lucy was begging for me, convinced that the white *oomalik* could end her torture. Again I shook my head. I could not go.

I stood at the window watching Betsy shuffle dejectedly away across the snow, back to that scene in her igloo. No wonder she went slowly, on reluctant feet.

By now I was shivering so that my teeth rattled alarmingly together — nervousness and chill combined. I filled a hot-water bag from the steaming kettle always on the back of the stove, emptied more coal into both fires, and went back to bed. But there was no more sleep for me. I was feeling deathly ill. Pain racked my body. Perhaps this nervous strain would bring on premature delivery. My baby would be born with only native midwives to help, and Earle two days away at the reindeer herd!

Interminable hours passed while I lay watching faint gray seep through the ice coating of the windowpanes. Shafts of ruby fire slipped through crevices and painted the white walls crimson. I began to relax. Then suddenly there was a tapping at my window. I got out of bed and went toward it slowly. Betsy stood outside, her broad face beaming. The baby had

been safely born, a fine big girl. She had given it to Grace and Charley. Lucy was sleeping quietly.

Suddenly I was sobbing. I ran back to bed, slid in, and slept and slept.

#### IV

For days before the March mail team was due on its way south, rumors had been floating about, in the mysterious moccasin-telegraph fashion of frontier countries, to the effect that the Barrow doctor was coming down with Perry. This seemed improbable. We had no hope that he would make the hard three days' trip in the bitter cold, and it was still three weeks before the date set for the baby's arrival.

On the afternoon of March the third, Perry halted his long string of dogs before the schoolhouse and greeted us with a broad grin on his usually grave countenance.

'You like see doctor?' he inquired.

'I'll say we would. Is he coming down?' Earle asked eagerly.

Without answering, Perry turned to his bulky sled and began unlash the ropes which fastened his load. He threw back the canvas sled cover which had completely concealed it, and revealed a reindeer sleeping bag from which, bundled in layers of fur and wool, emerged the old Mission doctor.

Our reactions were mixed: heavenly relief at having him there, perturbation over the weeks of waiting ahead.

When I timidly hinted at the unnecessary earliness, 'You can't tell a thing about these first babies,' he said. 'Might be along two weeks early, or again two weeks late.'

I prayed, in the days that followed, that he would n't be late. We made the doctor comfortable in the warm storage room above the kitchen through which the stovepipe passed, and began our watchful waiting. He was perpetually cold. While we kept the fires stocked

until we suffered from the heat, he walked the floor in sealskin boots, muskrat breeches, heavy woolen mackinaw over flannel shirt, two suits of woolen underwear, fretting about his work at Barrow, and hoping that his wife was n't suffering a nervous breakdown under the strain of carrying on alone.

Twenty-two interminable days passed while he moved restlessly from room to room, tapping with nervous fingers on the windowpanes, whistling incessantly snatches of a little restless tune.

A few of our worst medical cases he visited on special invitation: Papiglook, flat on his back with an angry carbuncle on his stomach; Tagarook's John Harry with infected eyes. After these visits he came in and, without even washing his hands, went fussing about the house, while I lay taut thinking of our strong-antiseptic hand scrubbings after such cases.

I had n't realized before how recent are sterilization and hygiene of prevention. This old-school country doctor scoffed at such foolishness as boiling a string for tying the cord, or having sterile pads and bedding. Old newspapers and rags, soft twine from any parcel, were all he was accustomed to using. Torn by added misgivings, I waited anxiously for the time to arrive.

Four o'clock on Sunday afternoon of March the twenty-fifth. The village, smothered under its blanket of snow, lay very still. The sun, sinking behind the jagged silhouette of the southern ice pack, sent warm shafts of crimson across the white unbroken miles to search out peepholes in the ice-sheathed windowpanes. Two hundred sled dogs slept at their stakes, disturbing the stillness by not so much as a whimper. Only in the big red and white school-house in the centre of the village was there sound of life.

In the schoolroom the entire village was gathered. All heads were reverently bowed. One after another voices were raised in guttural prayer — prayer that went on and on in endless monotone. And the gist of all the prayers was this: —

'Let the *oomalik's* baby come forth safely.'

Beyond the hallway that separated schoolroom from living quarters was great suspense, intolerable agony, and unbearable weariness. All night and all day the labor had gone on.

Then abruptly a thin small cry cut the tense waiting — the voice of a white baby. Two white humans alone in an Eskimo village in a frozen land. Now there were three of them.

Ookpik — Little White Owl — was born.

# WE MILITARIZE

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

## I

ON some occasions in our history we have reduced our army to a level unjustified by a due regard for our own safety. It was in the conviction that we had again drifted too far in that direction that I have recently approved acts of Congress to accomplish a partial restoration of the army's enlisted strength and increasing the enrollment of cadets in the United States Military Academy.

Thus spoke Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States, to the cadets at the graduation exercises at West Point on June 12, 1935. Let us examine the facts as to the army and see just how much basis the President had for the statements made to the young men to whom he had just praised West Point for teaching 'honor, integrity, and the faithful performance of duty.'

Before the Congress met in its regular session on January 1, 1935, and passed the new military legislation which Mr. Roosevelt signed, the regular army of the United States stood at 12,278 officers and 123,823 men, or a total of 136,101. These figures were naturally exceeded in the years immediately after the war, 1920, 1921, and 1922, when the total of officers and men stood at 192,790, 226,116, and 144,874 respectively. In 1923 the figure fell to 129,871, rising in 1924 to 139,579. Since that time it has never fallen below 131,000. In 1934 there were 2016 officers and men more than in 1933.

Plainly there is nothing here to justify any assumption that the President's statement meant that there had been a *recent* reduction in our army. He must therefore have had in mind the post-war figure of 1921 — 226,116 officers and men.

He must also have been aware that never before in the history of the Republic has it maintained a regular army of so great a size — more than 130,000 men. Had he looked at the growth of the officer personnel alone he would have seen, for example, that in 1915, when the World War was raging, we had only 4701 officers to 101,195 soldiers. To-day we have two and a half times as many officers to an army which, when Mr. Roosevelt spoke, contained approximately only 124,000 enlisted men. Plainly, so far as officers are concerned, there has not only been no reduction to call for the President's 'partial restoration,' but an increase of 261 per cent in twenty years. Two vital facts Mr. Roosevelt did not mention: the officers in our standing army are practically at the maximum figure in our history, *not excepting the World War years*; secondly, we actually have more officers in our army to-day than there were officers and soldiers in it during the entire peace years from 1789 to 1861 — years when we were conquering the West and constantly waging our Indian Wars. At the outbreak of the Civil War, the army stood at



only 10,000 all told. It is true that the National Defense Act fixes the maximum strength at 18,000 officers and 280,000 enlisted men; but surely the President could not have had this maximum in mind, since it has only been approached, as previously stated, in 1921.

Since the above figures show no justification for the President's assertion that we have been in one of those periods when we reduced our army to an 'unjustified level,' let us look at some of the other branches of our military establishment. There is the National Guard. Perhaps the President had that in mind? But when we turn to the official figures we find that the state troops have been, since 1931, larger in number than ever before in our peacetime history. To-day they total 184,593 officers and men, or a *100 per cent increase* since the beginning of the century. Actually there were, in 1934, 13,309 officers and 171,284 men as contrasted with 8792 officers and 119,251 men in 1914, just twenty years previously. The President knows, of course, that since the federalization of the Guard, Federal payment for each drill attended, and huge additional national appropriations for the state troops, their actual military efficiency has increased not one hundred but several hundred per cent over that of the period just before the war with Spain. As to this there is plenty of official testimony. Obviously the President could not have had the National Guard in mind when he assured the cadets and the country that we had reduced our forces to an 'unjustified level.'

Well, when we look further over the army organization, we come upon a startling fact — since the World War we have developed a reserve of officers and men such as *never existed before* in our entire history. Beginning with eight soldiers in 1913, it comprised, in

1915, 4648 honorably discharged soldiers willing to be recalled to the colors in the event of war, with no reserve officers at all. In 1933 we had the astounding total of 132,773 reserve officers and 5028 reserve enlisted men, or just 11,000 more reserve officers than we had enlisted regulars in that year. Now it is true that the 1934 figures showed a drop of the reserve officers to 114,357, but this list is naturally subject to considerable fluctuations because of deaths, resignations, officers reaching the age limit, and so forth. Unusual as this decrease is, it cannot, however, be the reason for the President's concern for our military strength, since we have 114,357 more reserve officers than in 1914, and no less than 58,267 more than in 1920, when there were so many experienced veterans to draw upon. Clearly we have not only had no recession in our military preparedness here, but a steady and amazingly rapid increase.

This is all the more striking if one recalls that that magnificent German military machine which swept into Belgium in 1914 did not have more than 45,000 reserve officers to man the large number of regiments that came to life on the day of mobilization. We have now perhaps twice as many for field duty (not all of the reserve officers are to serve with troops, many being commissioned for staff duty and to be in charge of manufacturing plants in wartime).

If we total the three forces, regulars, reserves, and National Guard, we find that, whereas we had 212,742 men in all in 1913, we had 436,696 in 1934 and 482,000 in 1935 when the newly authorized enlistments were complete — a growth of more than 100 per cent. Never before have we had such man power in our land forces. Mr. Roosevelt apparently was ignorant of this, and forgot that this increase has been steady ever since 1898, when

regulars and National Guard comprised together less than 125,000 men.

Where is the justification for the President's assertion that we are in a position of decreased armaments and unjustifiable weakness?

## II

Possibly the President had the financial aspect in mind? Perhaps Congress has been niggardly in its appropriations?

Well, in this matter too the facts are available. In 1913 the War Department's military expenditures (non-military carefully excluded) totaled \$108,382,063. With the approach of war they had risen in 1917 to \$401,418,217. After 1921, when they were at \$439,485,095, they began to fall off with the post-war demobilization. In 1922 they were \$329,050,896; in 1924 they reached the low-water mark of \$250,714,592. They then steadily rose to \$309,762,555 in 1933, and dropped again to \$279,122,789 in 1934. Even this drop of a mere \$30,000,000, however, could not in itself warrant presidential perturbation, especially in view of the fact that *prior* to Mr. Roosevelt's speech the Congress had appropriated \$341,348,204 for the fiscal year 1935-1936.

Although this sum is just under the appropriation for 1932 and 1933, in reality the Congress and the Administration have, as we shall see later, actually assigned *far more* money to the military branch than in any previous normal year of peace.

Again we are thwarted in our search for the reasons for Mr. Roosevelt's belief that we have reached one of those periods in which we have carelessly neglected to keep up our military strength. If here too he had looked back over our history he would have found it hard to defend his thesis. In 1880 our total army budget was only

\$27,322,433. Not until 1908 did it go above \$100,000,000. Even in 1916, with war in the offing, it was only \$122,392,316. It has since been increased by nearly 300 per cent — in nineteen years. Surely no one can indict Congress for niggardliness toward, or indifference to, our military establishment. And now Congress has added 46,250 more men.

The President must also have overlooked our air force — a new branch of the defense forces which was hardly in existence when he became Assistant Secretary of the Navy. No one can assert that we have been letting our air defense deteriorate, for, as with the regulars and the National Guard, its growth is steady and its appropriations regularly increased. Thus in the last fiscal year it received the sum of \$26,376,490. The 1936 War Department Appropriations Bill carries a sum which exceeds last year's appropriation by \$22,000,000. More than that, a group of Congressmen called upon the President to go even further and raise the number of airplanes to the figures recommended by the Commission appointed by the Secretary of War and headed by Newton D. Baker. This committee recommended an air corps of 2300 planes, which, with the navy's 2100, authorized by the Vinson Bill, will give to the United States the largest air force of any country in the world (unless Germany or Russia should go further), although we are protected by both the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean, and although the Baker Committee agreed with the Morrow Board of 1925 that 'hostile air invasion' is 'impractical.' The Baker Committee felt that such an invasion *might* be possible in conjunction with land or naval forces, but not otherwise. The Morrow Board used these words: 'Nor indeed is there any apparent probability of such invasion in any future which can be foreseen.' Under the latest army

legislation, additional air equipment is made available to the National Guard.

We still have another guess as to what the President had in mind. There are the navy and the Coast Guard. Perhaps we have allowed these to deteriorate alarmingly? The records tell a totally different story. The Coast Guard, it is true, is only semi-military, but is immediately taken over by the navy on the outbreak of war, as in 1917. It has grown, since 1915, from 53 ships, 255 officers, and 3886 men, to 246 ships, 455 officers, and 8950 enlisted men in 1935. Appropriations during that same time have risen fivefold, from \$5,000,000 to \$25,000,000 in 1934, going as high as \$31,000,000 during the height of its warfare on rum smugglers during prohibition. It was not until 1890 that the appropriations for the navy reached the sum of \$22,000,000. No lagging here. In so far as this force supplements the navy and acts as a reserve, there is the same story — a steady increase in numbers and appropriations with no basis for any presidential complaint.

Now for the navy. In 1913 we had 3019 naval officers and 48,068 sailors in the service. Ten years later the figures had risen to 8099 officers and 85,290 men. Last year, 1934-1935, we had 8087 officers and 81,411 men. This year, 1935-1936, the enlisted strength appropriated for is 93,500, and for the fiscal year starting July 1, 1936, President Roosevelt has made it known that he recommends an average strength of 96,000 or a maximum of 100,000. Whereas in 1913 there were no reserves of any kind, officers or men, we have to-day a reserve of 9571 officers and 33,102 men. The number of sailors actually authorized by Congress is 137,485, and 9493 officers are also provided for. As there were only 51,500 enlisted men authorized in 1913, Congress is thus willing that the navy

should enlist two and one-half times as many to-day, though it has not yet appropriated pay for the total number of 137,485. If we turn to the financial side, President Roosevelt again has no cause for complaint, for the navy's annual bill has risen from \$133,262,862, in 1913, to no less than \$460,000,000 in 1935 for the present fiscal year, which includes \$100,000,000 for new ships and a sum sufficient to purchase 555 new aircraft.

But this is not the whole story of the astounding rise in the cost of our naval armaments. For the first time in our history, as a result of a national emergency, the army and navy are receiving sums from two sources: the regular appropriations bills voted by Congress, and the huge sums awarded by the emergency branches of the government which are seeking to create employment.

It is exceedingly difficult to find out just how much money has thus been ladled out. The PWA, for example, had in August only one copy left of its 23-page tabulation of allotments, and it is even more difficult to get figures from the four-billion-dollar work relief programme. Moreover, the figures may be changed at any moment by additional awards of large sums. Here, however, are some figures which indicate what is happening. From June 1933 to April 1935, \$279,780,459 was granted to the navy, and \$100,600,755.50 to the army, or a grand total of \$380,381,214.50. Assuming that half of this will be spent in the fiscal year 1935-1936, the total annual bill for the army and navy will reach the sum of \$1,000,000,000 — \$190,000,000 from the PWA, plus the regular appropriation bills of \$460,000,000 for the navy and \$341,348,204 for the army. If anything, this is an understatement, as there are still other sources, such as deficiency bills, which grant money to army and navy. In 1865, the last and

the most expensive year of the Civil War, the total army and navy bill was but little more — \$1,153,936,306! It is also worth noting that the regular budget of the government for all purposes for the fiscal year 1916–1917, during which we entered the World War, was but \$1,178,908,963. The regular army and navy appropriations for 1935–1936, without counting in PWA contributions, are higher than the total cost of running the government in 1916.

When it comes to the navy ships, here too no one can charge the present Administration with failure to increase our forces, as it is building no less than 102 aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines to bring the navy up to the treaty strength authorized by the London Conference. The first installment of this programme, which is almost unprecedented in our history in peace times, was paid for by \$238,000,000 of the sums quoted above as having been allotted by the PWA. In July of this year, there were under construction two aircraft carriers, three heavy cruisers, seven light cruisers, ten submarines, forty-one destroyers, and two gunboats. In August, contracts were awarded for one light cruiser, one aircraft carrier, three destroyers of 1850 tons, five of 1500 tons, and three submarines. There still remain, then, eleven more vessels, one cruiser, seven destroyers, and three submarines to be built as part of the 1936 building programme. Not even the wildest jingoes can charge that this is other than rapid progress toward the jingo goal — namely, the largest navy in the world.

Finally there is the Marine Corps. This too has shared the growth of the other branches of army and navy. In 1913 it had only 342 officers and 9921 enlisted men. Ever since 1923 it has had 27,400 enlisted men authorized, with 16,000 appropriated for, and between 1010 and 1074 officers, the latter

being the authorized strength for the current fiscal year. The United States Marine Corps Reserve was created in 1922, and its authorized strength, both enlisted and commissioned, is one third of the strength of the active Marine Corps. The Corps cost, in 1913, \$7,558,233.78; in 1923, \$25,495,948; and for the present fiscal year the appropriation is \$23,768,110. Here again there has been no letting down of standards to cause the President or anyone else uneasiness. As more ships are added to the navy, moreover, the Marine Corps will naturally be increased in proportion to the increase of the navy.

### III

When one reviews the legislation passed by the Congress in its last session and signed by President Roosevelt with the excuse already cited, there is still further ground for astonishment. Never was a peacetime Congress so ready to hand out money for military and naval purposes. It not only gave to General MacArthur and the War Department everything they asked, but more besides. The number of West Point cadets was increased from approximately 1374 to 1960 until the year 1941, and \$5,000,000 more was given to the Military Academy to take care of them — the Naval Academy at Annapolis received a similar increase of 531 additional midshipmen from the Naval Affairs Committee, and will have 2391 in 1937. The House Military Affairs Committee's argument was simple enough. There are a number of universities which have 10,000 students, therefore West Point should have more students! The War Department backed this up by pointing out that the enlarged army would need a larger annual number of graduates to fill the vacancies.

But the good will of Congress did not

stop there. Being told that there was a 'hump,' or block, in promotions in the army owing to the large number of officers taken in after the World War and the presence in the upper grades of relatively young men, Congress promoted by one act no less than 4355 officers, or a third of the entire commissioned force, each one grade, despite the fact that there was a very considerable weeding out of officers with many consequent promotions in 1934.

There were on April 20, 1935, 174 colonels of infantry to 40 regiments, and 77 colonels of cavalry to 15 regiments; the disproportion is greater now because of the recent promotions. Congress authorized the drawing in of 1000 reserve second lieutenants to serve one year with the regulars, which custom, if continued, would increase the number of regular officers by another thousand, and will inevitably lead to a new demand for more regiments to give these officers experience. By some oversight it failed to appropriate the money therefor, but doubtless this will be remedied in the next deficiency appropriation bill.

Congress also provided an annual fourteen-day training period for 20,000 instead of 16,000 reserve officers. It provided 97 more planes for the air corps than were allowed in the President's budget. It increased the National Guard by 5000 enlisted men and, as already stated, added 46,250 men to the regulars. It then appropriated \$4,452,304, an increase of \$1,000,000, for many additional units of the Officers' Training Corps in high schools and colleges. In 1913 there were 57 such institutions giving military training under War Department direction. By 1933 the number had risen to 399. In 1913 there were 85 officers and men on duty in such schools and colleges; today there are no less than 1658. The Citizens' Military Training Camps also

received an extra \$1,000,000 to enable them to train 30,000 instead of 14,000 for forty-two days each. Congress gave more money to the Quartermaster's Department for the upkeep of military posts than was allowed under the budget, and it revived the national rifle matches, dropped in past years for reasons of economy.

But this does not include everything. On July 31, Congress voted a new promotion bill to hasten promotion by increasing the percentage of colonels, lieutenant colonels, and majors, and decreasing the percentage of company officers. The bill introduces a new principle in America, the promotion of every officer in the lower grades after a certain number of years' service. It also offers attractive retirement privileges in order that more men will retire, and it gives the President power to retire officers on their own application after fifteen years' service. This means, of course, a further proportionate increase in the retired list of the army, which, according to the latest figures, comprises 3258 officers. Still Congress was not satisfied. It passed a bill creating six new huge air bases intended to cost \$120,000,000, the money to be provided by the Public Works Allotment Board. While the location of these fields has not yet been decided, there was an immediate rivalry among various cities for the awards, which helps to explain why the enlarged army programme is welcomed in some quarters.

The first base is to be in Alaska, the second in the Pacific Northwest, — both to protect us from the Japanese, — a third probably in Denver, one in the Southeast, — that is, North or South Carolina, — one in New England, and one near the Caribbean, presumably at Miami. Could any Santa Claus have done more for the army and navy?

As a result of all this generosity we



get the following table of the number of regular and National Guard soldiers and sailors in service in the current fiscal year: —

|                                          |         |
|------------------------------------------|---------|
| Regular army, officers and men . . . . . | 177,600 |
| Navy " " . . . . .                       | 103,000 |
| National Guard " " . . . . .             | 190,000 |
| Coast Guard " " . . . . .                | 10,500  |
| West Point and Annapolis cadets. . . . . | 4,400   |
| Total . . . . .                          | 485,500 |

In addition the following table shows the number of reserves drilled this year in schools or colleges, citizens' training camps, the reserve officers' training camps, and so forth: —

|                                                        |         |
|--------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Reserve officers . . . . .                             | 20,000  |
| Citizens' training camps . . . . .                     | 30,000  |
| School and college students, etc. . . . .              | 150,000 |
| Navy reserves (estimated by Navy Department) . . . . . | 9,900   |
| Total . . . . .                                        | 209,900 |

Thus we have a grand total of 695,400 in uniform during the present fiscal year. These figures are obviously unprecedented in our history, and to many will recall in these days of Fascist dictatorships the warnings of George Washington, and other founders of the Republic, as to the dangers of a large standing army.

So unusual was this attitude of Congress that it is no exaggeration to say that if the country were in imminent danger of war it could hardly be more lavishly determined to increase our armed strength. Why is this? There are several answers. First, accustomed to lading out billions under the New Deal, Congress has acquired the habit of spending, and accordingly authorized the new air bases, which the press reports will cost \$120,000,000, with no more hesitation than it voted two or three millions of dollars a few years ago. Second, there is no question that Congress was much alarmed by the grave danger of another war in Europe. Third, all the bogies as to our 'coming'

war with Japan were trotted out. The minutes of the executive sessions of the House Military Affairs Committee, which by some slip were printed and published, contain all the same old yarns, long since exploded. One was of a Japanese fishing fleet of 150 vessels based on an island near the mouth of the Panama Canal and being met from time to time by steamers from Japan with fresh replacements. Congressman Dockweiler of California rehashed all the familiar rumors. 'Every time our fleet goes out from Los Angeles harbor for target practice it never fails to meet in the open roadstead a Japanese oil tanker standing out there or a Japanese fishing boat. . . . It is always a Japanese boat that is out there, and one commander told me that when he went up to this [*sic*] craft to advise Mr. Japanese that the United States was having target practice he actually recognized a high ranking officer in civilian clothes of the Japanese navy that he had met socially.' This happens, he said, every time that our fleet goes to sea to practice — but he did not specify if it was always the same high ranking officer or the same high American officer who always met him and recognized him, and whether the Japanese wore the same 'civilian clothes of the Japanese navy' or some other kind of clothes.

Mr. Dockweiler next told the horrified and obviously gullible Committee that the Japanese fishing boats 'are built in such a way that you can, within a very short space of time, erect a small cannon or machine gun on them' — which is hardly surprising, since there is not a thirty-foot yawl or tug in any American port or summer resort upon which the same thing could not be done in a couple of hours. Worse than that, he said, they 'carry a pressure tank sufficient to contain pressure sufficient to launch torpedoes off those boats' — but this valiant Congressman plainly



does not know that you cannot launch a torpedo from any craft without a most elaborate torpedo tube.

Mr. Dockweiler's 'seein' things' did not stop there. No, indeed. There is an equipped Japanese army in California of 25,000 men 'that could be under arms immediately if there was any disturbance.' His authorities were not the Government of California or of the United States and our secret service, but 'the American Legion and our chambers of commerce out there.' The Japanese also 'have gymnasiums under the German plan where at nighttime the school children may parade and go through all the motions of military training in the little halls.'

Said the chairman, whose eyes were evidently starting from his head, 'What do you mean by "equipped"? Do you mean they have arms?' The dialogue then continued:—

MR. DOCKWEILER. How could we stop them from having them, Mr. Chairman?

THE CHAIRMAN. But do they have arms?

MR. DOCKWEILER. We think so.

THE CHAIRMAN. Well.

MR. DOCKWEILER. That is something that would bear further investigation.

THE CHAIRMAN. Now, living in that situation and being raised in it, I assume, Mr. Dockweiler.

MR. DOCKWEILER. Yes.

THE CHAIRMAN. What is your interpretation of the attitude of mind of the authorities, the controlling authorities of the Japanese?

Mr. Dockweiler was not stumped. His 'own brother' had been in the diplomatic service for ten years. He was once stationed in Tokio for a year and a half and was now able to say things he could not in those bygone years. 'He has told me many of the stories that I am relating to you. The situation is this: the Japanese have never struck an enemy that was able to fight back.' Which explains, of course, why the Russians never fought any bat-

tles in Manchuria in their war with Japan! And so on for pages and pages. Is it any wonder that the shocked Military Affairs Committee voted on the spot for the six new air bases?

#### IV

The pity of it is, from their own point of view, that these frightened gentlemen of House and Senate, and the President who signed their bills, never stop really to inquire (1) whether we now have an efficient army and navy; (2) whether we are developing our services in accordance with a well-thought-out plan for the defensive wars which every President and every Congress insist are the only ones we shall hereafter fight—we never yet have fought a defensive one; (3) whether the measures voted make for an increased efficiency; (4) whether our actual armaments (aside from men) are efficient; and (5) whether this whole procedure is compatible with American traditions and our signing of the Kellogg Peace Pact.

As to the first there is the greatest doubt. A former instructor at Annapolis has recently published a book which is so astounding an indictment of the navy that in any other country it would have caused an immediate parliamentary inquiry, and the disproving of the charges as mendacious and malicious, or the complete overhauling and reorganization of the service. It has been entirely ignored by Congress and the service, but not answered. It was followed by Admiral Sims's frontal attack in the *Atlantic* for September 1935 on the navy promotion system, which the best officers admit is not bringing to the top men adequately trained to command squadrons and fleets.

As for the army, probably the severest critic is not a pacifist, nor a disgruntled civilian, nor a carping Sena-

tor, but the commander of one of our four armies, the Third, Major General Johnson Hagood, whose headquarters are at San Antonio. Writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, he has declared that our national defense system could and should be four times as effective for the money we spend, which, as the figures above prove, is now one million dollars a day, or more. *Fortune*, in a long study of the army situation, has recently pointed out that the army has no less than 67 generals to 165,000 men, where Henry Ford has 9 to 125,000 men; that there are actually only enough of the newly invented, semi-automatic Garand rifles on hand to equip a single regiment, that there is only a 'handful of tanks,' 94 in all, and that our artillery is in large degree antiquated. Were Congress eager for the most efficient army, they would certainly ask themselves why ours is proportionately the most heavily over-officered army of first rank in the world. They would inquire whether the reason given for this great superfluity of officers, who can obviously only take turn and turn about in service with combatant troops, — namely, the need of suddenly officering in wartime an army of several millions, — is an adequate one. As in the case of the navy, they might also ask whether our officers are obtaining the best professional training possible.

As for the general military policy of the country, the Congress has largely been going on the theory that we must be prepared to duplicate our effort of 1917 — that is, be prepared to raise, equip, and train an army of four millions of men, although no competent military authority believes that even any combination of powers could launch a sudden attack upon American shores. Experts believe an attack could never take place unless England were among our enemies. Anyone who wishes can figure out how many ships

it would take for the Japanese to land an army of even 500,000 men upon our shores, if there were no opposition to such a landing, by simply referring to the number of ships needed to transport the first half million of our men to France, plus all their stores, ammunition, artillery, airplanes, tanks, motor vehicles, huge motorized artillery, poison gas, and chemical-warfare utensils. Even that would not, however, give the true figure, as military men agree that the impedimenta of an army, the size of the guns, the proportion of airplanes, and so forth, have so largely increased since 1918. One of our ablest navy officers believes that it would take one third again as many ships as in 1917. Since the statistics of the Japanese merchant marine are quite available, anyone with a pencil and piece of paper can amuse himself by figuring out just how many troops with their necessary supplies could be transported by that entire merchant marine, and the same can be done for the French army, or any other that our military men conceive to menace us. I have met a number of foreign officers, and I have never yet found one who believed that a large-scale invasion of the United States was practical.

Congress, which is so eager to develop our army, ought to take heed of the remarkable statements of Major General William C. Rivers, retired, a veteran of three overseas wars and a successful commander in France. He told the Military Affairs Committee that 'we do not need a great force with our self-contained country, and without powerful aggressive neighbors, and with excellent systems of communication and the navy as our first line of defense. . . . I do not visualize any mass invasion of us by any country — overseas or elsewhere.' He urged, like many, many others, a single department of national defense, headed by a secretary, with three undersecretaries

of army and navy and air. He severely criticized the training at West Point and the training in the army, saying that both are dominated by Prussian ideals inherited from Frederick the Great — methods 'which were never suited to the American disposition and character.'

Since General Rivers even went so far as to suggest the abolition of the absurd West Point uniform, he can hardly expect that he will be listened to. Yet he made the extremely sensible suggestions that there should be a national defense council in Washington to coördinate the entire defense system and supervise it, and that there should be a Federal commission of *civilians* to study the whole problem as to whether this nation needs an army, and if so for what purposes, and what the national military policy should be.

Of course General Rivers put his finger on the blackest spot in the army situation, and one that could be remedied almost overnight by Franklin D. Roosevelt as Commander in Chief, with or without the coöperation of Congress. That is the historic policy of scattering the army all over the country in small posts — 'small towns,' General Rivers called them — and so frittering away the strength of the garrisons and making it impossible to bring together permanently large bodies of men for the tactical and strategical training of officers as well as men. General Rivers himself, although a graduate of West Point and a lifelong soldier, testified that he never saw a brigade together until he took one into action at Château-Thierry! This evil of the small posts is purely political and it has existed inexcusably ever since the Civil War — as, for example, the location of the post at Helena, Montana, many years ago because of the political influence of Senator Carter, when there was no sound military

reason for putting it there and every reason why it should not be placed there, the only purpose being to boost the town and give the shopkeepers another source of revenue.

There are 120 of these posts, and they average about 700 men each. The ten army postgraduate schools are scattered in ten different places, with total garrisons of 11,000 men. Were they brought together in one, there would obviously be vast economy, after the initial expenditures for additional barracks, and so forth, and the 11,000 concentrated troops could be utilized to give to higher officers experience in handling brigades, divisions, and a corps. General Rivers quoted General MacArthur, lately Chief of Staff, as saying that of the 90,000 soldiers stationed in the United States proper some 30,000 are not available for military duty because they are drawn off to work as laborers in keeping the grounds of these posts in order, and for repair and police and other work. General Hagood has pointed all this out and so have hundreds of others over a long period of time. Yet the President, who is so concerned over our having 'neglected' our defenses, is utterly uninterested in the prospect of such a saving and such an increase in the army's efficiency. It is safe to say that if this proposition were made to the House of Representatives every Congressman in whose district a military post is situated would fight to the last the proposal to remove his garrison — even if he were told that it meant increased danger of that fanciful Japanese invasion. This is an interesting illustration of the way the army becomes a vested interest and a commercial asset.

## V

The point is that we have completely swung away from our old American opposition to militarism and large

military forces. For this the American Legion is partly responsible, but so are our patriotic societies, and so are those who really believe that the Republic is so menaced by subversive elements that they wish an increased regular army to 'assure us domestic safety.' One Congressman was reported in the press as saying that the reasons the army bill passed the House so easily were, first, the disturbed conditions in Europe and, second, the need of more soldiers to keep industrial peace and to combat the 'reds.' Since the 'reds' succeeded in polling only 125,000 votes out of 39,816,522 cast in 1932 in the entire United States in the middle of our worst depression, with some 12,000,000 unemployed, and have as yet caused no symptom of revolution, it is obvious that the more important reason is the possibility of the use of the enlarged army against our laboring fellow citizens.

In part our changed point of view is due to the fact that, with our entry into the World War, we in many respects aped foreign countries in things military. We copied their Sam Browne belts, their khaki, their uniforms, their numerous decorations, their trooping of the colors, their laying of wreaths upon dead men's graves. Somehow many Americans really believe that we cannot be a great, a powerful, or a noble country, or a leader among the nations, unless we can prove that we have a nation in arms. One of the saddest fallacies in our entire handling of the naval disarmament problems has been the belief, even of as kindly and earnest a man as Norman H. Davis, that we must have a big navy in order to have 'our share of the pack at the poker table' — to which they liken the disarmament conferences. Otherwise, our rulers thought, we could not be in a position to bluff the other nations into disarming.

The net result of that policy is that

we are now burdened with the largest navy in our history, which it is alleged will soon cost us \$550,000,000 *a year* to maintain; and disarmament, like prosperity, is still in the offing. The worst of it all is that the American people have no means of expressing their wishes in the matter, any more than they could vote as to whether their sons should be drafted to die in a war which has nearly ruined us and netted us precisely nothing, except our worst depression.

One of the most serious phases of our rapid militarization is that arming is becoming identical with increased worship of the State and the inculcation of the cult of nationalism, which has reached its finest flower in Italy and Germany. Not a few of the most patriotic defenders of our Constitution and our Republic against the 'subversive elements' are, by the way, quite outspoken in their admiration for the 'efficiency' of the Nazis and the Fascists — like the late Elbert H. Gary, who denounced all reds, but gave an interview in which he said that America should find a Mussolini at once and put him in the White House. Nothing subversive there! Soon after the war the War Department undertook a 'patriotic day' in which all the militia, reserves, veterans, and so forth, were to don their uniforms and stand for an hour or two and salute — precisely as Mussolini summoned 20,000,000 of his loyal sheep to meet and listen the day before he began his unholy war in Ethiopia. But neither our non-regular uniformed men nor our veterans responded; the whole thing was a complete fizzle. Thereupon the newspapers carried a blunt dispatch saying that, as a result of that fiasco, the War Department was determined to put a reserve officer into every hamlet and village, and many in the towns and cities, to act as a focus for patriotic and militarist propaganda. Since then, as

pointed out, the reserve officers have grown by as many as 20,000 and more a year, and they are scattered all over the country. While they are not paid, they are told to consider themselves representatives of the army and to co-operate with the War Department. It is frequently stated that many are acting as 'observers' of all liberal and radical movements and reporting constantly to the Military Intelligence in Washington.

For four years, 1928-1932, the army *Training Manual No. 2000-25* carried this extraordinary definition of American democracy to hundreds of thousands of young Americans who were taking military instruction: —

Democracy: A government of the masses. Authority derived through mass meeting or any other form of 'direct' expression. Results in mobocracy. Attitude towards property is communistic — negating property rights. Attitude towards law is that

the will of the majority shall regulate, whether it be based upon deliberation or governed by passion, prejudice, and impulse, without restraint or regard for consequences. Results in demagogism, license, agitation, discontent, anarchy.

When this choice bit of loyalty to our American democracy and institutions was exposed to public gaze in the press, it was promptly withdrawn. When I printed it a year ago Secretary Dern wrote me a kindly letter asking, 'Why pick on a sinner after he has reformed?'

The reply, of course, is that it is an alarming state of affairs when, during four years, some officers in the War Department can put such a rank piece of disloyal, subversive anti-Americanism into a widely distributed government handbook, and that the incident must be neither overlooked nor forgotten by those who cherish their country's democratic institutions.



# TECHNIQUE

BY GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

## I

THE curtain flopped on to the dusty boards. The crowd roared for more. *Una mujer estupenda* — a stupendous woman! So the playbills called her, and so she was. The crowd hammered on the tables and shouted at the fallen curtain to give them back their Isabelita. There were three tiers of them in the music hall: on the sawdust-covered floor the laborers from dock and market and factory; a yard higher on the surrounding dais, where the drinks were a little more expensive, the minor employees of commerce, the sailors with money to spend; in the gallery of boxes, the *capitalistas* — moneyed youth, shopkeepers, traveling salesmen, a foreigner or two.

They were roaring jovially now, but at times they could terrify. What they shouted for they got — the management saw to that. And, since there was no limit to what they might shout for, it was up to the lonely woman on the stage to dominate them. She must be, as Isabelita put it, a Danielita in a den of lions.

Even when the lions were out of hand, the true artiste knew how to tame them and harness their undisciplined ferocity to her own triumphal car. A jest would do it, a swing of the hips, a laugh of provocative contempt. And above all a girl had to hold them with her eyes. Isabelita had no trouble with them, though even if she had danced like Argentina herself it might not have

been enough. A Spaniard among Spaniards, she understood and loved her audiences. Her triumph was not only that of a consummate artist; it was that of the orator who masters a potentially hostile crowd.

The blue curtain drifted irregularly up into the wings. The stage was empty. The click of the castanets began behind the backdrop and the orchestra followed the rhythm with accompaniment more conscientious than they would ever have given to the human voice. Isabelita believed in making the lions hungry before they were fed. She showed them an arched instep; she showed them the flounce of a skirt; she showed them a hand. The quickening rhythm of the castanets stirred their hair with a pleasurable wind of expectation. Then she was there. She was not a very lovely woman. A plump body she had, and blue-black oily curls swinging free around the white neck. But her eyes glittered. The mouth smiled distantly, ironically. Every movement of the little feet traveled upwards through her whole body. Even the flower behind her ear was alive.

Isabelita's art was perfect. The Madrid professor who taught her was as exacting as the priest of a complex religion. His ritual of shawl, heel, hip, skirt, and hand was unvarying and established by the experience of centuries — a highly conventionalized

technique for expressing a limited number of simple emotions that could be understood by any human being. Intellect played but a small part in his and Isabelita's style, yet such were the dash and precision of performance that the dancing was intensely exciting. There was no suggestion of inhumanity. A girl was not a bird, a machine, a flame, an abstract thought. A girl was a girl; and it was in this that Isabelita excelled.

She beckoned to her lovers. She fled from them. She led them over strange cities and seas to high adventure — for the desire of her truly seemed high adventure when she danced. She raised them from their seats with a swing of her shawl and flung them back again with a flick of her skirt that had all the salaciousness of a bawdy jest. She shook the golden brandy in the glasses with the rattle of her impatient heels, and stood motionless except for the swift hands that wove a belt of clicking, tempestuous music around her waist. Then with a great sweep of her paneled skirt she sunk before them in a foam of white lace and raised her eyes once. Isabelita's glance at her audience was a masterpiece of irony. It asked: 'My lords and masters, have I pleased you?' And it added: 'What shameless lovable scoundrels you all are!' It touched a chord of humor common to every man in the crowd, and they thundered back their enthusiasm.

Isabelita slipped back into the public dressing room. Being the most highly paid artiste, she had a curtained corner of it to herself. The crowd yelled for a second encore. There were only a thin curtain and a canvas backdrop between the dressing room and the audience. The applause came through, not in the muffled waves of a theatre, but loud and ferocious, with every exclamation distinct.

Isabelita sighed happily.

'You see, Maruja,' she said, 'it's worth the trouble to learn to dance.'

'They always like the classical stuff,' answered Maruja, 'if the woman can put it over.'

'It's not classical if she can't,' said Isabelita proudly.

Isabelita always danced for her audience as for a lover. She considered that a step without a definite glance at a definite member of the audience was not a step at all. Being almost illiterate, she could not analyze her art, but what she unconsciously knew was that, in her particular style, technique without personality was not technique at all.

The audience roared incessantly.

'Won't you give them another encore?' Maruja asked anxiously.

'No! If they want more, they can stop for the second show.'

'A little more. Just for a minute,' pleaded Maruja.

'*Chical*! Are you in love with the manager?' asked Isabelita reproachfully.

'I can't go on — not with them in this mood,' Maruja said desperately. 'I can't! You must understand — I can't!'

Maruja's act, the next on the bill, was a simple one. She came on with a large Teddy bear and sang songs to it. As and when the lions roared for her to do so, she removed garments. If they were yawning after a full meal, they allowed her to depart with some remnants of modesty. If they were hungry, she got off the stage with the Teddy bear only. Again, it was a question of domination. When Maruja was swift in repartee and outrageous in speech, when she made the audience feel definitely inferior to her, the act was not in the least brutal; it had a certain Chaucerian piquancy quite devoid of nastiness. But the trouble was that Maruja was a very pretty girl. The act should have been put on

— and usually was — by some motherly old soul with an abominable body and a sergeant-major's voice. If Maruja could not tame the rows of males in front of her, she became merely a shrinking girl; the bottom fell out of the act; everybody went home feeling a little ashamed, and the management cursed.

It was impossible for Maruja to go on until the audience were in a quieter mood. Isabelita gave her a comradely spank.

'I'll cut them down to shape for you,' she promised.

She ran on to the stage and put her head through the slit in the curtain. The house greeted her with a wild wave of applause.

'Thank you, children,' she said to them. 'I will give you one little one. And then no more! Shall it be a *jota*?'

'*Jota! Jota!*' roared the house, and each one found individual expression for his admiration. 'What you will, Isabelita!' . . . 'Let us see your pretty feet!' . . . 'Beauty! My tripe move when I see you!'

Isabelita talked to them through the curtain while she changed. She lifted the mantilla and slid off the foaming skirt. The dresser handed her the Asturian peasant costume. High heels to low slippers — flowered bodice to the generous bulge of the country blouse — no hesitation! She threw the two halves of the curtain away from her with both hands and was on them with the fury of the village dance, feet leaping to the imaginary skirl of bagpipes. One could smell the hills and the winds off the Atlantic.

It was over in two minutes of wild action. The audience stared, mouths half open, amazed at her agility.

'*Ya!* And don't follow me home!' said the country virgin. 'I'm going to be married next week!'

She vanished, and the crowd shook itself loose with applause and laugh-

ter. Cigars were relit and glasses drained.

Isabelita was radiant. She swung into the dressing room hand on hip, acting for herself, enjoying her own force and humor.

'*Ay!* What utter children are men!' she cried. 'It is we who count for something in this world — we, *chicas!* Get in, Maruja! By God, they don't deserve to have a girl like you to look at!'

## II

There was one girl who did not join the group around Isabelita. She sat by herself, making up, and every now and then looking at the triumphant Isabelita with curiosity. She was a slim brown German. Isabelita, the Latin, was white as ivory, for she kept carefully out of the sun. The fair-haired Northerner was golden-brown from the midsummer beaches of the Baltic.

Primitive and essentially coarse, Anna thought. She was a little contemptuous of Isabelita's triumph. She resented the brutality of the audience and she disliked the whole business of intimacy with them. She had in a muddle-headed way adopted a theory of dancing — that, since the art of the dance is universal, beauty of movement is alone enough to hold any audience. It seemed to be as true in Spain as anywhere else. As a rule her act was watched in respectful silence and greeted with moderate applause. Actually it was puzzled applause. The patrons on the floor, who were essentially polite when an act did not conform to the recognized conventions of impoliteness, felt that applause was expected; so they gave it.

The lions roared. Maruja ran into the dressing room as naked as the day she was born and thoroughly happy. She had given of her best — plenty of spirit and an instant of flashing physical

beauty — and it had been appreciated. Anna was shocked. She had no false modesty, but her body was to her a religion. Athletic and good to see, she danced with only a short sarong. She had little interest, however, in admiration for herself as a woman. What she wanted was admiration for her movements, and to have those movements properly seen, for in her way she was an artist. She belonged to the cabarets of capitals, of Berlin and Paris and Warsaw, but what she had to give was not yet good enough for the capitals — therefore the tour of provincial music halls in Spain.

Isabelita and Maruja went up to the stage box reserved for artistes, hung their shawls over the balcony, and ordered drinks. Maruja had seen Anna's act for several nights. To Isabelita, just come from San Sebastián, it was new.

'How is she?' she asked Maruja.

'I do not know,' answered Maruja. 'She can't dance and she's a lady and she's very indecent. I do not understand her.'

Anna had the lights lowered for her act. She set a small cruse of burning oil in the centre of the stage and around that she danced. The lithe limbs moved beautifully and naturally, but style was wanting. As music she preferred one of the Indian Love Lyrics. She had evidently studied rhythmic dancing, self-expression, sun worship, and heaven knows what. The lamp dance represented a Vestal Virgin watching the sacred flame. Had it been ten per cent better, it would have been very good. But to Isabelita, trained in a hard school, it was nothing at all, and, as Maruja had said, it was indecent. For why expose yourself to no good purpose? The customers did n't even yell.

The three tiers of males stirred unhappily as Anna danced. The Spanish prudery was awakened — a prudery

depending entirely on environment. There was no sentimentality in it. Anna neither suggested purity nor reminded her audience of carefully guarded sisters and daughters. She was out of place — incongruous but not irrelevant, as if her almost naked body had suddenly flashed upon a bevy of traveling salesmen exchanging stories on that very subject. The floor customers hesitated to sip their drinks — this from a sense of economy, since liveliness was not at the moment called for. The *capitalistas* were bored; their glances strayed around the hall, coming to rest at the box where Isabelita and Maruja sat.

To Anna, too, Isabelita was important. She watched Isabelita, not consciously seeking approval, but interested to see what the reaction of the star would be. The patrons, Anna hoped, would be moved by the romance of her golden body prowling catlike around the lamp, of the studied — but false — gesture with which she loosened the wreath around her forehead and let fall her veil, of the clean line from wrist to hip as her uplifted arms worshiped the flame; but she desired her sculptural poses and the long patterns woven by her bare feet to be suggestive to the star. She had little respect for Isabelita's art, but a measure for Isabelita's success. Success, sweet anywhere, had an even more notorious glamour in the world of the Spanish cabarets. Triumph was peculiarly triumphal. So, when Anna glided from the stage to the accompaniment of the usual modest applause, she had a glance for Isabelita, a comradely glance which asked for approval and return.

Isabelita's eyes were otherwise engaged. She was arranging a carnation behind her ear. Her movements parodied with rare humor and all the skill of plump arms trained to the limit of expression the gesture of Anna undoing

her veil. Anna's look came too early to catch the unintentional cruelty and saw only indifference. But once she was off the stage the patrons in the opposite box, watching those eloquent arms, shouted with laughter. They laughed relievedly like men just come from church or boys from school. It was the end of the first show. The house began to empty.

Anna was utterly homesick as she dressed; a false homesickness, for she had no real longing for the office in the stuffy provincial town to which she had once been tied. But, being out of harmony with her audience and her environment, she felt gloomily alone. She did not expect a rousing welcome such as that given to Isabelita and the handful of other popular artistes; she did not even want it. She prided herself that here in Spain her art was for the few. She wished the music hall to lead not to the gallant atmosphere of bullfighters, grandees, and the best champagne, but to the concert hall. She would not admit that she had come to the wrong shop with her wares, but she felt that the Spanish market was a very foreign one. Even the memory of a German provincial office was a refuge.

'Why can't I throw myself into it?' she sobbed. And then to herself, unconsciously recalling the gentle accents of her father: 'Thou must, little one! Thou must!'

She draped a green Manila shawl over her shoulders — a concession to Spain — and went up to the artistes' box.

The *capitalistas* strolled back and forth along the horseshoe gallery, looking for friends and empty tables in the boxes. The workers were rapidly refilling the tables on the floor with the brusque and purposeful movements of men who have only the smallest silver coin to spend and mean to spend it to the best advantage.

### III

Isabelita and Maruja made room for Anna casually. Maruja was in the box at Isabelita's invitation. The star always invited one or more of her humbler colleagues. Otherwise she and Anna, being the only two dancers with any pretensions to art and a living wage, would have occupied the box alone.

'It was n't bad, my dear,' said Isabelita kindly, 'but of course your dance does n't mean enough.'

'It is n't meant to mean much — except just beauty,' Anna replied. And then — anxious not to appear rude: 'It's another art, quite different from yours.'

Isabelita was a little startled at the other woman's assumption of equality. Her first impulse was to snub Anna, but she vaguely realized that they were not on common ground, and so, with Spanish good sense, set out to define her position.

'There's only one art,' she said firmly. 'Learn and train, and train and learn, and then — if you have it in you — you can dance; and, if you have n't it in you, you can't dance. My professor said he could teach me to hold my heels together, but only the good God could teach the blood to run in them.'

Her swift heels rolled a faint tattoo on the hard floor. It pleased her. Without moving from her seat, indeed hardly moving at all, she let hands and shoulders, eyes and head, dance to the demon drumming of her heels. The little gem of art ended in ten seconds. It was a mere epigram translated into movement; yet it had a beginning, a middle, and an end, all three polished, inevitable, and full of humor.

'I think the blood runs in you if you would let it,' Isabelita went on, 'but you have n't learned and trained yet.'



'It's an entirely different technique,' said Anna.

'*Ay de mil*!' laughed Isabelita. 'It's no technique at all! Have a drink, frigid one, and I will teach you how to dance!'

'I would rather,' Anna said, 'that you taught me how to handle the men upstairs.'

When the two shows were over, the girls had to entertain at a not unpleasant little cabaret above the music hall. They were paid for their attendance and they received a liberal commission on such champagne as they could persuade their escorts to buy. In return they permitted to their escorts immediate caresses and exaggerated hopes. Isabelita was thoroughly used to this epilogue to her dancing. It was unavoidable in most of the halls she toured. She undertook it with vivacity, and if surrounded, as she often was, by admirers who had deliberately come upstairs to compliment her and buy her supper, with enthusiasm and much good-fellowship. Anna, accustomed to the sentimentality of the German cabaret, disliked the franker spirit of the Spanish and was unable to handle it. Her remark to Isabelita, while an obvious attempt to change the subject, was not contemptuous. Yet from Isabelita's point of view what the German had done was to refuse point-blank her offer of help and ask her for information that any harlot could give as well.

'It is easy,' replied Isabelita.

'But how?'

'I do not know. Laugh — drink — be respected! With me they do not go beyond the bounds of what can be permitted.'

Anna was exasperated. She had already heard Isabelita rebuff too personal a compliment with a Rabelaisian joke. She had seen her cut up an overwhelming amorous advance with laughter. Anna herself had attempted this

method. It had repelled advances with too much success; the customer had paid his bill and gone home without a word. Yet this crude, plump dancer, utterly unable to analyze the secrets of her own power, could allow herself the haughtiness, licentiousness, and humanity of a mediæval queen.

'It's like dancing,' said Isabelita. 'One must know how it is done. There is no second-best.'

'If it comes to the worst, one can always break a glass,' suggested Maruja humbly.

'Little fool, it should never come to that!' laughed Isabelita.

'But it does sometimes,' Maruja sighed.

'Lord, what a child! Look, Anna! I will show you what Maruja is talking about.'

Isabelita picked up a tall goblet, holding it by its short stem, and tapped it three times on the corner of the table. At the third tap the goblet smashed, leaving a long spear-headed sliver of glass attached to the stem.

'That will frighten any man,' she said, 'but why one should want to frighten a man I do not know.'

Anna fingered the glass weapon curiously.

'Did you ever use it?' she asked Maruja.

'I once tried,' admitted Maruja. 'But the glass broke in the wrong place, and he was very kind and tied my hand up and after that we were lovers.'

Isabelita gurgled with deep laughter. Her laughter was like a bell under water.

'You would, Maruja!' she cried. 'You would, little angel! And it's so easy to break in the right way! Look!'

She picked up glass after glass, collecting them with swift snatches from her own table and those around her, and smashed them cunningly on the edge of the table, laying in front of her a row of deadly little irregular instru-

ments that might have been made for a Dresden china surgeon. The waiters hastened in from all sides.

'I pay, sons!' exclaimed Isabelita grandly, throwing down a twenty-five-peseta note. 'Cal! It's dead here! The *caballeros* must have something to look at until I dance again!'

The musicians were already tuning up, warbling like a gaunt and hungry roost of black-backed birds before the dawn brings them to such fullness of melody as they have. The places left vacant by those who had stopped only for the first show had new tenants. The smoke and laughter thickened. Men passed and repassed the back of the artistes' box, exchanging pleasantries with Isabelita and her companions.

Isabelita preferred to receive her court after she had danced and not before.

'Let us go and change,' she said.

The three gathered their shawls around them, smiled at the floor and the gallery, and filed out of the box, through the artistes' door, and down their dirty staircase to the dressing room.

#### IV

The second show, like the second act of a play, developed the atmosphere created by the first. It was more intimate and less superficial. The entertainers remembered that the second house had dined well. They were also mindful that those of the *capitalistas* who had been sufficiently attracted by the romance of the performer would afterwards go upstairs to the cabaret to explore the reality of the woman. The singers of couplets thought more of the words than of appropriate and improper gestures. The dancers asked the electrician for less, and more entrancing, light. The guitarist, who had a wife and family to support and gave his regular and automatic best at

every performance, changed his greasy black tie for a clean one.

The lions were good-humored — hungry, but playful. They insisted that the singers of the more outrageous couplets should suit action to word and permit the den a full view of their delights; they were complimentary to the dancers; they entertained each other with their remarks; and they felt a generosity reflected on themselves when the Conde de Urdiales, who sold automobiles and was an amateur of music and women, vaulted on to the stage from the box opposite the artistes', crowned the guitarist with a velvet brassière left behind by the preceding turn, and covered the bottom of his Cordoba hat with silver.

When Isabelita's number was reached, she was a little drunk; not with the drunkenness due to a steady infiltration of alcohol into the system, but that which comes from a single golden glass of manzanilla — all she had consumed — intensifying and quickening the body's reaction to its surrounding atmosphere. She was of Spain rather than in it, of her audience rather than performing before them. The reaction of her audience was ecstatically physical. The nerves of their spines shivered in sensuous pleasure under the music of her fingers and the beat of her heels. The tradition of Rome and of Africa in the classic dance expressed the desires of those cells of Rome and of Africa which had been passed down from womb to womb into the bodies of that living crowd. Isabelita filled the sordid hall with the indefinable spirit of Spain — of pageantry and bulls, of village fiesta, of wailing song under moon glare on white wall and yellow rock; pure and delicate images of savagery and passion. The three tiers of males talked, applauded, drank, and behaved more or less as at all other performances, but the common unspoken current of their thoughts

ran strong with desire for the clean and the unknown; not for the titillation of a half-glimpsed breast, but for cruelty and sorrow and love.

To Anna in the dressing room came also this communal current. The music, the rhythm of Isabelita's heels and castanets, the swinging of her skirt seen from the wings, were much the same as they had been at the earlier show, yet they had intenser meaning. She, like everyone else in the place, was a little drunk on Isabelita's single glass of manzanilla. Nor was it surprising that a glass of good wine in the stomach of a consummate artist could change the undercurrent of the thoughts of five hundred men and a few women eager for any emotion which would lift them out of their daily lives.

Isabelita entered the dressing room silently and with tears in her eyes. The applause thundered and thundered from the hall. The audience, released from her spell, were angry with their own hands because, crashed together, they could not make more noise. Maruja, the following turn, they hardly noticed. She was wise enough not to call any lasting attention to herself. She crooned rather than sang to her Teddy bear, and what the words were nobody knew or cared. The stream had not passed her by, but she did not attempt to swim on it. She knew she was good to look at and was content. So, while they collected their thoughts, were her audience.

While Maruja was still on the stage and three minutes were yet to go before Anna's turn, the manager came into the dressing room. His usually kindly face glowed with annoyance through a carpet of unshaven bristles.

'You must put more on, Anna,' he began. 'I told you —'

'Why?' she interrupted curtly.

'Why? Because I have just been fined by the civil governor for permitting your indecency.'

'Indecency! How dare he! And the others — look at them! Oh, how dare he! How dare he! *Schweinerei!* . . .' She broke into a torrent of hysterical German, her Spanish unable to deal with the rush of fury — the first genuine emotion she had felt in Spain.

'For the love of God, shut up!' The manager was almost weeping. 'They'll hear you out in front!'

'I do not care if they hear me down the river!' shouted Anna. 'The damned, dirty civil gov —'

She felt a soft hand clapped over her mouth and turned in fury.

'Sh-sh, *chical!*' said Isabelita, holding her. 'Do not be indiscreet! *Ay*, and I thought you Northerners were cold!' she added with gentle humor. 'If only you could show such passion in your dance!'

'Oh God, what do any of you know about dancing!' Anna cried, her voice breaking with misery.

'Well, to you it may not seem much,' answered Isabelita with an air of finality as of one not wishing to argue. 'Shall we go to the box, Maruja?'

The child Maruja, just come from the stage, slipped an evening frock over her head and followed Isabelita wonderingly. It seemed to her to be the moment when rival artistes begin to throw plates at one another, yet she could imagine neither of these goddesses indulging in such vulgarity. Conscious of storm clouds, she did not know what lightning, if indeed any, would follow. She fled after Isabelita, her pretty head still struggling through the opening of her frock.

V

Anna slowly and deliberately took down a scarf from her peg and wound it about the breasts that had dared to offend the civil governor. The suppressed anger of the Northerner possessed her. It was in perfect harmony

with the sultry atmosphere of emotion. She strode out of the wings, slinking forward on long, golden, slender legs, without a trace of the temporary malaise she had felt on former occasions. The crowd, to whom a rumor of the civil governor's action had come, received her with applause in which was a note of pity. Not that they disapproved of the governor; they considered that for the dignity of his office he could have done nothing else. Anna's act, to them as to him, had been vaguely indecent. Still, there was the eternal pity of the Spaniard for the human being that has to earn its bread in face of the arbitrary and ever-interfering preventions of the law.

The anger in Anna's heart gave her for the first time a feeling of intimacy with her audience. Insult and outrage had shattered the detachment with which she had always gone through her series of moderately pretty movements. Possessed by a berserk demon which had to be exorcised by violent action, she hurled herself into the music. 'Give the swine something they can understand!' she shouted in her heart. 'Oh, give them something they can understand!' She tried to, but her dance had fury without form. She challenged comparison with the wretched posings of the early turns. She even attempted some stock tricks from the Spanish dances, recollections of the easy grace of Isabelita. It was incredibly bad — burlesque without humor. It was hysteria, the negation of all art.

Isabelita, watching from the artistes' box, was disgusted by such a profanation. She had utterly lost the regal pity with which she treated the failures of her fellow performers. Twice offended by Anna, she was now hard and insensitive. She caught the expression of the Conde de Urdiales in the opposite box and giggled. He was watching Anna with blank amazement — with

the absurdly puzzled expression of a man who has drunk rather too much and suddenly been transported on the magic carpet of another's unaccountable emotion into an unintelligible world.

Rising to her feet, she began to imitate Anna's dance within the confines of the box. A touch of her hand produced a slight disheveling of her glossy hair which suggested Anna's bob. She pinned a hastily folded table napkin across her flowered bosom. A bottle on the table represented the sacred flame. Her shawl became a wickedly funny veil. With every exquisite movement of her body she pretended delirium and inefficiency. Anna raged on through her dance, knowing nothing of the parody until she saw the eyes of the pianist flash up to the artistes' box. She looked at the audience; up to that moment she had felt them, but only seen them as a blur of faces. They were all looking away from her and up to the box. They were not laughing, but an uneasy grin seemed to dominate every face. She followed their eyes to Isabelita, gay, careless, and imitating her.

Anna signaled to the musicians to stop at the end of the bar and walked into the wings without another glance. The audience clapped feebly. They had not laughed, nor had Anna wept. The tension in that hall was terrific. The mood of exaltation aroused by Isabelita's dancing had never descended, and on to it came the impact of a hysterical woman on the stage and a wild act of comedy at which none could laugh outright. Only Isabelita, insolent and triumphant, neither realizing the supreme effect of her own performance nor heedful of her later cruelty, was insensitive to the storm of suppressed and conflicting emotions that she had raised.

Miguel de Urdiales signaled across to her and to Maruja to meet him in the cabaret. The house emptied. The

sweepers began to pass between the tables brushing together the sawdust and cigarette ends, a labor of temporary value like that of the red-shirted attendants in the bull ring who sweep sand over the blood that more may safely be shed.

## VI

Anna was quite calm as she dressed. She was alone in the dressing room, for the rest of the girls had already gone upstairs. The sweat dripped at intervals from her armpits and ran down her golden sides. It was cold sweat, not the pleasant warm dampness of exercise, and she vaguely wondered at it. She was not thinking of Isabelita or of her uncompleted berserk mood. Indeed, she was not thinking of anything at all. She gave exaggerated importance to every motion of dressing, and talked to herself aloud in trivial little exclamations. She took particular care over her make-up for the cabaret and was astonished at the brilliance of her eyes and the stillness of her face. She put on a straight white frock that well showed the simple and lovely lines of her body and took neither cloak nor shawl.

Anna was remote and calm when she walked into the cabaret. Those few of the customers who had not patronized the music hall and did not know who she was assumed her to be some frigid and self-sufficient tourist waiting for the husband or friend who at that moment was depositing his hat and coat.

Isabelita and Maruja sat at a table near the door with Miguel de Urdiales and two of his friends. They needed a third woman to complete the party.

'We must invite her,' said the Conde de Urdiales.

He heaved his tall figure off the low, luxuriously upholstered bench. Youth and dignity concealed a slight unsteadiness of the feet. He approached Anna

courteously. She bowed and walked silently before him to the table.

'Sit here, *chical*!' said Isabelita genially and with a little remorseful smile, patting the chair next to her.

Anna thanked her and sat down.

'A barbarian, the civil governor!' Isabelita went on. 'But do not mind, girl! We all admire you and will make you at home. Is n't it so, *caballeros*?'

The three men vied with each other in paying compliments to Anna, who accepted them pleasantly and remotely.

'I behaved badly,' admitted Isabelita with regal frankness, 'but it did me no good and it did you no harm. We shall be friends, I know it.'

'I am sure of it,' replied Anna gravely.

Her mind was still running on trivialities; they occupied it so thoroughly that she had not given a thought to her surroundings. The cold sweat still trickled down her sides. She was able to contemplate Isabelita quite calmly, even to admire, very distantly, as if it belonged to a complete stranger, her superb good nature.

'And you, little flower,' — Isabelita turned to Maruja, — 'you say nothing. What is it?'

'I am afraid,' answered Maruja simply, with a little shiver of her naked shoulders.

'*Que val*! Everybody is sad this evening except me. Let us drink, Miguel!'

Miguel de Urdiales poured her a glass of champagne and then filled the other five glasses. Isabelita drank hers, tilted back her chair, and, with the air of a merry queen to whom all things must be permitted, propped up her bare legs on the table. They were beautiful so, the blue veins and muscles stretched tight beneath the round knees.

'Will you dance?' asked the man on the other side of her.



'Not yet. Let the place wake up a bit.'

To anyone entering at the moment, the cabaret would have seemed fully awake. The high stools at the bar were each supporting a man. The tables were fairly full. The orchestra blared over a cheerful undertone of voices. But Isabelita loved an extravagant communal spirit. She liked to see flowers thrown and much outrageous jesting and the whole house dancing a *jota* in the middle of the floor. She did n't much care for fox-trots, but she enjoyed a solo with the rest of the cabaret playing the chorus around her.

The Conde de Urdiales began to speak German with Anna. She was hardly aware that the language had been changed, for her disjointed thoughts had been running in German. Isabelita's attention was attracted.

'Speak Christian, Miguel!' she laughed. 'The good God made it to talk to women in. And Anna speaks so well.'

'She does indeed,' agreed de Urdiales. 'She learns amazingly quickly.'

'*Ay de mí!*' exclaimed Isabelita with mock sorrow. 'I wish she would let me teach her to dance!'

The mists very suddenly cleared away from Anna's brain. She was back at the point where she had stopped the orchestra. Hatred and fury over-

whelmed her — against Spain and the civil governor, against Isabelita. Above all, against Isabelita. Her fingers caressed the long water goblet in front of her. She turned deliberately to de Urdiales.

'You see,' she said slowly, 'I have not the training. You must learn and train and train and learn' — her voice rose to a scream of misery and passion. 'You must learn to drink and laugh at men and insult women! You must have technique . . .'

She smashed the goblet so swiftly that not one of them had time to think what it could mean. Then she drew the glass knife with a single powerful cut through vein and muscle across the underside of Isabelita's knees.

The men tried to hold her, but could not. She was away from them, away from the doorkeepers, and out into the street, running, running. She did not know whether they were after her. She was not trying to escape. She ran from the blood. She ran because running stopped her thinking what she had done. Her feet, undirected by herself, took her to the port, and there they found her in the morning exhausted by weeping and asleep upon a pile of crates marked 'Hamburg.' They arrested her with a strange respect, for Isabelita had told them that she would make no charge against her.

# IMPOSTOR-TERMS

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

## I

I ENDED my observations on free speech and plain language last month at the point where the name of Jeremy Bentham came up in my mind. I suspect that Bentham is not much read nowadays, in this country at least, although it would seem that we Americans ought to have a soft spot in our hearts for him, because he built a first-class philosophical defense-mechanism for the only moral standard we ever had. According to Bentham, the way to tell right from wrong is by applying the test of utility. Whatever is useful is right. Also, in order to decide this matter of usefulness in cases where there appears to be as much weight on one side of the question as on the other, you apply Bentham's famous test of 'the greatest good to the greatest number.' If you can assure yourself that a given action will produce the greatest good to the greatest number, you need not have any further doubt about its moral character. One may remark in passing that this doctrine is a great life-saver for a statesman's conscience; the New Deal, for example, would seem to be based on a kind of degenerate Benthamism. The trouble is, of course, that one can never be sure about what will actually produce the greatest good to the greatest number. All sorts of unforeseen factors keep turning up to make a mess of things, — chiefly the 'imponderabilia' which Bismarck held in such reverent dread,

— so that often the thing we have gambled on to produce the greatest good to the greatest number turns out to be extremely bad all round, and we discover that we have been matching our wits against a job which only omniscience can handle.

Bentham must have been one of the most interesting beings that ever lived. He had immense ability, endless curiosity, untiring diligence, and no humor whatever; and this is just the combination of qualities that would make the student of civilization seek him out and follow him delightedly up and down the earth to see where he would break out next. His lack of humor made him an utterly unpredictable person. No one could tell from day to day what fantastic idea he would seize on, or what he would do with it. For example, one of his innumerable odd contrivances was a scheme for building prisons in circular or semicircular form, so that one guard stationed at the centre could watch all the cells. He spent three or four years on this scheme, pestering the British Government about it until he actually got them to put some money in it for an experiment. He called his circular prison a panopticon. To be fair with him, however, he did not originate this idea, but borrowed it from his brother Samuel, — this sort of outlandish ingenuity seems to have run in the family, — who was in the textile business,

and had conceived the notion of building a mill on the principle of the pantopticon, which should require but a single foreman or superintendent to watch all the hands. My impression is that he actually built one, but I am not sure.

Jeremy Bentham, however, had plenty of ideas of his own. He was rich, and lived at his ease for eighty-four years, with nothing to do but jump from one thing that interested him to another — mainly things that no one else on earth would pause over — and write about them with the most deadly seriousness. For example, his devotion to the utilitarian principle led him to consider what use the dead might best be put to in behalf of the living, and this gave rise to a disquisition of considerable length. In further pursuit of this thought he also wrote a pamphlet of some thirty pages, called *Auto-Icon*, in which he showed how, by a process of embalming which apparently amounted to petrification, a man might become his own statue, thus doing away with the inaccuracies, conventions, and trivialities of sculpture. Now, really, what an inestimable thing it would be to know a man with a mind like that, which at the same time was a great mind, a mind that in every respect except humor was of the first order, or nearly so! Bentham bequeathed his own body for dissection in the interest of science, as thereby promoting the greatest good to the greatest number. He also bequeathed his skeleton to University College, London, where, I understand, it is still kept according to his directions. I have never seen it, but I am told it is still there, seated in a chair in a commanding situation, and dressed in his best suit of clothes.

Nevertheless, anyone who takes Bentham for a man of pure vagary makes a great mistake. Nor is he to be passed over, as the fashion is nowadays, as no more than an uncommonly

fantastic figure in a fantastic and outmoded period. In his writings on government and jurisprudence he is distinctly something to be reckoned with, and his influence has grown steadily throughout the century that has elapsed since his death in 1832. In many of his occasional and fragmentary writings also, Jeremy still has a good deal on the ball, as our phrase goes, even against the more scientific batting of these times. The boys do not knock him out of the box as handily as one might think they would. It is one of these odds-and-ends of Bentham's writing that occurred to me in connection with my remarks on the use of plain language, and I shall now go on to speak of it.

Bentham left an unfinished work, or rather the materials for one, on *Fallacies*; it is a mere set of notes. One section or chapter of this is devoted to a consideration of what he calls *impostor-terms*. He puts these in the general category of 'fallacies of confusion,' saying that their object is to perplex or confuse the hearer when discussion of their subject-matter can no longer be avoided. Thus, for example, it has long been a trick of politicians to speak of an opposing group or school as a *faction*, on account of the special implications of the word. Bentham's note on these fallacies, and particularly his note on the use of impostor-terms, should be carefully studied and prayerfully understood. If every American memorized Bentham's formulas and applied them steadily to the daily diet of impostor-terms with which the jargon of politics and journalism supplies him, it would do more to promote a revival of intellectual honesty than any other exercise that could be suggested.

In the first place, Bentham lays down the general rule that impostor-terms are applied 'chiefly to the defense of things which under their proper

name are manifestly indefensible; for example, persecutors have no such word as *persecution*, but *zeal*. It substitutes an object of approbation for an object of censure.' Then he goes on to observe that in the employment of impostor-terms two things are required: —

1. A fact or circumstance which, under its proper name and seen in its true colors, would be an object of censure, and which therefore it is necessary to disguise.

2. An appellative which the sophist employs to conceal what would be deemed offensive, or even to bespeak a degree of favor for it by the aid of some happier accessory.

To this may be added Bentham's further observation on terms which have a question-begging character. The object of their use, he says, is

to cause, by means of the artifice, that to be taken for true which is not true. The proposition is not true and cannot be proved, and the person by whom the fallacy is employed is conscious of its deceptive tendency.

By way of illustration, Bentham cites the use of terms like *honor*, *glory*, *dignity*, to extenuate flagitious political projects. When, for example, politicians determine on some freebooting enterprise, the regular thing is to pretend that national honor and dignity are somehow concerned, when in fact they are not concerned. Thus our national honor was not concerned in the Mexican War and the Spanish War, nor was British honor concerned in the Boer War; nor French honor in Morocco. All these were purely imperialist undertakings, or, in plain language, sheer brigandage. But brigandage, 'under its proper name and seen in its true colors, would be an object of censure'; and therefore the politician is obliged to find some appellative 'to conceal what would be deemed offensive, or even to bespeak a degree of favor for it.' One finds

it hard to believe that so sharp-set a person as M. Mussolini actually takes any stock in the notion that Italian honor and dignity are at all concerned in his enterprise against Homer's 'blameless Ethiopians,' with whom Zeus himself condescended to make holiday; yet he propagates that absurdity diligently.

## II

The three foregoing canons which Bentham laid down constitute a complete formula for detecting and identifying impostor-terms, wherever found. I now propose that we take a few of the terms most commonly used by our publicists, economists, journalists, and politicians, and apply Bentham's canons to them in order to see how they stand up under critical examination. I make this proposal as a sort of corollary to my little effort in behalf of free speech and plain language, because it appears to me that the right to speak freely and plainly carries the correlative obligation to speak correctly; and therefore the use of impostor-terms is ruled out as well on grounds of simple integrity as on those of a decent respect for the merits of our native tongue. We will first take four terms out of the current glossary of economics, and then two out of the current glossary of politics. Space will not permit me to cite any more, but they will be enough for the purpose; the reader can extend the list indefinitely at his own pleasure.

### *Individualism*

This is a question-begging term; its object is 'to cause, by means of the artifice, that to be taken for true which is not true.' When, for instance, one of our 'sophists,' as Bentham calls them, declares that the era of economic individualism is at an end, his use of the term implies that such an era did at

one time exist. This is a proposition which, as Bentham says, 'is not true and cannot be proved,' for no such era ever existed. One set of sophists ascribes the merits of our progress to a policy of economic individualism (usually adding the word *rugged* to enhance the imposition), while another set ascribes its defects to the same policy; but both are alike employing a question-begging term in behalf of their several purposes.

A policy of economic individualism, rugged or otherwise, cannot exist where the State makes any positive interventions upon the individual in his economic capacity. It can exist only where the State confines itself to purely negative interventions, such as punishing fraud, enforcing the obligations of contract, and the like. In this country the State has made positive interventions upon the individual from the beginning, in rapidly increasing number and variety. The instance that will perhaps most readily come to mind is furnished by the State's system of tariffs. Without regard to the specific merits or demerits of this system, one may observe that it constitutes an arbitrary and positive interference with the free self-direction of commerce and industry; such, indeed, being its express and recognized intention, as is shown by the eagerness with which tariffs are sought. There is great truth in the bitter remark of some Western Congressman, that the biggest hog-calling contest in the world begins when a Congressional committee forms on the steps of the Capitol, and cries, 'Tariff, tariff, tariff!'

Other forms of positive intervention appear in concessions, land-grants, subsidies. All these have existed here from the beginning; and as far as one can see, the most that rugged economic individualism has done to distinguish itself was to run to the State to wangle the benefit of them, by hook or crook.

One set of our sophists points to our railway systems as monuments to the spirit of rugged individualism. The fact is, however, that precious few of our railways came into being as other than speculative enterprises, furthered by State intervention in the shape of land-grants and one-or-another form of subsidy.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, in their inception, our transcontinental companies were hardly to be called railway companies, save by courtesy, since transportation was so purely incidental to their main business, which was that of land-jobbing and subsidy-hunting. A few years ago I saw the statement — I do not vouch for it, but it cannot be far off the fact — that the current cash value of the State's interventions in behalf of the Northern Pacific Railway would enable it to build four transcontinental lines, and, in addition, to build a fleet of steamships and maintain it in an around-the-world service. If this be rugged individualism, let future lexicographers make the most of it.

The sum of the matter is that when our sophists speak of economic individualism, whether by way of praise or blame, they are using an impostor-term. In either case it is a term applied, as Bentham says, to the defense of something which under its proper name is manifestly indefensible. We all know, for example, that the true reason for seeking a tariff is that it licenses the beneficiary to extort from the domestic consumer the difference between the price of his product in a competitive and a noncompetitive market; in other words, to rob him of that difference — and robbery, under its proper name, is

<sup>1</sup> Our great coal-carriers and ore-carriers, built by 'private enterprise,' are no exception, because their existence is due to the State's primary intervention in granting monopoly rights to the rental value of the coal-fields and ore-fields they tap. The 'private enterprise' that in one way or another got the economic advantage of this State-created monopoly is certainly no very impressive exhibit of rugged individualism. — AUTHOR



manifestly indefensible. All the State's positive interventions for the distribution of economic advantage can be shown, by a similar process of analysis, to come to the same thing. Now, the point is that neither set of sophists who hawk the term *individualism* wishes those interventions to cease. The only difference between them is that one set wishes the incidence of those interventions shifted from one group or class of beneficiaries to another, while the other set does not. The very last thing that either set wishes, however, is that the State's distribution of economic advantage should be 'seen in its true colors,' and exhibited under its proper name. Therefore both sets of sophists agree in employing the same impostor-term, the one by way of commendation, and the other by way of disparagement.

### *Laissez-faire*

When Colbert asked some merchants what they thought the French State might best do to help business, one of them replied, 'Let us alone.' This term, like *individualism*, has been taken over into the vernacular of journalists, publicists, and politicians who have made up a question-begging character for it out of whole cloth. No such régime ever existed in this country; American business never followed a policy of *laissez-faire*, never wished to follow it, never wished the State to let it alone.

On the contrary, it has sought State intervention at every tack and turn of its affairs, often — in fact, quite regularly — employing most disreputable measures to obtain it. We all remember the cynical remark of one of our representative industrialists, that it was cheaper to buy legislatures than to buy voters. When the State made some primary intervention to confer an economic advantage, — as in the case of our railways, for instance, — and its

beneficiaries got into a tangle with one another over the use of it, the regular thing has been to run to the State for another intervention to straighten the tangle out. Then another tangle, another agonized plea to the State, another intervention which piled complication upon complication, particularity upon particularity, — the text of the Senate's proposed banking bill, published on the first of July, covered almost exactly four pages of the *Wall Street Journal*! — and then the same sequences, with ever-multiplying complications and ever-increasing particularity, repeated again and again.

*Laissez-faire*, indeed! It is one of the few amusing things in our rather stodgy world that those who to-day are behaving most tremendously about collectivism and the Red menace are the very ones who have cajoled, bribed, flattered, and bedeviled the State into taking each and every one of the successive steps that lead straight to collectivism — steps that must lead there, that cannot possibly lead anywhere else, and cannot possibly be retraced. Who hectored the State into the shipping business, and plumped for setting up the Shipping Board? Who pestered the State into setting up the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Farm Board? Who got the State to go into the transportation business on our inland waterways? Who is always urging the State to 'regulate' and 'supervise' this, that, and the other routine process of financial, industrial, and commercial enterprise? Who took off his coat two years ago, rolled up his sleeves, and sweat blood hour after hour over helping the State construct the codes of the late lamented National Recovery Act? None but the same Peter Schlemihl<sup>2</sup> who is now half out of

<sup>2</sup> A reference to Adelbert von Chamisso's similarly titled romance of the man who, having bartered away his shadow for a purse of gold, wandered desolate through the world in search of it. — EDITOR

his mind about the approaching spectre or collectivism, bureaucracy, pink Socialism, personal government, and all the rest of it. One would almost think he might catch sight of this roaring anomaly sooner or later and enjoy a wholesome laugh at himself, but as yet he seems not to have done so.

*Laissez-faire*, however, is a useful impostor-term, serving the same purpose as *individualism*. Its use causes that to be taken for true which is not true, and the object of its use is to disguise that which, under its proper name and seen in its true colors, would be an object of censure — that is, the distribution of economic advantage by the State. Therefore, since both sets of sophists are equally interested in keeping up this disguise, both sets use this term as more or less synonymous with *individualism*.

### *Free Competition*

The use of this term implies the existence of an economic régime which has never existed. The American enterpriser has always operated behind the screen of a tariff which he himself, in a burst of candor, has so well named 'protective.' He has never faced the world on terms set by free competition, but always on terms set by handicap. In the domestic market also, his terms of operation, especially in the so-called 'basic' industries, such as agriculture, have largely been set by other modes of State intervention. The fact or circumstance thus indicated is usefully disguised by a question-begging term like *free competition* or *the competitive system*, and therefore both sets of sophists employ it. No such system exists in the United States, or has ever existed.

### *Capitalism*

The implication of this term is that the use of capital is a distinguishing

mark of our economic system, a characteristic by which it may be identified; and this is not the case. Use of the term therefore causes that to be taken for true which is not true. No economic system which is not capitalist ever existed anywhere in the world, or can be conceived of as existing. The extreme of collectivism is as purely capitalist as our present system or any other system; the difference being only that collectivism transfers the ownership and management of capital from private hands to the hands of the State. By definition, capital is that portion of wealth which is applied to the production of more wealth; and an economic system which does not contemplate this segregation and employment of capital is unimaginable.

The term seems to have been foisted into our economic glossary by collectivism, in the first instance, and it is therefore rather strange that those who most abhor collectivism should not be above using it, as they habitually do. The collectivist's idea of capital, as well as one can make it out, appears to be that capital is not capital until it is put to some predatory or oppressive use; somewhat as one might say that dynamite is not dynamite until it goes off. The term is useful, however, as a disguise for the actual characteristic mark of our system, which is the private monopoly of rental values in natural resources. 'The monopolist system' would have a bad sound, and therefore the term *capitalist* is substituted, according to Bentham's second canon of impostor-terms.

### III

One set of sophists — the set which seems of late to have rather the best of it in getting the public ear — often lump three of the foregoing impostor-terms together as a sort of blanket formula to serve their purpose of shift-

ing the incidence of State intervention from one class of beneficiaries to another. They put it that a policy of economic individualism, free competition, and *laissez-faire* is responsible for most of our society's economic ills. This is, of course, a mere multiplication of absurdity, but it deserves a moment's notice because our sophists usually take the condition of England in the early part of the last century as a horrible example of what this three-decker policy brings about when allowed to run unchecked. The story is so monstrous and shocking that their contention gains a great deal of *prima facie* plausibility which is nevertheless misleading; and therefore it is worth while to examine their assertions briefly, in order to see what precisely they amount to.

At that period, our sophists say, England's industry and commerce were operating under an unqualified policy of economic individualism, free competition, and *laissez-faire*. This policy issued in the most appalling social conditions that can be imagined, the conditions which Dickens, Carlyle, Kingsley, and Ruskin described so vividly in their impassioned preachments. It produced great hordes of miserable beings who lived in squalor and destitution, working in the mills and mines under a régime of starvation wages, killing hours, vicious industrial hazards. It harnessed children and women underground to cars loaded with coal or ore. It sent men to sea in coffin ships officered by ruffians. It brought forth the huge and hideous industrial centres which William Cobbett called *Hell-holes*. It produced industrialists like Mr. Plugson of Undershot, Mr. Bounderby, and Mr. Bottles. You ask what this policy will come to in America — well, there you see what it came to in England.

Just so. The story is a familiar one, we all know it, and we all agree that

its horror and hideousness cannot be overdrawn. There is, however, not a word of truth in our sophists' assertion that these horrors were due to a policy of individualism, free competition, and *laissez-faire*, for the very good reason that no such policy ever existed in England. They were due to State intervention. When the factory system came in, those hordes of miserable beings were already on hand in full force; they were there because State intervention had expropriated them from the land;<sup>3</sup> and they went into the factories for whatever Mr. Bounderby or Mr. Bottles chose to give them, because it was either that or else to beg, steal, or starve.<sup>4</sup> Following this primary intervention, the State made one secondary intervention after another in a long series, all in behalf of Mr. Bounderby and Mr. Bottles. It is the acme of absurdity to pretend, as our sophists do, that Adam Smith's economics are the economics of individualism and free competition. They are nothing of the kind; they are the economics of landowners and mill-owners; and the incidence of State intervention invariably followed the line of direction that those economics set.

In such circumstances, the sane and logical thing, as some Englishmen indeed perceived, would be to do away with positive State intervention. Very few were interested in that way of approach to the problem, however. As in the case of our sophists, the only idea of reform that interested anybody was that of urging the State to go on multiplying its interventions still further, and merely shift their incidence of benefit from Mr. Bounderby to Stephen Blackpool, and from Mr.

<sup>3</sup> Readers who are interested in this statement might look up the history of the Enclosures Acts. — AUTHOR

<sup>4</sup> Even Marx was aware that economic exploitation is impossible until expropriation from the land has taken place. See his chapter on colonization. — AUTHOR

Bottles to Zephaniah Diggs.<sup>5</sup> This being the case, the three-in-one impostor-term became useful, and it accordingly went into currency for the purposes set forth in Bentham's second canon.

#### IV

Passing from economics to politics, we choose two terms in most common use.

#### *Democracy, democratic*

At the time when our political system was formed, this was a term of great opprobrium, as *communist*, *bolshevist*, are now. The writings of our earlier statesmen, even those who had a general leaning towards the liberal side, show that they understood it in this sense exclusively; as when Morris, Gerry, Madison, Randolph, speak of the 'turbulence,' 'dangers,' 'excesses,' of democracy. Those whom we now would call left-wing statesmen, like Samuel Adams and Thomas Paine, seldom use it. I do not at the moment recall a single instance where Mr. Jefferson applies it to a political system, though there may be some. The satirical literature of the period presents 'democrats' as an order of beings almost subhuman, uniformly low, ignorant, vicious, and above all, venal.

Presently, however, when the 'party system' came into being, and the scuffle for office became intensified, the term rapidly gained respectability. This was a purely natural development. The rationale of the party system, as Mr. Jefferson said, is that 'the nest of office being too small for them all to cuddle into at once, they divide into two parties, the Ins and the Outs.' The former wish to stay in, and the

<sup>5</sup> The virtues and excellences of Mr. Bottles are most sympathetically set forth in Matthew Arnold's *Friendship's Garland*. There too the reader will find an account of the 'social problem' presented by the public activities and private character of Zephaniah Diggs. — AUTHOR

latter wish to turn them out and get in; and therefore there is lively competition in buttering up 'the sovereign people,' and inflating their self-esteem. Hence, under this intensive cultivation, the term soon passed into the bud of respectability, and from that into the full bloom of honor and dignity. There is a certain grim humor in wondering how our earlier statesmen — for example, John Adams, Washington, Alexander Hamilton — would take it if they could hear some electioneering adventurer praise them for founding 'our great and glorious democracy.'

To show how far remote from anything like democracy our political system is, one need only cite the Judiciary Act of 1789, which established judicial control over legislation. It vested the supreme political authority in a small oligarchy. The members of this oligarchy are not elected; they are appointed; the people have no semblance of choice in the matter. They are, moreover, appointed for life, and are wholly irresponsible; their acts cannot be brought under any kind of review.<sup>6</sup> Excellent as this system may be, it is manifestly a long way from democratic. The exigencies of practical politics, however, make it advisable to disguise this fact, or even, as Bentham says, 'to bespeak a degree of favor for it by the aid of some happier accessory'; and therefore the terms *democracy*, *democratic*, have been pressed into service as impostor-terms.

#### *Republic, republican*

Republican political theory is based upon the right of individual self-expression in politics. When the Constitutional Convention met in 1787, its members were beset by a wholesome

<sup>6</sup> Nullification by the Executive, which has taken place in two instances, merely changed *quoad hoc* the form of our political structure from an oligarchy into an autocracy, thus giving it even more of an undemocratic character. — AUTHOR

dread of what Locke called 'a numerous democracy,' and their main purpose was to devise a system which should have the appearance of recognizing this right of individual self-expression, without the reality. Madison defined this purpose with great clearness and candor. It was, he said, to safeguard the public welfare and private rights from the dangers of democracy,<sup>7</sup> and at the same time to retain 'the spirit and form of popular government.' Their task was the same, in short, as that which has confronted all modern pseudo-republican system-builders; it was the task of devising a system which should be formally republican, but not actually such. They accomplished this task by erecting that most ingenious mechanism of 'checks and balances,' with the practical workings of which we are all well acquainted. However meritorious such a political mechanism may be, its model is obviously imperial rather than republican; imperial, one might say, with the difference that professional politicians are put in the place and function of the prætorian guards. They meet periodically, decide what is to be done, and by whom, and then submit their decisions *pro forma* to the voting public on election day. This being the case, the reasons for using *republic*, *republican*, as impostor-terms are sufficiently clear.

So one might go on at length with minor impostor-terms in our political glossary, such as *sanctions*, *reparations*, *mandates*, and the like. I should especially enjoy making a few observations on the way our sophists have weaseled the term *radical* into the impostor-term *liberal*. All our job holders are liberals nowadays, not radicals, and their policies are liberal policies. But I have not space to comment on this, which is per-

haps as well, for an appropriate comment would perhaps be more vigorous than edifying.

## V

Thoreau would not read newspapers; he said that one fire was like another, one murder was like another, and 'when you have once established a principle, what is the use of endlessly multiplying illustrations'? So the reader may feel that his excursion into Benthamism might have been considerably shortened, with no loss to speak of. This would be true, perhaps, but for the fact that impostor-terms, like counterfeit coins, are circulated chiefly by innocent persons who have not taken the trouble to examine them, and do not know their character. It was with this fact in mind that I could hardly bring myself either to cut down my list of examples or to take examples that are less striking and can be disposed of in fewer words.

The moral of all this, however, — if one may call it that, — can be set forth quite briefly. Dean William F. Russell came out in the May 1935 *Atlantic* with a vigorous and excellent plea for free speech. I ventured to second it last month, adding a few words in praise of plain language. Now, the assertion of every right — sometimes perhaps unfortunately — implies the acceptance of a corresponding responsibility. If therefore we assert the right to free and plain speech, it would appear that we should also give some thought to the responsibility for clear and correct speech. As much as anything, if not more, it is the vast currency of impostor-terms — circulated for the most part, I repeat, in all innocence — that interferes with the perception of that responsibility; and my treatment of the subject has been made with the deliberate view of showing, as vividly as possible, how great and how unsuspected that interference may be.

<sup>7</sup> His words are 'the dangers of such a faction.' He uses the question-begging term *faction* in precisely the way that we have noticed. — AUTHOR



## OTHER COAST

LONELY is the water, and the ship friendless,  
Moving remote and slowly up the islands,  
Having no part with hills or valleys or headlands,  
But gazing at them each becoming clearer,  
And boats in the ripple water not so far now  
Returning home into their native harbor.

There are white houses, piled high in the harbor,  
There are feathered headlands full of bonfires,  
And crumbling brown fields ploughing, and the sea gulls  
At furrow clear to gaze on through the glasses;  
Around the lonely ship the gulls go swooping,  
But never join us to the fortunate ploughland.

O happy are they who live here, landed home,  
On these their islands that we gaze at alien;  
We have no shadow of part with those who live here,  
But only vertical cliffs we have and the tumbling  
Waves of unending sea; not here our headlands,  
Remoter they and lonely thither sailing.

GEORGE ALLEN

# HOW BRITAIN DOES IT

## II. RECOVERY

BY H. B. ELLISTON

### I

WHAT is more remarkable than the readjustment in Britain's external accounts is the readjustment at home. In the first stages a protective tariff always acts as a stimulus to home industry. As is apparent from the figures for industrial production cited in my first article,<sup>1</sup> this has been the case in Britain. Old enterprise, particularly iron and steel, is putting on new life. Entirely new enterprise is springing up in the ancient towns of Southern England which the industrial revolution in the north left to while away a delightful old-world existence. An increasing amount of the goods produced have been consumed at home. It is estimated that nowadays the export trade represents only one sixth of Britain's net output of all commodities instead of a normal one quarter. I take the figure from a recent dispatch by Harold Candler to the *New York Times*. He does not use too strong a word, I think, when he calls the difference 'startling.' Even relatively self-sufficient America exported almost that ratio of its total production in the palmy days of Coolidge prosperity.

In agriculture a rise in domestic production required a stimulus in addition to that afforded by protective measures. Here is where economic planning has been most extensively employed. It

has attained the same degree of interference that distinguishes the New Deal policy toward agriculture. Notice, however, that in general Britain has not practised restriction. Its needs were different from America's by the difference in their respective crises. Britain had a laggard agriculture, America an exuberant agriculture. In Britain there are now subsidies, quotas, marketing boards — but they are intended to encourage, not to discourage, domestic farming. These boards have been set up for hops, bacon, pigs, milk, and potatoes. 'In three years,' complains Professor Lionel Robbins, leading orthodox economist in England, 'the government has brought a complete reversal of the general policy as regards food supply which has prevailed for the last three quarters of a century. Over a wide field it has substituted regulation for free enterprise.'

Government regulation is making such strides that the *whole* field of agriculture may shortly be regimented. New boards are under discussion for meat, poultry, and eggs. No more astonishing sight will meet the economic historian of the period than the record of Britain in the season after the Wheat Act was passed. Of all nations, industrial Britain showed the greatest increase in wheat production!

A case illustrating both the procedure

<sup>1</sup> See the January issue, p. 20. — EDITOR

and the extent of the regulation is the milk scheme. Milk is by far the most important product of British agriculture. This year for the first time the price has been fixed. The Milk Board allowed for an increase in wholesale prices for the producers, but, recognizing that retail prices cannot be raised further, took the increase out of the distributor's margin. The distributors have charged government with 'gangsterism.' Their grumbles, however, have been of no avail. There is no 'due process,' no States' rights, to put the law behind their grumbling. This is one great difference between Britain and the United States. In the former country there is no constitutional problem involved, as there is in the United States, in these new government essays in economic control. And the people of England have acquiesced in this use of political power. The British public, in the words of the conservative *London Times*, 'will not quarrel with the Board's intention to redistribute the profits of the dairy industry.'

This newspaper comment affords a key to the British approach to the problems of redistribution of income and regimentation. Imagine the same comment in the newspapers along the Atlantic Coast — it is hardly conceivable.

One sees here a difference between the two countries. Government interference is just as rife in both, but it is more acceptable to the nation as a whole in Great Britain. Of course there are John Hampdens in Great Britain as in the United States. In America they are now girding themselves to grow 'illegal potatoes'; in England one reads such reports as the recent decision of the Milk Board fining a farmer \$250 for selling milk to the poor below scheduled prices! That farmer, however, was a rare bird. And the Lord Hewarts who inveigh against the tyranny of administrative law appear to be limited to a

higher reach of judicial eminence which in Britain has no power to censor either the will of popular government or the whim of its officialdom.

In agricultural policy the British were faced with the same nice problem of reconciling several diverse interests which was created by their currency policy. In the latter they had the 'sterling world' to consider. The pound must be the servant of British development; but it could not be so managed as to sever the link between Britain and the sterling world. Similarly in agriculture. Britain had to protect home agriculture to the extent of giving British farmers not only a greater area of the home market but also better prices. And yet its first principle has been to keep food cheap. (This is at least one historic principle that has not been jettisoned — not yet, at any rate.) A dilemma indeed! Nevertheless the two mutually contradictory ends have been achieved in two ways, one fortuitous and the other purposeful.

Britain must still import the bulk of her food from abroad. It so happened that, for some time after the world depression began, prices in the food-supplying countries fell in terms of the British pound. The result was cheaper imports, which have not as yet been offset by price-boosting regulation — as has been done in other countries. So much for the fortuitous help. The purposeful aid is apparent from the milk example. British regulation has been based as much upon the simplification of distribution as upon domestic development. That is to say, both the producer and the consumer have gained at the expense of the distributor. Thus has the dilemma been solved, though for how long depends a good deal upon the planners, who have created vested interests in price raising that constantly threaten the impartiality of planning. The difficulty will be increased in

Britain by the fact that the fortuitous benefits of cheaper food are now past.

This gain brings us to Britain's recovery from depression. *The readjustments arising out of the fundamental crisis have not interfered with government-assisted recovery from depression.*

Food costs take up half of wage earners' budgets. Housewives know this, and, with the embattled womenfolk banging at Secretary Wallace's door, the New Dealers now recognize it. He who thinks only of the producer does so at his peril! Compared with 1932, the American consumption of bread was less in 1935 by 500,000,000 loaves as the result of a boost in prices from a national average of 6.7 cents to 8.3 cents a loaf. Just the reverse from the British situation. According to the official cost-of-living figures, the retail prices of food have fallen on the average by about 20 per cent since 1929, whereas the average reduction in money wages in the same period has been only 5 per cent. The British wage earner has thus had that much more to spend. And, with confidence at a higher level than in any other country, he has spent it. Not much of it, apparently, has gone into more food. Travel and entertainment have increased. Motor-car registrations show a big jump. But principally the extra savings on food have gone into more and better shelter. Housing was a good 'buy.' Building costs in Britain had been tending downward even in the years preceding the depression. After the depression the tendency was more or less sympathetically downward with other costs.

Many analysts maintain that the very core of cyclical changes in business may be found in the extreme variation of constructional activity. Housing is a vital sector of construction. How sensitive is activity or regression in this department is illustrated by Professor Paul H. Douglas in his book, *Controlling Business Depressions*.

If, he says, a family's income increases so that it can and does want to pay for an additional \$25 a month (or \$300 a year) of housing, this may lead to the construction of \$3000 worth of housing (or ten times the annual rental) to satisfy the need. Comparatively slight increases in the income spent on rent will lead, therefore, to very much greater increases in the volume of construction. Conversely, when the income of families declines, and they seek to economize by paying lower rents, the curtailment in building is much greater than the reduction in their incomes. The great contraction in construction not only hits a body blow at employment in the building trade, but also seriously injures the industries producing building materials such as steel, lumber, cement, paint, plumbing and electrical fixtures. What applies to housing applies to all other constructional activities.

Against this background one may appreciate the statement of the London *Economist* that housing activity is the backbone of British recovery. To the Committee for Economic Recovery, a business man's organization in New York, the home building by the British appears as 'probably responsible for at least one half of their economic recovery and the major part of their social protection against undemocratic principles.' It has surprised even the government forecasters. The Registrar-General's estimate of housing needs in the decade 1931-1941 was 1,700,000, based upon a generous restoration of living standards. The figures, however, show that by the end of the fourth year, 1934, almost 1,000,000 houses had been constructed, leaving only 700,000 for the next six years. The Registrar-General had not made enough allowance for advancing living standards arising from savings on food purchases.

The government, besides being partly responsible for the conditions which

made the boom possible, has aided the actual building, the method adopted being the subsidy, payable to the local authorities. Over half the new construction has been done with state assistance. But the ratio of government-aided building has rapidly declined. Out of the 328,000 houses completed in the year ending March 31, 1935, only 36,000, or just over 10 per cent, were state-assisted. It is the overwhelming ratio of unassisted dwelling-house construction that has put the boom firmly on its own feet as an outlet for advanced consumer purchasing power and as a generator of collateral enterprise.

While the British have been building 328,000 houses, the Americans, with three times the population, have been building less than 60,000, or a rate of progress of only 6 per cent of Britain's. Yet there is the same potential demand as in Britain.

## II

Effective demand in the United States has been inhibited by several factors. I trace the *causa causans* of British activity back to cheap food prices. In this respect a comparison between Britain and the United States is hardly valid. The British consumer profited out of the distress of the world's farmer. Part of that distress existed in the United States. Thus the problem that Mr. Roosevelt had to face was entirely different from the British problem. Mr. Roosevelt had to end agrarian distress; and to the New Dealers there seemed only two ways of doing that — by giving the farmer either better prices or larger markets. The hard-pressed New Dealers plumped for the objective which could be more immediately attained — better prices. This has been accomplished at the expense of the wage earner. The drought lent a helping hand in a way that has left food prices all awry.

Other impediments to building in the United States have been the cost of building and the 'stickiness' of mortgage money; building costs have fallen very much less than money incomes. New Deal experiments have worsened the disharmony. Costs in general were only 20 per cent below their 1928 level at the beginning of 1933, while incomes were nearly 40 per cent lower. Under NRA the costs were put higher, not lower, and since the NRA expired the combined influence of PWA and WPA has propped them up. In that respect the New Deal has not only loaded a burden on future taxpayers, but also hampered 'pump priming.'

The lesson of the British experience is that the subsidy is a far better method of priming. It does not interfere with market prices. Nor does it impinge upon the market for private enterprise. The government in Britain has limited its subsidies to housing for the lowest income groups, who, living in slums and overcrowded areas, do not furnish any demand upon the private builder. For these people subsidized housing has become more or less a charitable undertaking. In consequence, there is not much likelihood that less indigent citizens will try to participate in the subsidy, and thus contract the private builder's market.

In interest rates the same disparity between Britain and the United States is to be noticed. Cheap money has a limited area of activity; particularly in the United States it does not seem to get around to mortgages. In Britain money is available at the great building societies for  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Till six months ago my American bank charged me 6 per cent, and then came down to  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. I don't know whether to give my thanks to 'cheap money' or to Governor Curley's club — a club, incidentally, that Mr. Roosevelt seems to be using on a national scale. But even  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent is 22 per cent higher



than the parallel British rate. Then additional financial costs — down payments and incidental charges — are much more attractive in Britain. In all these circumstances the potential housing demand in the United States, of which one sees evidence everywhere, has not yet been potentized.

Building other than residential also shows a steadiness in Britain that is absent in the United States. League of Nations data put the two situations in perspective (1928=100):—

|            | UNITED STATES     |              | UNITED KINGDOM    |              |
|------------|-------------------|--------------|-------------------|--------------|
|            | <i>Residences</i> | <i>Other</i> | <i>Residences</i> | <i>Other</i> |
| 1926.....  | 91.7              | 90.5         | .....             | .....        |
| 1927.....  | 87.0              | 88.5         | 99.4              | 89.3         |
| 1928.....  | 100.0             | 100.0        | 100.0             | 100.0        |
| 1929.....  | 68.2              | 100.9        | 110.3             | 105.6        |
| 1930.....  | 40.5              | 68.5         | 116.6             | 102.0        |
| 1931.....  | 33.5              | 43.3         | 100.9             | 82.5         |
| 1932.....  | 13.0              | 20.5         | 116.9             | 70.9         |
| 1933.....  | 12.8              | 18.2         | 155.3             | 78.3         |
| 1934.....  | 11.7              | 22.1         | 173.4             | 95.1         |
| 1935 (av.) | 22.2              | 23.0         | 188.0             | 125.0        |

These figures, if we bear in mind the ramified influence of construction activity and of the lack of it, explain much about American unemployment; two thirds of the unemployed are said to be in the construction industries. Americans, however, will gain one comfort from the table. Lenin used to invite foreign investment in Soviet Russia on the grounds that 'we have had *our* revolution.' British experts are continually upset by the fear of a recession in construction, with its decelerating consequences throughout the system. America still has to have its construction boom.

### III

The recovery movement in Great Britain, then, has been due to three factors. The first two, an off-gold currency and a protective tariff, were adjustments arising out of Britain's fundamental crisis; the third, cheap prices and constructional activity, was recovery from the depression. We have

already shown that the habitually sober British are by no means overestimating the lasting influence of building. What of the readjustment situation? This, we find, has still left Great Britain at the old crossroads. Back to the world system? Or forward to even more widespread regimentation of domestic development? The two questions appear in most British conversation.

A national currency and a protective tariff, with the subsidized improvement of British production and marketing, are, it seems to me, akin to the action of the Dutch boy in sticking his finger into the dike. For the time being they have kept out the rushing waters of world deflation. They have given the British a period of tranquillity and noninterference for internal repair work. But it is doubtful whether they afford a long-run policy for Great Britain. To some Britons, however, they have seemed so highly successful as to show that both currency and commercial nationalism could be made permanent bulwarks of British prosperity. These publicists are called total prohibitionists. In German the word for their philosophy is the now popular *autarchie*. The autarchists have a highly vocal following among the producing groups who would benefit from such autarchy. The hope is held out, for instance, that in ten years all Britain's consumption of bacon could be raised on home farms. Persons holding such views would settle the jobless — reduced by 1,000,000 from the peak, but still leaving over 1,500,000 — on the land to do the work now done for Britain by foreign farmers. They cite examples from the 'have-nots.' Mussolini has made Italy practically self-sufficient in foodstuffs; even Japan feeds itself; Germany is trying to reach the same goal.

The examples, however, are not inviting. And Britain is *sui generis*.

An investigation sponsored by Viscount Astor and B. Seeböhm Rowntree examines and disposes of the autarchy argument. The investigators find that to some extent there might be an increase in resettlement from the city to the country. They take from the ancient world the simple but praiseworthy suggestion that a year's supply of wheat should be put in British storage — to safeguard the country, not, alas, from 'acts of God,' as in the ancient world, but from 'acts of man.' Beyond that they conclude that self-sufficiency would be disastrous to British prosperity, and to Britain's eminence in the world. It is true that, as Kropotkin proved, Britain could be relatively self-supporting. But such self-support would be a 'poore thing,' if 'mine own.' It would not support British living standards, because these standards have been built up on buying and selling in a world market to which hundreds of millions instead of millions bring the fruits of their diversified labors. Just as two thirds of America's unemployment are in the constructional industries, so two thirds of Britain's unemployment are in the export industries.

Any contraction of food imports would mean that the foreign suppliers would be unable to buy British goods and services. This would present the resellers with more and more industrial victims. At the same time it would promote the extinction of the economically great Britain which past investments have built up beyond the seas. For the debtors could no longer pay their billion-dollar-a-year interest if they were denied access to the British market. The political effects of British autarchy would be equally damaging. Lord Astor warns that it would prejudice British relations with the Dominions and international relations in Europe. 'We could conceivably produce in Britain,' he says, with a mildness hardly in keeping with the pros-

pect, 'most of the food imported from Denmark and the Baltic States, but if we drove those countries into the arms of Germany, should we have acted in a statesmanlike manner? We could grow in these islands much of the food now imported from our Dominions, but if as a result we seriously injured their agriculture, and thereby prevented them from buying our manufactured goods, should we be better off? We should certainly not have solved, we should merely have changed the nature of our national anxieties.'

Large-scale resettlement would not settle the jobless problem even at such a cost! The products of the soil are distinguished from the products of the factory by the relative inelasticity of the demand for them. And for the first time since Biblical days food is now being produced by labor-saving devices. Mechanization in agriculture cannot set up its own corrective as mechanization in industry can. The syllogism is: cheaper prices, more consumption, enlarged employment. This simply could not work on the farm. As the industrial victims trooped on the land, therefore, displaced workers would be continually trooping off. The notion of curing a crisis by setting up another vicious circle is perhaps as fantastic as the notion that Great Britain would elect to become little Britain.

The Astor-Rowntree study is a sign that public thought is turning outward again. More evidence is the recurrence of statements from British experts pleading for a return to financial and economic internationalism. During the long readjustment period they have been very quiet. Now, in rapid succession, three members of the government's economic advisory committee have backed a return to some form of international gold standard. They are Sir Josiah Stamp, Sir Arthur Salter, and J. M. Keynes. The attitude of

Mr. Keynes — more qualifying than that of his colleagues — is the most interesting; hitherto he has contemptuously referred to gold as a 'tyrant.' These economists see that the benefits afforded by a national currency and a protective tariff are slowing down.

## IV

Repair of the world system is, of course, a problem for the entire world of nations. I personally have not given up hope. There is evidence, I think, that even the economic nationalists are finding that the rewards of their god are Dead Sea fruit. Britain, however, cannot mark time. The present movement of policy, as opposed to that of opinion, is toward more domestic development through more rigid controls. From this the Conservatives in power do not seem to shrink. Call it Socialism, and there will be no protest. In 1894, Sir William Harcourt, during the introduction of the estate duties, said, 'We are all Socialists now.' The phrase has been repeated by several present-day Conservative leaders. The fact is that capitalism as a system of liberty to make profits has been left a long way behind. Last March there was an enviably calm debate in the House of Lords on capitalism and Socialism. In the course of it Lord Allen estimated that practically *two thirds of the large-scale economic organizations in Great Britain had already passed out of the sphere of unregulated profit making*. A multitude of different types of controls are involved. Such industries as the telegraph service are frankly government departments. A Central Electricity Board is undertaking the public construction of a national system of high-tension distribution lines. Power is sold at cost to the existing public and private retailers. Agriculture, as we have seen, is fast becoming a ward of the state. A new type of control in the

non-agrarian sphere of economic life is in evidence which is not exactly government and is certainly not private control. The best description would probably be public trust. A speaker in the course of the Lords' debate described it in the following words: —

'What we have discovered by process of time is this, that there are various methods by which you can introduce the principles of Socialism whereby the interests of the state and the interest of the body politic shall be put above the interest of any of the private individuals who compose that body. Through a public utility corporation you can get all the advantage of collective organization and promote efficiency without the disadvantage which comes from political manipulation which may easily arise if you proceed to nationalize all industries and run them from Whitehall.'

An example is the British Broadcasting Corporation. There is here no case at all of any private stockholder having any share in the profits or control. The concern was set up by the government. As soon as the directorate was appointed, however, the body felt itself as independent of government pressure as a private firm. An English publicist once said to me, 'The wrong way to go about getting something out of the B.B.C. is to invoke the aid of a government official.'

To what end is this semi-socialism in Britain directed? In the language of Cromwell, to *well-being* as well as *being*. The new National government will doubtless throw fresh emphasis on the being; they pinned Adam Smith's dictum to their recent election posters: 'Defense is better than opulence.' But they do not show any inclination to sacrifice a forward march to well-being in the sense of more social reform. For British thinking as a whole is obsessed with slum clearance and rehousing; with the mediæval concern for the 'just

price'; with what the Australian Mr. Stanley Bruce at Geneva called the 'marriage of health and agriculture.'

In this last connection the record so far has certainly not been stationary. In 1908, just before the inauguration of the social insurance programme, from 15 to 20 per cent of the British school children suffered from malnutrition. From that time on there has been a steady and definite improvement. The British Ministry of Health reports that for the past few years there has been less than one per cent of malnutrition. The *New York Times* compares these figures with the American experience. The Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor reports that, in spite of extensive public health services, malnutrition is as high as 20 to 30 per cent in many American districts.

This improvement in Britain is not viewed complacently. What still remains to be done is called a national task. At the last British Association meeting Sir John Orr outlined a plan which was staggering in its utilitarianism. He began by showing that, in order to bring the people to a proper level of health and energy, consumption of milk must be increased 42 per cent, of fruit and vegetables 53 per cent, of butter and eggs 25 per cent. He recognized that Britain must not sacrifice foreign imports. In supplying the deficiency between present and ideal requirements, he would eke out the present level of food imports and the production at home by subsidizing the jobless to produce this increment.

It is to the fact that such a proposal on such a platform has been made, not to its merits or demerits, that I would draw attention. Consider the plan of control. The marketing boards would supersede the distributors as chief intermediary between grower and consumer. A Tugwell in British clothing! And yet Sir John Orr, so far as I have seen, has elic-

ited nothing but respectful comment. 'Every gallon of milk which goes into the manufacture of butter and cheese,' says the London *Times* editorially, reading like a social-service organ, 'must be regarded as waste so long as large numbers of the public go short of the fresh milk they should have to maintain themselves in full health.' This far from flighty newspaper asks whether the time is not ripe to realize Sir John Orr's plan by 'turning the marketing boards into vast public utility agencies.' Soon after, the same paper expressed horror that boys transferred from derelict areas in Cumberland had made their first acquaintance with eggs as food and did not know how to eat them.

To many conservative advocates the provision of shelter on a public-service basis is joined with this subsidized provision of food. This was one of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip's chief impressions of British thought on a recent visit. In a magazine article he says, 'People holding this view believe that housing eventually must be carried on by an industrial or utility corporation, to be held responsible for the provision of adequate shelter — just as a railroad company is held responsible for the provision of modern transport.'

There are many publicists in the United States who base their thinking on the theory that American history repeats European history after a lag of a generation. Planning has sustained a reverse in popular estimation in the United States. 'Back to normalcy' is once again heard over the land. 'Normalcy,' however, is gone in Britain, along with all such meaningless shibboleths of the post-war decade. Britain, for good or ill, appears to be so committed to planning and management by the state that even a repair of the world system does not seem likely to mark any retreat to 'letting nature take its course.'

# TATTERED GUIDES

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

## I

THINGS familiar in daily use never seem queer or odd. Only a retrospect of time or distance can make them so. Thus it is with the tattered schoolbooks that each generation throws around in the classrooms. The torn leaves and the worn backs and the well-thumbed insides are so familiar that they are taken for granted. But after a generation or so they take on an oddity all their own.

There flourished both in England and in America, about a hundred years ago, a type of schoolbook that was all made up of questions and answers. In such books as *Mrs. Magnall's Questions*, and *Peter Parley's Treasury*, the history of all the world and the manners and customs of all its people were thus set forth in question and answer, in searching inquiry and reassuring fact. Thus Mrs. Magnall would ask, 'Did not the Roman people claim to descend from Romulus and Remus?' And the answer (written *Ans.*) echoed back: 'They did.' Mrs. Magnall continued: 'Was not the first Roman King of whom we have authentic account Numa Pompilius?' And the answer reassured her: 'He was.'

Progress under this system was far more rapid than under the slower methods of to-day. An intelligent child could scoop up the whole of ancient history almost without effort. The form of the instruction reminds me of the old story of the dialogue carried on,

through a speaking tube, between the bartender down below stairs and his boss above. 'Is O'Rourke good for two drinks?' 'Has he had them?' 'He has.' 'He is.'

But behind these books themselves, both for England and for America, there are forgotten chapters of history. Those were the days when Queen Victoria was young, the days before democratic education, when schooling cost money and was beyond the reach — very properly, it seemed — of the poor. Even for many 'gentlefolk' the cost of sending children away to school was too high. Many mothers must gather the little flock around their knees and ask, in the words of Mrs. Magnall, 'Did not the battle of Salamis put an end to the power of Persia at sea?' and receive the reassuring chorus of assent, 'It did.'

More even than that. Those were the days when countless English families, of better birth than means, went out to the uttermost ends of the earth, to the 'colonies,' to build up the British Empire. With them went Mrs. Magnall and Peter Parley. In the backwoods of Upper Canada, in the up-country of Natal, and in the newer England of New Zealand, the mothers asked their children, 'Was not the Assyrian Empire the first of the great Oriental monarchies?' and the children admitted, 'It was.'

There is something appealing in the



naïveté of the yes-and-no system. 'Did not the ancient Britons stain themselves with woad?' 'They did.' No court of law would admit the validity of this as evidence. Any judge would rule it out as a leading question. But the devoted mothers were not a court of law. If there was anything wrong with Mrs. Magnall's method, they never saw it. Indeed, at times the situation was reversed and the pupil in the dialogue, having been content with 'yes, yes, yes,' for a whole series of questions, suddenly broke out with a perfect coruscation of brilliance, erupting dates, names, and facts with an effulgence that would have dazzled Macaulay. Mrs. Magnall: 'What great event happened next in Greece?' *Ans.* 'The Peloponnesian War, in which Athens, together with Attica, Bœotia, Locris, Doris, Phocis, Ætolia, and Acharnaria, was leagued against Sparta, Megara, Corinth, together with the Islands of Chios, Romnos, and Samos.'

'Was the war of long duration?'

*Ans.* 'This internecine struggle lasted from B.C. 431 till B.C. 404 and witnessed a carnage second only to that of the ravages of the Persians in Cappadocia. In Corinth no less than 2882 houses, 4 temples, and 17 stadii, or open playgrounds of the discoboli, were destroyed in one single assault of the Bœotians.'

'Name some of the chief figures of the contest.'

'Pericles, Praxiteles, Proxenes, Ly-sander, Aneximander, Timocles, Themistocles.'

After which Mrs. Magnall, completely knocked out, says, 'You have answered well. That concludes the history of Greece.'

It ought to.

## II

Are those questions, you ask, really out of Mrs. Magnall's books? Surely, you say, they were not quite like that?

Perhaps not. But that at least is the idea of them. Personally I have not seen them since I was instructed out of them, in the wilds of Upper Canada, sixty years ago.

In the United States, books like *Mrs. Magnall's Questions* had a certain vogue. But the competition of the 'little red schoolhouse' and the 'grammar school' ran them hard. The question system could only flourish when it got on to a higher ground and into a rarer air than the atmosphere of ordinary education. Exactly this atmosphere and environment were supplied by the newest science of the day, Political Economy. In the era of the middle forties, political economy ranked in authority and certainty second only to divine revelation. To place it within the reach of all the people, little manuals of questions and answers were prepared, of which the most deservedly famous is the one called *Mrs. Marcett's Conversations in Political Economy*, and published in Philadelphia, somewhere about 1840.

Mrs. Marcett, as I recall the little book, did n't take part in the conversation herself. She just inspired the book. The dialogue was carried on between a very didactic lady called 'Mrs. B' and an infant prodigy called 'Caroline.' Even a person who has never seen the illustration in the text can picture the two: Mrs. B, in flowing silk and a poke-bonnet, seated, an open book in her hand; Caroline, in pantalettes, standing, her hair parted to a nicety, her face calm and radiant with intelligence. Not Adam Smith nor Ricardo had anything on Caroline.

The dialogue ran along after this fashion:—

Mrs. B: 'Is not political economy an important branch of human knowledge?'

Caroline: 'It is.'

Mrs. B: 'Does it not treat of the production of wealth and of its distribu-

tion among mankind in the form of rents, profits, interest, and wages?’

Caroline: ‘It does.’

The dialogue so far — Round One — has been all in Mrs. B’s favor. But in the next round little Caroline gets back at her in the same way as Mrs. Mag-nall’s inspired child.

Mrs. B: ‘On what, then, do wages depend?’

Caroline: ‘On the ratio between population and subsistence — that is to say, on the proportions which the whole number of the workers hold towards the means of subsistence available for their support.’

Mrs. B: ‘Right.’

This is pretty feeble of Mrs. B, but she rallies and tries again.

‘On what principle of political economy is agriculture governed?’

Caroline has her again.

‘By the law of diminishing returns, according to which, after a certain point is passed, any further increment of capital or labor gives a proportionately less return in produce.’

This is a knockout. All Mrs. B can say is ‘Correct.’

### III

The more you look at it, the more you see how easy it would be to extend this Caroline and Mrs. B stuff into a sort of form or mode application to a thousand kinds of guides and books of instruction. Take an example at random: *Mrs. Marcett’s Complete Guide to Harvard*.

Mrs. B: ‘Is not Harvard a very ancient and honored University?’

Caroline: ‘It is.’

Mrs. B: ‘Are not some of the lectures given the same as were given 200 years ago?’

Caroline: ‘They are.’

Mrs. B: ‘May not Harvard, therefore, be compared with the University of Timbuctoo, the College of the Grand Khan at Khiva, the Mosque of El Ashir at Cairo, and the Buried Cities of Yucatan?’

Caroline: ‘It may.’

Compare similarly *Mrs. Marcett’s Guide to the New Deal*, *Mrs. Marcett’s Guide to New York*, and opportunities that open up like a field of flowers.

# THE AMERICAN ARTIST: 1935

BY FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

## I

DURING the past decade the American artist has been fascinated by his own destiny. He has felt himself the champion in a fight against the vested interests of society; he has become the spokesman for a new order. Far more than in the statements of the contemporary pamphleteer, we find in his painting a spirit of prophecy, an enthusiasm for the Golden Day when art will be acknowledged as an unquestioned measure of public wealth — a universal medium of exchange, not altogether unlike gold, upon which may be built a credit structure for marketing the cultural values of our civilization, just as any other necessity of life.

If he has been carried away with his enthusiasm for a new Utopia, the artist is no less sincere because of it. Indeed, he has everything to gain in pushing this destiny to its fulfillment. Certainly he has nothing he can lose. The depression, which he predicted long before the learned college professors had the courage to do so, has given him assurance, for he has seen his ancient enemy in the market place reduced to his own economic insecurity. And, having felt the urge of want and even hunger very much longer than the average citizen, he has developed a habit of thought which is, in a sense, becoming academic. He is able to reason with detachment and to establish codes and patterns, not of artistic technique, but of artistic content and subject matter.

He has developed an iconography of the American scene based upon social injustice and agrarian revolt. He is pushing the imagination away from the squalor of the cities to the replenishing verdure of our landscape, just as the Hudson River School protested against the Industrial Revolution and the panic of 1837.

It is this taste for preaching and for saving the world before he saves his own skin that distinguishes the artist of America from the modernist of Europe. The American, to be sure, acknowledges the realities of the present, but sees a hope for the future. He is as young as his art and has discovered a new formula for escape. But the European, alas, sees that there is no hope. The very forces of disaster that are rushing him headlong into another war have defeated the powers of creation that have given him a tradition of such technical perfection. Faced with military conflict and with social and economic anarchy, he has been treading water in the deep sea of scientific and æsthetic investigation.

The technical superiority of European painting, its cleverness, and its sophistication were the qualities that drove American workmanship from the market in the prosperity of the twenties. Only those survived who had financial independence or who imitated the successful School of Paris. But the interest that was aroused in art

by French propaganda turned against Europe with the crash of the stock market in 1929. It was, perhaps, ill-tempered of us to remember the unpaid debts. Paris restaurants and luxuries became increasingly expensive, and French manners, never too good when the franc was at four cents, became intolerable with the devaluation of the dollar. The American collector began to patronize home industry; but he wanted an article as truly American as his former enthusiasms were French. There was a flurry of American painting shows in New York. The artist, who had been asked to tea parties for ten years simply in order to explain his hostess's Picassos, was admitted on his own footing. He became the rage for about one season.

But of course the American painter did not speak French and he was not very handy with a teacup. When he made love he was a touch too serious, and, more often than not, when he came to town he had his wife along with him. And it is n't nearly so much fun to buy a picture of an American farmyard (just like the one you came from yourself and hope your friends won't find it out) as it is to buy an abstraction by a real Parisian; particularly if you can hire a gigolo from Fifty-seventh Street to tell you all about it. American art was dropped like a hot potato, and the artist was turned over either to government relief or to the Gibson Committee.

The artist, however, had tasted blood. He was not to be let down so easily. He knew he was above the racket of the art dealers and applied himself to the task of drawing the public's attention to the very important and real vision that he saw before him. He was 'fed up' with the fickle rich and knew that their interest in art was as shallow as it was silly, and that their patronage could never be relied upon. He was convinced that he had

something to say, something so big and so important that it would require a bigger language to say it in than he knew. That language was mural painting. The Mexicans had learned it a few years before and there was no reason to suppose that he could not do the same thing. He dumped his easel pictures in the dealers' closets and looked around for wall space upon which to spread his ideas.

## II

It was a lucky strike for American art that Mr. Edward Bruce accompanied the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury to the London Economic Conference in 1933. For there Mr. Bruce (whose article, 'Art and Democracy,' appeared in the August 1935 *Atlantic*), who is not only an expert in currency matters but one of our leading painters as well, was able to lay the groundwork for government patronage of our artists. The President, upon his inauguration, had already received a letter from a mural enthusiast, George Biddle, calling attention to the government-subsidized mural school of Diego Rivera in Mexico City, and suggesting the possibilities for such a scheme in Washington. The President referred this letter to the Procurement Division of the Treasury Department, charged with all Federal buildings, and it fell into Secretary Roberts's hands. By December of 1933 the Federal Relief Administrator, Mr. Hopkins, had made it possible for Mr. Bruce and Mr. Roberts to set up the Public Works of Art Project to give employment to approximately three thousand American artists. The project continued for six months, when artist relief was taken over by the several state agencies. Out of it has grown the permanent Bureau of Painting and Sculpture, presided over by Mr. Bruce in the Treasury Department, which supervises the selection of artists employed on all Federal

Government work. Last month a further cloud of manna fell from heaven when Mr. Hopkins assigned twenty-seven million dollars for the relief of artists, writers, musicians, and actors. Altogether one may estimate that about five thousand artists of all branches will be provided for this winter.

The already overburdened taxpayer may wonder at the wisdom of adding an army of artists to the public responsibility. But if one examines the accomplishment of the past two years in works of art alone the overwhelming evidence justifies the undertaking. But I am not interested in the works of art themselves. I am interested in the artist and the significance that government patronage has for him now and in the future. What is the philosophical and psychological effect upon the human material? Will it result in a more vigorous and sustained expression in ten years? These are the questions that matter, for we are dealing, after all, with art. One cannot judge these issues from a standpoint of political economy, as, for instance, one may with the 'Quoddy project' or the TVA. There are no yardsticks for culture, except, possibly, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf, and political enthusiasms can have no place in their proper estimate.

When the Public Works of Art Project was initiated in New England, there was at first a general hesitation, however great their need, among artists to be included. This was attributable to a variety of reasons. There is, for instance, a tradition among the more successful painters to marry well, and, as one heard little of distress in those quarters, the better artists who needed assistance felt at first that application was an admission of failure. Out of three thousand applicants, the first quota of three hundred for New England was soon filled. The money had been appropriated by Congress for relief, and we were obliged to accept

artists, irrespective of ability, in order of application. The talent was desperately poor, and those of us in the office began to think we were doing straight social service and no more.

Then our attention was drawn to Provincetown, where more than a dozen artists with national reputations, men of real attainment, were discovered in pitiable circumstances, reduced with their families to a few bags of potatoes for the winter and what odd fish they could salvage from the Portuguese fishermen. They were immediately given work in painting the history of the lighthouse services on Cape Cod. The moment it was learned that these men were working for the government, the entire point of view changed toward the project. Distinguished artists, who had sold nothing in several years and whose savings were exhausted, appeared, and they soon replaced the incompetents, who were transferred to other forms of relief work. Painters and sculptors were employed in the decoration of town halls, jails, hospitals, schoolhouses, and every kind of public building. Projects for the less talented were confined to poster campaigns for public health and similar avenues where they could do less permanent damage to the public taste.

### III

Mr. Bruce has described how this work was carried on all over the United States, and the exhibition held at the Corcoran Gallery in May 1934 is ample proof that the government got more for its money in this experiment than it has, I believe, in any other form of public works. Be that as it may, there are certain observations which are inescapable, and chief among them is the effect that this enterprise has had on the artist's morale. One might have feared that the assignment of specific tasks with regular hours and fixed wage



scales might have interfered with his creative ability or injured his native sensibility. On the contrary, he thrived under it. He applied himself to painting or carving the American scene in his own terms. He knew where the next meal was coming from, so he was able to express himself as he chose. He did not have to imitate, as he had been doing, that last painting sold at a good price in the New York market (by someone with a slicker formula than his own). He was able to stand on his own feet, no longer crushed by isolation and uncertainty. He took his dinner pail to work and circulated among other men as an equal and as a citizen.

For the first time in our history the man in the street began to realize that the artist was a creature of his own flesh and blood, with the right to eat, and that he was not necessarily a freak or a parasite. In tiny villages of Vermont and New Hampshire, artists who had never before been included in the magic circle were invited to tilt their chairs back in the general store and swap stories with the selectmen. Maybe it was nonsense, the latter thought, and you can't ever tell what the world is coming to; but these artist-fellers were working for Uncle Sam and they guessed maybe there must be something in this art anyhow. At all events, in New England alone there have been applications by boards of selectmen, county officers, and minor officials for nearly a thousand different art projects, which are being gradually undertaken. But what is infinitely more significant is the fact that in the majority of these jobs, although the government is supplying the labor, the cost of materials and incidental expenses are borne voluntarily by the local authorities. I believe this is true of other parts of the country.

The quality of the work has been surprisingly high, and, more than that, American painting for the first time

has demonstrated a regional flavor: the work in the South is unmistakably Southern; New York painting represents the urban influences of the great city; there is a salty ruggedness to the New England painting; that from the Southwest and West has the vigor of the plainsmen. Five years ago, all American painting looked like the pictures in the Carnegie International exhibition of the year before. To-day the Woodstock coterie, who for years have set the fashion for art in the New York galleries, are being given a run for their money. The work that is pouring into Washington from comparatively unknown artists in remote corners of the country is in nine cases out of ten more spontaneous and less self-conscious than the work that one sees by the élite in the larger exhibitions. It may lack their finish and polish, which are, after all, only the fruits of industry, but it is honest in workmanship and much more honestly conceived.

There is, one must admit, beside the good an appalling amount of rubbish that has been produced under government supervision. But then whitewash is still pretty cheap and extraordinarily effective. It is the penalty that one must expect to pay. Yet, even if every mural produced by the government in the past two years were to be erased to-morrow, it would be impossible to wipe out the good that this programme has done for American art. We may not see its full benefits for another ten or fifteen years, until, perhaps, the children who have been watching these very artists at their work grow up and become voters. It is these young men and women who will provide the patronage of the future to which the artist is looking forward so confidently. Theirs will be a patronage so simple and so normal that they may hardly realize they are providing it; from it may emerge the beginnings of a national and natural art—an art no

longer under the domination of the neo-intellectuals of Greenwich Village.

But, however successful such government subvention of art may be, we must not look upon it as the only future of American artists. By far the greater number of our creative population must look to industry to provide a permanent means of livelihood. Of a possible five thousand artists who are now enjoying Federal support only a scant five hundred are really worthy of being professionally employed by the Bureau of Painting and Sculpture. There is no more reason, after all, for the government to employ bad artists than to employ unqualified engineers to build highways and bridges, or commission incompetent officers in its armed forces. Mr. Bruce, who was as bewildered two years ago as were all of us who gave our services on his committees, has recognized this necessity of knowing where relief should end and art begin. Thus he has opened competitions to reputable artists for government contracts. They will receive, not relief, but a reasonable and self-respecting wage. They must, however, and quite rightly, choose their assistants from the artist's relief rolls.

There is every reason to hope that this may become a normal procedure for the future. Mural painting has been brought down in price to approximately twenty dollars per square foot, the average wall decoration costing between one and two thousand dollars. Perhaps the taxpayer may argue that this is too high, but let him reflect that in the good old days of Republican economy the Treasury Department paid well over fifty dollars per square foot. Important contracts ran into six figures. And for what? Mr. Gilbert White's bedtime story on the fruits of abundance, veiled in cheesecloth, in the new home of the Department of Agriculture in Washington.

#### IV

If a solution has been found for the five hundred or so best qualified artists of this country, the emergency problems of the vast majority still remain as desperate as they were two years ago.

This is particularly true of the artisan class, who, though they may refer to themselves with the glorious word 'artist,' have never worn long hair and velvet jackets, but are and have been always honest and anonymous workmen. They are the stonecutters and wood carvers employed in the building trades, plaster workers and modelers who have devoted their lives to working from architects' drawings and making paneling, cornices, and other decorative elements that have no subject matter and little inventive quality. Not only is there to-day an almost complete cessation of activity in the building trades, but what little building there is is modernistic in design and conception. Cornices and mouldings have been eliminated; the contemporary taste demands plain wall surfaces made effective with flat color and interesting synthetic surface materials that are turned out in mass production; thus a whole category of skilled labor has been wiped out — men unfitted by disposition and training for any other means of livelihood.

Another class who have suffered terribly in the past few years are the so-called 'commercial artists,' illustrators, fashion designers, and advertising layout men. Their plight, again, is twofold; the magazines and daily press are carrying fewer pages of advertising than they did five years ago, because, in addition to the reduced advertising budgets of our larger industries, radio advertising has increased, according to official figures, over 65 per cent. Jazz singers, vaudeville entertainers, and dance orchestras now proclaim

the facts of life to an avid public. The commercial artist is being pushed to the wall.

Here is the crux of the emergency and one to which Mr. Hopkins and his newly appointed Art Director should attend. Mr. Holger Cahill has not only an alert sympathy for minor artists, which he has demonstrated in his studies of American folk art, but a long experience with the artist's economic status. Although of course his immediate charge is to see that both artist and artisan should have bread to eat, he should look to the future. Otherwise his portion of the twenty-seven million dollars appropriated by Congress will be devoted to just another wasteful effort to bail out the sea with a bucket.

What is needed is a programme of rehabilitation and education. It is absurd for the government to employ wood carvers and wrought-iron workers to make handmade grilles for stamp windows in our post offices, as they are now doing on relief wages, when one may buy much better looking machine-made grilles for one tenth of the cost. There should be systematic training given to these craftsmen which will enable them to be absorbed by industry as designers for machine-made products. There should be classes supervised by successful engineer-designers who have found out what industry requires, and who may thus aid in orienting this great body of intelligent and willing workers away from the path of destructive obsolescence and give them a new hope for permanent employment.

Sales charts have proved beyond doubt that a good-looking manufactured product is better received than an ugly one, and the time is not far off when every industry will have its corps of stylists and designers in its regular employ. If Mr. Hopkins wishes to build something solid for the

future, let him begin here and not dribble out a dole to permit incompetent artists to paint, *ad infinitum*, silly little pictures of the New Deal.

No movement such as this can exist without a large and carefully organized opposition. It would not be healthy if it did. The gulf that separates those that have government relief or government commissions from those who are less fortunate is as great as that which separates the millionaire and the factory worker. We should take care that our walls are not covered with a sort of undigested Communism and sociology. The professional sourbellies of the John Reed Clubs in our large cities, and the parlor pinks in the upper intellectual brackets, who have never held anything more than a shaving brush in their lives, are firmly convinced that the world in general — and the United States in particular — owes them a living. They are devoting their lives to portraying the cause of social injustice. They have acquired a curious pseudo-European technique which they consider an international style, freed, they say, from the revolting and pampered nationalism encouraged by the government. But let no one fear that they are a determining voice in the direction of American art, because nothing is more like flat champagne than the Marxian platitude when it is encased in its gilt frame and hung on the plush-covered wall of a Fifth Avenue establishment. Their output, too, is comparatively limited, for when they are not picketing they are preaching, and when they are not preaching they are waiting in the outer offices of the relief agencies with letters of introduction from their local Congressmen.

## V

It would seem that the immediate future of American art is to be concerned more with content than with

form. Is this not inevitably so, and is it not in retrospect a characteristic of our literature as well as of our art? We are a young people with many observations and convictions that our masters in Europe, to whom we have given such ardent lip service, cannot have. Form is important, and so is technique; but, if the message is sufficiently strong, they follow as automatic corollaries. The purist who has been brought up in the liberal French tradition will not agree with this; indeed, he will be horrified at such a doctrine. But it is incontrovertibly true of the great art of the past, where content has always been more impressive than the statement.

For fifty years and more the artist has sought to provide both elements in his work. The genius has, of course, succeeded. But we are living in times of disillusion. The younger generation have found the liberalism of the post-war years as hollow as the Victorian pattern of decorum. They look to leadership, be it in Fascism, Communism, State Capitalism such as we seem headed for, or even the Church. Whichever way our civilization may take, the artist prefers to be the prophet and commentator rather than the inventor. He asks only for the patronage that may enable him to play

his part as a member of a new and very exciting society.

We have all heard of the American Renaissance. It has been for nearly a century the most constant and violent threat that our artists have had to fear. The town criers are busy right now proclaiming our independence from Europe and that American art has come into its own. Mr. Thomas Craven has elected himself the Vasari of this gilded epoch, and in a recent article nominated five artists, Thomas Benton, John Steuart Curry, Grant Wood, Charles Burchfield, Reginald Marsh, as the Olympians who will carry the torch of American liberty to still dizzier heights. These men are all competent and interesting painters, persons to be watched with curiosity and enthusiasm. But even Mr. Craven can hardly see here the stuff of which the great renewal of the Medici was made.

There may sometime be an American Renaissance, but none of us alive to-day will live to share in it. It will come only at the end of a century of consistent patronage — a hundred years in which the artist shall have the chance to work out this problem of his destiny. Then it may creep upon us unaware, not arrive, like a golden wedding, as a reward for constancy.

# OUR NEW SPOILS SYSTEM

BY LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

Young man, thy words are like the cypress, tall and large, but they bear no fruit. — PHOCION TO LEOSTHENES

## I

THE present administration has added roundly 235,000 persons to the direct full-time payroll of the Federal Government, but only one in 107 among the new personnel is under Civil Service.

'Spoils! Spoils!' cry the defenders of the merit system.

'Emergency! Emergency!' respond Postmaster-General James A. Farley and all the beneficiaries of 'political clearance.'

And the issue here joined promises to influence American affairs profoundly, perhaps fundamentally, for a decade; for if the merit system is to be abandoned, as prevailing policies portend, we soon shall find our national affairs dominated by a whole new complex of primary motivations. When partisan activity degenerates to a bald race for the Treasury trough, the very concept of public service shrinks, withers, then dies. Thereupon government ceases to be the testing ground for measures of social adjustment and progress, and becomes the mere battleground of the 'ins' versus the 'outs' for the exactly measured plunder of the public payroll.

Since 1933 the percentage of Federal positions subject to competitive examination, in relation to the total of full-time employees in the executive branch, has declined steadily from month to month, a phenomenon not experienced previously since establishment of the

United States Civil Service Commission in 1883.

In 1884 only 10.5 per cent of those in the executive civil service were under statutory merit regulations. By 1904 this percentage had increased to 51.2. Woodrow Wilson increased it to 67.2, Mr. Coolidge to 74.8, and Mr. Hoover to 80.8. In 1928 the Civil Service Commission was happy to report formally: 'Every President since the Civil Service law was enacted has extended its scope by executive order, and each Congress finds new avenues for the activities of the Civil Service Commission.' The march of merit was unbroken for half a century. But by the end of the fiscal year 1935 the percentage of competitive places had slipped back to 57, approximately the ratio which prevailed in the period 1906-1908.

Nor is this quarter-century retrogression the whole sorry tale. Unrelenting pressure for the rooting out of Civil Service employees in department after department, under pretexts often persuasive enough, has broken the morale of the whole Federal personnel. No longer is hard-won Civil Service status regarded as security against a patronage raid. Where the job makers will strike next, nobody ever knows. Heaped upon all the recognized frustrations of top-heavy bureaucratic organization is the new incessant and



demoralizing intrigue of the appointive against the Civil Service personnel.

During the ten-year period 1921-1930 the average number of persons carried on the direct civil rolls of the national government was 570,000; and when Mr. Roosevelt took the oath of office on March 4, 1933, the figure, as officially reported by the General Accounting Office, stood at 564,481. By December 1, 1935, the comparable total was 798,677, an increase of 234,196 jobs in thirty-three months. The added payroll runs \$425,000,000 a year — a considerable increase in a payroll which already ran \$800,000,000 a year at inauguration day.

On top of these new jobs there were, during the same months, roundly 61,500 replacements of personnel in the ante-New Deal agencies. The total of jobs available to Mr. Farley's appointive system to date, therefore, has been 295,000. This, by the Census Bureau's tables of occupational distribution, is a few more people than are gainfully employed in normal times in a city of 1,000,000 population. It represents an average of 8939 appointments every month. But in the face of this tremendous expansion and turnover the total classified positions subject to Civil Service regulations declined from 467,161 on June 30, 1932, to 455,264 on June 30, 1935.<sup>1</sup>

Assuming careful selection of appointees, Mr. Farley estimates, from long experience and careful checks, that every job, on average, is worth forty votes in the next election. Some are worth a thousand, but many align only the immediate family, a matter of four to ten votes. There is no legal method, of course, by which one may

record the secret vote of an appointee, or of any friend of Caesar; but by comparing precinct totals constantly in the light of patronage distribution between elections the approximate average value of each appointment may be readily determined. So if everybody's allegiance holds according to the Farley tables of American morality, there already are corralled some 11,800,000 votes for Mr. Farley's presidential candidate in 1936. In a prospective vote of 40,000,000, that would be a fair beginning. It equals, in fact, the combined 1932 presidential vote of both major parties in the sixteen states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Washington, Oregon, and California.

Where the influence of such a horde of job holders ends, no one can say. But the fiftieth-anniversary historical review of the Civil Service Commission, in 1933, recalled in impressive language the grave apprehensions of discerning men of the Jacksonian period: 'The spoils system, as it was officially described as early as 1835, was introduced, and extended until it permeated the entire civil service of the country and, in the opinion of leading statesmen, threatened to change completely the form of government.'

Mr. Farley acknowledges in moments of neighborly philosophical reflection that parties do not live by patronage alone. But in the boisterous day-to-day hurly-burly of practical politics there is little time for philosophy. A twentieth-century Pooh-Bah endeavoring conscientiously to execute the magnificent rôles of Postmaster-General of the United States, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee for New York, Member of the National

<sup>1</sup> All the figures above relate only to the executive services. They take no account of the following personnel paid directly from the Federal Treasury: judicial, 1859; legislative, 4840; military, 256,491; wholly Federal construction, 428,438; CCC enrollees, 439,753. Neither do they include 2,228,064 on direct work relief. — AUTHOR

Emergency Council, and Member of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, needs, rather, a swift and certain rule of thumb. Mr. Farley's rule was proclaimed publicly about the time the AAA got its first automatic check-writer. 'Patronage,' he wrote in an hour of exultation in July 1933, 'is a reward to those who have worked for party victory. It is also an assistance in building up the party machinery for the next election.'

Questioned in a press conference a few days later concerning the mystifying delay in replacing a certain important holdover bureau chief who was widely reputed for exceptional scientific and technical qualifications, the Postmaster-General restated the first principles of patronage.

'Don't worry,' he answered with convincing inflection; 'if we look hard enough we can find a good Democrat for the job.'

## II

History has not yet established that our new spoils régime developed inexorably from the sheer cosmic pressures of recovery. On the other hand, the record, as Mr. Alfred E. Smith calls it, appears to indicate pretty clearly that the system might have been planned with some deliberation several months before Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration.

Immediately after the 1932 election, for example, Mr. Farley laid down firmly, in communications with state lieutenants, that the first question concerning the qualifications of any prospective appointee would be, 'Was he for Roosevelt before Chicago?' So sweeping was the rule, and so firmly held, that the press soon was bantering the 'F. R. B. C. Club' — the first of the alphabetical agencies. Senators and Representatives by the score crossed swords with Mr. Farley on the rule, but

few ever were able to penetrate his skillful precinct defenses.

Early in December 1932, a month after election, Senator McKellar, of Tennessee, then ranking minority member of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, framed a resolution requiring the Civil Service Commission to compile an official catalogue of all appointive places in the Federal establishment. The resolution was approved promptly, and on January 14, 1933, still six weeks before inauguration, the Government Printing Office released *Senate Document No. 173* of the Seventy-second Congress, a volume of 420 pages in very small type. The formal title runs, *A List of Offices, Positions, Places, and Emoluments under the Federal Government and the District of Columbia not under Civil Service Rules and Regulations*. It catalogued some 33,600 jobs soon to be 'housecleaned,' as the saying goes in the river wards.

The *Plum Book*, as Washington quickly styled it, retailed at forty cents and was an instant sensation among Government best-sellers. With this volume before him, every state or precinct chairman could know at a glance exactly what jobs were to be available in his territory on March 4. As in the *Army Register* of the Indian Service, which impressed Kipling so deeply in his youth, salaries were tabulated neatly at the right. From coast to coast duly certified members of the F. R. B. C. fraternity began to set their caps.

Almost overnight the government departments were demoralized, even to the highest scientific and professional grades in the Bureau of Standards, the Weather Bureau, the Food and Drug Administration, and the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils. Everyone whose place was listed knew beyond peradventure precisely what his fate would be. Even should he survive the first orgy of the job-hungry faithful, attri-

tion would flatten him in the end. Among the Civil Service holdovers the scramble for protective influence — political, personal, legislative, by transfer, or by voluntary retirement to the half-wage security of the pension rolls — became positively pathetic. Drafting officers in the State Department raced for remote foreign posts, in the hope that they, in truth, might become forgotten men. In several cases, less rugged individuals elsewhere registered nervous breakdowns right in the bureau. Within thirty days the *Plum Book* had reduced Washington to a veritable patronage stampede; and by mid-February the routine departmental services had come to a standstill.

Concurrently with the action on Mr. McKellar's resolution, Senator Joseph T. Robinson, the Democratic leader, announced the formal decision of the Minority Conference to deny confirmation of all future nominations by the retiring President. The grappling hooks were deep in the sea of spoils, reaching for the last janitor in the Custodial Service.

One more episode of the post-election interregnum completes the present evidence on this aspect of national planning. On February 24, 1933, a week before inauguration, Mr. Farley was a caller at the Hyde Park residence of the President-elect, who was just returned from a two weeks' cruise aboard the *Nourmahal*. Michigan, it will be recalled, had been prostrate for ten days. Maryland was in the act of proclaiming the second state holiday in that calamitous series. Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, and Pennsylvania were one roaring prairie fire of panic. But at Hyde Park Mr. Farley apparently was able to hew to the line; for next morning Mr. James Hagerty, a New York political correspondent of the highest professional reputation, reported in the *New York Times*: —

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Farley discussed the New York state patronage situation late this afternoon and decided on procedure to coördinate the distribution of state and Federal patronage, a system which would be put into effect in other states.

With Democratic governors in forty-one states, Mr. Farley believes there should be coöperation between the national and state party organizations in parceling out the jobs.

He is in a position to do this effectively in New York State, because he is both national and state chairman. For example, if a man from Cayuga County should receive a Federal post, it is Mr. Farley's idea that a state post of equal calibre should go to a resident of some other county than Cayuga, or at least should lessen the chance of a Cayuga resident for appointment.

He will attempt to have the various state chairmen coöperate with him, that the organization recommendations in the distribution of minor patronage will be so arranged that it will receive the widest possible distribution, thus to build up an effective party organization throughout the country. . . .

Thus was the national stage set for an old-fashioned Tammany *Putsch* — this time against the fifty-year-old Civil Service.

### III

It was the execution of this February plan which, in the early summer of 1933, gave a new and rasping term to Washington's hysterical recovery lexicon — 'political clearance.' In a word, political clearance is merely the required certificate of party regularity from the state or county chairman. Without it one may not even apply for a Federal job. A more extended official definition of the term is found in a notice posted by the Bureau of Reclamation at Denver, under date of May 15, 1934, as follows: —

The Secretary of the Interior requires that each recommendation submitted to him for appointment to a non-Civil Service position in the Bureau of Reclamation be

supported by clearance from some appropriate official in the Democratic Party organization.

Such clearance need not necessarily be in the form of an endorsement or recommendation. A brief statement to the effect that there is no objection to the proposed appointment is all that is needed.

In order to support a recommendation to be forwarded for your appointment, it is requested that you obtain from either the chairman of the Democratic county committee, the chairman of the Democratic state committee, or the chairman of the Democratic central committee in the county or state in which you claim legal residence, a brief statement or clearance as indicated above.

The clearance should be mailed by you to the Chief Engineer, U. S. Bureau of Reclamation, Denver, Colorado.

Very truly yours,

R. F. WALTER,  
*Chief Engineer*

Delineating the play-by-play operation of this system is the case of Mrs. —, an experienced government typist, who applied in September 1933 for a position in the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. In the rather voluminous correspondence, her qualifications for the position sought never come into question. From the office of the Comptroller of the Currency she was directed to the secretary of the Democratic Central Committee for Prince William County, Virginia, where her father had been sheriff. On October 16 the county committee formally recommended her appointment to Senator Byrd. On October 19, Representative Howard W. Smith signified his approval to J. F. T. O'Connor, Comptroller of the Currency. Under the same date Senator Byrd addressed a similar communication to O. W. Stratton, personnel officer in the F. D. I. C. 'Mrs. — comes to me with the endorsements of friends upon whose judgments I rely,' this letter said in part. 'She is a widow with four depend-

ent children and in real need of work.'

But her need was not so great that political clearance could be certified in less than six weeks.

In every department, bureau, agency, authority, and corporation this system of clearance applies down the line, even to the \$1200-a-year recreation director in each of the 2800 CCC camps. So disturbing did the spoils pressures become at length in the Comptroller's office, the Treasury, and the RFC, that the American Bankers Association was moved to suggest modestly in November 1934: 'Politics should have nothing to do with the appointment of bank examiners.'

Nor has Mr. Farley, in his public utterances, been evasive or apologetic concerning the F. R. B. C. policy. The frankness with which he discusses it is suggested by the following excerpt from his address dedicating the new post office at Greensboro, North Carolina, on July 6, 1933: —

Your delegation at the Chicago convention not only gave loyal support to the candidacy of Governor Roosevelt, but rendered effective service among other delegations. I am very glad indeed that the President named as collector of internal revenue in this state one of the most effective of your delegates, Mr. C. H. Robertson. Another of the North Carolina delegates, Mrs. Palmer Jerman, has been named assistant collector of internal revenue, and Honorable Josephus Daniels, another delegate, has been made ambassador to Mexico. Another distinguished North Carolinian, Honorable James Crawford Biggs, has been appointed Solicitor-General of the United States, a post that has been held by some of the country's most eminent lawyers.<sup>2</sup>

Under political clearance the appointment of 'experts' in the emergency agencies at length became so scandalous that Comptroller-General McCarl felt impelled to insist upon a

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Biggs voluntarily resigned this post in April 1935. — AUTHOR

more precise definition of offices and duties. In January 1934 he held up salary checks of some 400 'experts' in the AAA. Salaries ranged from \$2000 to \$9800 a year. But the payrolls offered no description of duties, no hint of qualifications.

One expert, appointed August 15, 1933, was Mr. Charles G. Miller. His payroll title was 'administrative expert, Rice Section,' with headquarters at Stuttgart, Arkansas. Inquiry disclosed that Mr. Miller is a brother-in-law of Senator Robinson.

Comparable cases have come to light in every department. The good fortune of Senator Bilbo, of Mississippi, has been discussed widely. Between his term as governor and the beginning of the senatorial campaign in 1934 he served at \$6000 a year in the AAA press-clipping bureau. Former Senator Stephens, whom Mr. Bilbo defeated in the 1934 primary, since has been appointed a director of the RFC.

Robert N. Anderson, who was vice chairman of the Arlington County Democratic Committee in Virginia and a delegate to the 1932 convention, was appointed on February 9, 1934, to be Special Assistant to the Attorney-General in the Tax Division.

Mrs. Bernice M. Pyke, selected on March 10, 1934, to be Collector of Customs for the Northern District of Ohio, was serving at the time of appointment as Democratic National Committeewoman from that state.

Mr. H. C. McKellar, a brother of the senior Senator from Tennessee, was appointed postmaster at Memphis on March 10, 1933. Senator McKellar by this time had advanced to the rank of Chairman of the Senate Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads.

Another point at which political clearance could be certified expeditiously was the post office at Danville, Virginia. Henry C. Swanson, a brother of the Secretary of the Navy, was appointed

acting postmaster on October 23, 1933.

James J. Hooey, who managed the Roosevelt campaign in Manhattan in 1932, won the post of Collector of Internal Revenue in New York City.

Herbert L. Petty, who served as Director of the Radio Division at Democratic National Headquarters in New York during the 1932 campaign, was appointed in June 1933 to be secretary of the Federal Radio Commission, later reorganized as the Federal Communications Commission. On August 14, 1933, it became his duty to address a circular to all licensed radio stations in the United States, opening on the note: —

It is the patriotic, if not the bounden and legal duty of all licensees of radio broadcasting stations to deny their facilities to advertisers who are disposed to defy, ignore, or modify the codes established by the NRA.

When a senatorial investigation in July 1935 forced the resignation of Justice T. Webber Wilson from the District Court for the Virgin Islands, Attorney-General Cummings made a place for him on the United States Parole Board at Washington. Dr. Amy Stannard, who had been a member of the Board since its creation in 1930, was asked to resign to create a vacancy. She had a professional Civil Service record covering twelve years in various psychiatric posts and was recognized widely in the profession for her special qualifications in criminal psychology. Mr. Wilson, formerly an attorney in Laurel, Mississippi, had served three terms in Congress from that state.

As recently as December 1935, Mr. J. David Stern, New York and Philadelphia newspaper publisher noted for his militant defense of Mr. Roosevelt's monetary and budget policies, was appointed a director of the Philadelphia Federal Reserve Bank. The appointment coincided with the announcement of the Federal Reserve



Board in Washington that Mr. Owen D. Young would not be reappointed to a new term as director of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. Mr. Stern's appointment came six months after the gentleman who for several years had served as his Washington correspondent had accepted the non-Civil Service berth of Executive Assistant (publicity agent) to Mr. Mariner S. Eccles, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board.

The only defense of political clearance ever to come from the White House is the oft-repeated suggestion that in the emergency of 1933 there was no time for the establishment of Civil Service routine applicable to the new agencies. The point falls, however, before the fact that in the wartime expansion of the Wilson administration the number of classified competitive positions in the Federal executive service increased from 326,899 on June 30, 1917, to 642,432 on June 30, 1918 — an increase of 315,533 Civil Service posts during one fiscal year. The vigorous methods by which this herculean labor was accomplished still stand in American history as the high mark of fidelity to the merit principle. Not only were emergency places laboriously classified, but hundreds of new examinations were devised hastily to cover highly specialized services theretofore unknown to Federal administration. Later, the pressing shortage of man power enforced a relaxation of competitive standards all along the line, and the whole job of classification had to be reviewed and revised. But never was the emergency deemed so compelling as to demand abandonment of the merit system.

#### IV

By his own text Mr. Farley, between March 4 and September 28, 1933, removed 661 hold-over postmasters before the expiration of their

appointive terms. Discussing these removals in an address before the National Association of Postmasters at Rochester, New York, on September 28, 1933, he explained that '625 were removed because of infractions of the postal laws and regulations relating solely to the conduct of the offices, and only 36 were removed for political activity.'

But another view of these 'infractions' is presented by a former president of the Service Postmasters Association, who, because he still is in the service, must speak here anonymously: —

In most cases the local Democratic organization was behind the move, and called for an investigation simply to force the man out and put their own man in the place.

The inspectors have orders to find something, and no postmaster can ever hope to run his office 100 per cent perfect. They can always find something to base removal charges on. In many cases the grounds for removal are absolutely unfair and unjustified.

No branch of government, however remote from politics, escaped the spoils-men's fine-tooth comb. In 1934 an informal committee of the House was delegated to survey the personnel records of the Library of Congress. When this shameless thrust at highly specialized professional categories aroused a particularly noisy storm of indignation among Washington's civic societies, the plan to houseclean the Library was compromised in an agreement to create some one hundred new jobs, without raiding the incumbent personnel. The new berths were filled through political clearance.

In the case of the District of Columbia government, the patronage raid was a bit more subtle, and correspondingly more successful. It was discovered that President Hoover's executive order transferring the District personnel to Civil Service merely had *authorized*

the adoption of the merit routine in that quarter. The ravenous job makers determined easily in 1934 that this order did not *require* competitive examinations. So the Washington city hall was housecleaned.

No system, of course, can work perfectly. Every so often an F. R. B. C. appointment turns out very badly. On July 27, 1933, for example, Al Capone and twenty-two others were indicted in Chicago in connection with a union cleaning-and-dyeing bombing. In the legal dragnet with the already incarcerated Scarface was one Benjamin F. Squires. Three hours after news of the true bills had flashed over the press wires Squires was located in Reading, Pennsylvania. He was engaged at the moment as Department of Labor conciliator in a hosiery strike.

By long usage one place on the police bench in the District of Columbia always is reserved for a Negro. It often turned out, of course, that the available Negro attorney was a voter of Republican predilection. And such was the background of Justice James A. Cobb, incumbent on March 4, 1933. It took Mr. Farley twenty-seven months to find a qualified F. R. B. C. candidate in that part of the country. Despite strong recommendations for Justice Cobb's reappointment, from the District of Columbia Bar Association, the Colored Bar Association of Washington, the Women's Bar Association, and the Barristers' Club, Mr. Farley declined to assent to a new term. On April 22, 1935, President Roosevelt nominated Mr. Cobb's successor. The nominee's service record, as transmitted from Democratic national headquarters, concluded with the observation that he had been 'active in civic and fraternal work, and worked for the Democratic national ticket in 1932.' So Justice Cobb was housecleaned.

Commenting upon an earlier breath-

taking judicial appointment, the *New York Times* remarked editorially on July 8, 1934:—

Since Mr. Roosevelt became President he has had to fill several vacancies on the Federal bench. In too many cases, the evidence appears to be conclusive that the appointments were largely political. . . .

Manceuvring long-established units out of the merit system is another interesting development of the new personnel policy. The Shipping Board is a case in point, involving the careers of some 750 men and women. Section 4 of the Merchant Marine Act of 1916 required that, with certain negligible exceptions, 'all employees of the Board shall be appointed from lists of eligibles to be supplied by the Civil Service Commission, and in accordance with Civil Service law.'

Pursuant to a delegation of authority in the Post Office Appropriation act of March 3, 1933, President Roosevelt issued an executive order on June 10, 1933, abolishing the Shipping Board and transferring its functions to the Department of Commerce. The appropriation act delegating this authority expressly provided that all laws governing transferred or consolidated agencies 'shall, in so far as such laws are not inapplicable, remain in full force and effect.' But President Roosevelt's executive order of June 10 provided in Section 19 that 'All personnel employed in connection with work of an abolished agency . . . shall be separated from the service of the United States, except that the head of any successor agency, *subject to my approval*, may, within a period of four months after transfer or consolidation, reappoint any such personnel required for the work of the successor agency, without reëxamination or loss of Civil Service status.' This resounding bit of legal circumlocution left the Civil Service status of the Shipping Board

personnel unimpaired, only the Shipping Board had been abolished. They were, in a word, unemployed. And under the specific terms of the President's executive order none could be reappointed to his old work in the successor bureau save by express presidential approval. Thus were some 750 more Civil Service jobs tossed to the lions. During the first twenty-one months of his term, Mr. Roosevelt signed eleven major bills which specifically exempted some 41,400 new personnel from Civil Service administration. During the same months he issued three executive orders transferring 2448 classified positions from the Civil Service to the appointive lists.

Finally, Mr. Farley has not held the White House to be above the political stratagems essential to housecleaning and clearance, as witness the following case. In July 1934, Professor John W. Finch, Dean of the School of Mines in the University of Idaho, relinquished his place to accept appointment by Secretary Ickes as Director of the Bureau of Mines. He presented himself at the Interior Department on July 2, only to learn that his commission had not arrived from the Executive Offices. Three days later it came along, unsigned. Penned across the face in a familiar hand was the notation, 'Held up temporarily because of political objections by P. M. G.' Delving into the professor's record, Mr. Farley had discovered that this prospective appointee had supported Mr. Hoover in 1928. In the roar of editorial protest which followed disclosure of the circumstances surrounding his delayed commission, Professor Finch finally was appointed — but not before the Jobmaster-General had carried the

spoilsmen's fight to the personal desk of the President of the United States.

Merely as pointing an interesting historical coincidence it may be observed here that this confusion came into the record only three weeks after President Roosevelt, in accepting an honorary doctorate at Yale, on June 20, 1934, jovially had assured the nation, 'I can't tell to-day the party affiliations of most of the responsible people in government, and it is a mighty good thing I can't.' (*Applause*)

As early as August 1933, Mr. Roosevelt had written to the National Civil Service Reform League, in response to an inquiry relative to the then emerging evidence of a spoils restoration: 'The merit system in Civil Service is in no danger at my hands; but on the contrary, I hope that it will be extended and improved during my term as President.'

In the same vein, the President lauded the merit system in his radio address of August 24, 1935, to the Young Democrats of America, in national convention at Milwaukee. On that occasion he said: —

Government now demands the best brains of every business and profession. Government to-day requires higher and higher standards of those who would serve it. It must bring to its service greater and greater competence.

The conditions of public work must be protected. Mere party membership and loyalty can no longer be the exclusive test.

In the light of these declarations and others equally impressive during the last three years, it is not too much to say that no President ever has bolstered Civil Service with more compelling eloquence.

# OUTWARD BOUND TO THE HALL ROCK

BY VICE ADMIRAL BOYLE SOMERVILLE

## I

COME, all hands, ahoy, to the anchor!  
From our friends and relations we go;  
Poll blubbers and cries, — Devil thank her,  
She'll soon have another in tow.  
This breeze, like the Old One, may kick us  
About on the boisterous main,  
But some day, if Death does not trick us,  
Perhaps we may come back again.

### *Chorus*

Then heave away, haul away, jolly boys,  
At the mercy of Fortune we go;  
We're in for it, damme, what folly, boys,  
For — to be so downhearted. Yeo-ho!

THE January morning had risen reluctantly, borne shivering on the back of the bitter southeast wind across from the Continent, and now had arrived at Sheerness Harbor.

*H.M.S. Egeria* lay opposite the dockyard ready to go to sea, with a slip rope passed through the ring of the mooring buoy. There was ice everywhere; masts, yards, booms, and ropes were sheeted with it; and the decks, which had just been washed down, were covered with a freezing mixture of salty sludge. The only warm place was the stokehold, where steam had been raised (for, though the *Egeria* was a sailing ship aloft, she was a steamer below), and everything was ready to carry her away that very morning to the west coast of America, on a surveying commission.

It was just after 8 A.M., and daylight was still a dim, half-awakened affair, when, by the captain's order, the signal was sent in flags to the masthead by

ice-stiffened halliards, asking for 'permission to proceed in execution of previous orders' — in the circumstances a sufficiently embracing request.

Presently the chief yeoman of signals was knocking at the port admiral's bathroom door to report the signal. 'Affirm,' shouted the admiral from where he lay wallowing in the pleasant hot water, in happy realization that for him long commissions abroad had passed by, and he had now reached that land of heart's desire of every seaman — a good shore job.

Up went the white-crossed red flag, the 'Affirmative,' at the dockyard signal staff. 'Slip,' commanded the captain of the *Egeria* to his first lieutenant, standing by him on the poop. 'Slip,' shouted the first lieutenant to the officer of the forecastle. 'Slip,' ordered the officer of the forecastle to the men manning the slip rope along the deck below him; and 'Slip!' roared the boatswain standing beside them.

The men were already running away with it, however, and the slipped end had already rushed through the ring on the mooring buoy, had come up through the hawsehole, and now was flicking along the deck. On so momentous an occasion as this, all hands and the cook were on deck, and they were running away with this fatal rope with a zeal and vigor such that you might have thought they actually wanted to leave home, and wives, and

babies, and everything that was pleasant and familiar and warm, though this was far indeed from the truth.

So there we were slipped from it all, and from our last hold on England, as represented by the ice-encrusted mooring buoy, its cables, and its stout anchors bedded in the Medway mud. Cling-clang went the engine-room telegraph bell. We were off.

With a roaring wind behind us to blow the old ship along, she soon was carried south out of the chill waters of the English Channel into the pleasant latitude of Madeira, and onward thence through the Canary Islands into the tropics. The northeast trade wind at last blew us into Saint Vincent, Cape Verde Islands; and in that hot and windy coal hole we refilled our bunkers. Though the *Egeria* was largely a sailing ship of the old sort, the 'brass jib,' as the screw propeller was scoffingly named, had not infrequently to be invoked on our voyage so far, and, even when not in actual use, had ever to be maintained as a standby.

On from Saint Vincent then we went through the rest of the northeast trades, through the doldrums on both sides of the line, through the southeast trades, and made land at last at Santa Catharina in Brazil. More coal, and off again southward to Bahia, to Montevideo, and southward still, until the winter we had left behind at Sheerness in January met us once again in the Straits of Magellan in June.

The intervening five months had not, of course, all been spent in voyaging and coaling, for we had been surveying all along the route, either sounding the deep ocean, investigating its currents, or improving and bringing up to date the charts of the harbors at which we had stopped, or of the coasts along which we had passed.

We had now to navigate round the southern end of South America through the Straits of Magellan, between it and

Tierra del Fuego, and then, turning northward, to do more chart-repairing work along the western side of Patagonia.

## II

It is about three hundred miles through the Straits from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The scenery begins tamely enough at the eastern entrance with the flat-topped headland named by Magellan the 'Cape of the Eleven Thousand Virgins,' but gradually increases in wildness as you go westward, until you come out at Cape Pillar, all tattered and torn, facing into the open Pacific.

The middle point of the Straits is Cape Froward, the southernmost point of all America, and, as you may say, of the habitable world. Froward indeed it is, turning its perverse face to the westerly gales that beat on it, year in, year out, almost without cessation.

One of these gales was blowing as we crawled past to find a lee for the night behind a group of small islands at the foot of the cape. The next day, the wind having quieted a little, we went on our way through the narrow English Reach and Long Reach until we came to the Isle of Desolation, which is the western end of Tierra del Fuego. Cape Pillar is the final point of Desolation, at the southern side of the entrance to the Straits, while the blessed Evangelists, on their four big rocks, guard with a lighthouse the northern side, and send flashes of comfort to the sailor over those dismal waters.

Just before reaching the Evangelists and the open ocean, it is possible, however, to evade the constant gales and heavy seas, and to turn northward, traveling for another three hundred miles through certain sheltered channels which lie between the mainland of Western Patagonia and a long string of islands, great and small, flanking the



coast. It was the channels of this Inner Route which we were ordered to examine and report upon, especially with regard to needed buoys and lights, with the intention of bringing the route into greater use. But though the calmness of the water, together with the splendor of the scenery, would no doubt be very popular with passengers, the navigation is so intricate, and the passage through the channels is made so slow through the necessity of anchoring at night, that it would never commend itself either to the owners of large steamers or to their captains; and, in fact, only a few of the smaller steamers, not pressed for time, made use of the Inner Route. It was for their sakes that we were ordered to make a running survey through it, correcting the older charts where necessary.

From the Straits of Magellan you enter it by Smyth Channel, and leave it at the northern end in the Gulf of Peñas, where you come out into the open Pacific, here still probably stormy, but distinctly less so than to the southward opposite Magellan Straits. No one who has not seen it can imagine the grandeur of the scenery of Western Patagonia as viewed from these channels. It is of a kind not to be found elsewhere in the world — a combination of the most majestic bits of Switzerland and Norway, with a something overwhelming besides that is all its own.

As you go along in the ship you see close on either hand sheer brown cliffs, hundreds of feet high, over the indented edges of which cataracts descend, pouring into the sea through veils of mist. Above the cliffs rise the wild mountains, their sides clothed with dripping woods to the snow line above, which at the time of year that we went through — June — was low down on the slopes. Then in a flash the nearer scenery falls back, for the ship in her advance has come abreast of one of the long fiords which branch off from

the main channel — deep gullies torn out of the mainland in glacial ages past, and now filled with dark green sea water. It is glassy-smooth, for there is no wind at the foot of the cliffs, though the westerly gale is fierce enough among the mountain tops. Suddenly the clouds are blown asunder before it; there is a burst of blue sky; the sun shines out, and there beyond the head of the fiord miles away spreads a mountain land of soaring ranges, fold beyond purple fold, their jagged summits gleaming white with snow. Every ravine is filled to the brim with ice of a pale, yet definite blueness — immense glaciers spreading down to the sea to spend themselves in torrents over the tattered rocks.

Splendid scenery though all this may be, there is everywhere lacking the human touch necessary to make any prospect truly pleasing, however vile the humans who provide it. There is not a vestige of a habitation; not a sign of life. Not a creature is to be seen except an occasional swimming cormorant, a solitary kelp goose white and motionless on the black sea edge, or a sudden flight of steamer ducks low over the water, beating the surface with each flap of the wings, but unable to raise higher their fat, penguin-like bodies as they 'taxi' over the sea.

### III

Fortunately there are many good anchorages along the Inner Route, usually on the mainland side, and one evening as we went on our way surveying we turned into one of them named Gray Harbor, a small quiet bay, where we secured the ship for the night. It was midwinter, and as evening fell a thin skin of ice formed over the surface of the bay, for the top layer of water was fresh, owing to the many streams which poured into the harbor from the surrounding hillsides. It had been a

tiring day of constant sextant work on the bridge, for a running survey such as we were making of the channels is one of the most exhausting operations imaginable. It allows of no pauses whatever, nor any rest to eyes, brain, or legs. Every one of us had been employed on it, and after the ship had been safely anchored it was not long before sleep had descended on all except the quartermaster on watch on deck — the only open eye in the ship.

In the dark of the early morning I was roused sharply into wakefulness by the penetrating, terrifying smell of burning wood. Undoubtedly the old ship must be on fire; and, as first lieutenant, I must take instant steps. I leapt out into the wardroom (for in that old-fashioned ship all the officers' cabins opened upon our mess place), and as I did so — thud, thud — at each cabin door there appeared a pyjamaed form; everyone had been awakened as suddenly and as definitely as I by that alarming smell.

Thrusting myself swiftly into a great coat and sea boots, for it was well below freezing on deck, I rushed up the ladder — and there found a scene of complete peace.

The quartermaster of the watch was leaning out over the starboard gangway, looking intently into the water below — so intently that he did not at first hear my loud demand as to why (*et cetera*) he had allowed the ship to take fire, and did nothing about it. It was monstrous; for, as I could see plainly in the moonlight, there was a thin column of smoke rising up under his very nose where he stood looking down.

'Beg your pawdon, sir,' he said, humbly, 'but jus' look down 'ere,' and he pointed below him.

I looked, and there at once became apparent the cause of our alarm, and the lack of any need for it. Alongside the ship at the foot of the gangway

ladder was a large native canoe, with unsymmetrical sides and a flat floor. In the middle of this floor were several slabs of stone, and on them a wood fire was smouldering, sending up a thin, acrid smoke. Huddled closely round the fire was a Fuegian family, consisting of a man, some women, several children, and dogs, all of them wide-awake at this dismal hour of 4.30 A.M., and all entirely naked to the freezing air. Very occasionally it is possible to meet with a tiny group of these nomads of the waters in single canoes, hunting for food along these desolate shores, and this was evidently one of them.

The quartermaster said that the canoe had appeared suddenly, not long before, coming out of the darker side of the harbor, and making no sound beyond the crackling of the thin surface ice as she was paddled through it. She had come straight alongside the ship, and the man had secured the canoe just outside my cabin. It was the smoke from the fire on her hearth which had come in through the cabin scuttles on the starboard side, had awoken all of us there, and then had been wafted across, to arouse in like fashion the port-siders.

Nothing more primitive could be imagined than the condition of these savages, and nothing more hideous than their features, but they seemed to be harmless enough, and in spite of these disabilities they were allowed to remain where they were, secured alongside. When daylight had come and we were preparing to get the ship under way for our day's work, the man of the canoe climbed up the ship's side to the upper deck. He knew just three words of Spanish. Pointing to himself in general, he said, '*Capitán Antonio*,' and then, pointing to his stomach in particular, he said, '*Pan*.'

So bread was brought him in the ironclad form of biscuit then current in the Navy. He nibbled some himself,

and then kindly distributed the remainder among his wives and offspring in the canoe. Round his shoulders, his sole attire, was a half-tanned, extremely dirty sea-otter skin; and this he gladly exchanged for an old uniform coat, and a further supply of *pan*.

A little later when we were under way with the anchor at the bows, the canoe was still alongside, but Capitán Antonio hung on in spite of all attempts to make him shove off while our engines started and the ship began slowly to move out of the little bay.

As soon as we were clear of it and were on our course northward through the channels, the quartermaster, as usual at the beginning of the day's run, put the patent log over the stern and began to pay out the line by which it was towed. On seeing this take place, Capitán Antonio let go of the ship's side, and the canoe gradually dropped astern until, when he was abreast of it and was able to do so, Antonio seized hold of the log line and refused to let it go in spite of the shouts and maledictions of the quartermaster. Presently the line was fully paid out, and there was the canoe still towing by it a little distance astern of the ship. One of the women then crawled forward to the bow of the canoe, and, taking the log line out of the hands of the man, she hung on by it in his place.

Capitán Antonio, thus released, then calmly turned about and hauled up into the canoe the part of the log line towing astern of it, with the patent log on the end. This being all safely bestowed, he seized a perfectly good steel axe (stolen, no doubt, from some passing ship) and with three hard chops cut through at the bows of his canoe the log line in his wife's hands by which it was being towed. Thus released, away went the canoe southward, bearing Antonio and family rejoicing in their barefaced robbery of a patent log and twenty or thirty fathoms of good

log line, while we had perforce to proceed in the other direction, cursing helplessly. These Fuegians, for all their savagery and nakedness, were not quite so simple as they seemed. The stolen log line would, no doubt, be very useful in the canoe, while the patent log would readily be exchanged for food from passing ships, and no questions asked. Obviously Capitán Antonio had played that trick before on other unsuspecting ships passing through that way.

#### IV

Our running survey having been ended satisfactorily, we reached the open sea at the Gulf of Peñas, and then shaped course for Coronel, about six hundred miles to the northward up the coast. The name of Coronel has become painfully well known since the disastrous naval action which took place in the early part of the war not far to seaward of it, but at the time of our visit its chief claim to fame was due to the coal mines not far inland, the produce from which was exported from the piers of the little town. The coast of Chile, generally speaking, runs in a straight line north and south, but a little to the southward of Coronel it takes a sudden bend out to the westward for fifteen miles, forming Arauco Bay. The bay ends in a bold promontory, one thousand feet high, named Cabo Rumena, at which point the coastline resumes its original straight line to the southward. The island of Santa Maria lies five miles out to westward of the cape, and the strait between the island and the mainland is called the Boca Chica, the Little Mouth. Ships making to Coronel from the southward almost always pass through it and thus save a few miles, instead of taking the longer route to the westward, outside of Santa Maria.

Somewhere in the Boca Chica lay the Hall Rock, but nobody knew its true

position. In the middle of the nineteenth century the good ship *Hall* had struck there, and become a wreck, and since then several ships had touched on it at different times, some with disaster, some without, but not one of their captains had been able to provide the information necessary for laying down the position of the rock on the chart. Each one gave a 'supposed position' for the rock different from that given by any of his predecessors; the Boca Chica chart was full of them, so that the rock had become a menace and a nightmare to every ship passing through the strait. Many ships of different nations, some of them surveying ships, had searched for the Hall Rock at all of these 'supposed positions,' and in other likely spots as well — every one of them fruitlessly. For this reason, and because for some years past no vessel had reported having touched on it, the Hall Rock had come to be for many skippers nothing but a 'Mrs. Harris' of the sea. Its existence was disbelieved, and no precautions were taken to avoid any of the many 'positions' marked with its name.

This fools' paradise had been shattered, however, not long before we left England, by yet another report of a ship having struck on it. Another 'supposed position' was given, and thus the Hall Rock had again become a reality and a grave anxiety to all seafarers through the Boca Chica. To find this elusive danger was to be our first important job in the *Egeria* after our arrival on the Pacific Slope. We were ordered not to leave for the north to begin the other surveys on our long programme for the commission until we had found and charted the Hall Rock. That was that.

So at it we went. It was stormy, cold, and wet; there was always a big sea running, and the atmosphere was so thick with moisture that the marks on shore by which we fixed the ship's

position were continually in a semi-fog, and the glasses of our instruments were similarly blurred. More hateful weather for boat or ship sounding there could not be; still, the work had to be done, and every possible moment seized to sound, and sound, and sound, until the bottom of the Boca Chica had everywhere been fully explored, and its smallest irregularities laid down on paper.

We expected at first to be engaged for no more than seven days or so over the job, but owing to the constant southerly gales we were at it for six weeks, anchoring under the lee of Santa Maria Island in the intervals when the weather prevented work in the strait. The shores of this island, as seen on a map, form the sides of a triangle, two of which are flat sandy beaches and measure about five miles altogether in length. Our anchorage was off the northern of these two beaches, and was a fairly good one, but it had a strange and horrible drawback. The sand was wide between high and low water marks, and its whole surface, as well as that of the other beach, was covered with millions (literally) of large dead cuttlefish or squids — long pale creatures with a bunch of tentacles at one end. These animals, for reasons best known to themselves, had cast themselves up on the sand to die — we were told it was an annual event. You could scarcely see the beaches, so covered were their surfaces with suicided squids, and when the wind blew from them toward the ship at her anchorage (as it usually did) the smell of the decomposing multitude defies description — defies, anyway, polite description.

In spite of many interruptions by gales, it seemed, at the end of five weeks, that every inch of the bottom of the Boca Chica must have been touched by the sounding lead, either by that of the ship or by those of the four boats which, whenever it was possible to send them,

were away sounding in places unsuitable for the ship herself to work in. Yet the rock evaded us; no sign of it could be found; it was still a mystery. We were experiencing exactly the same negative results as every other searcher throughout the preceding fifty years; but, for all that, there could be no giving up the search. The Hall Rock had to be found.

## V

At this moment of exasperation, as the last possible bit of ground (as we thought) was being fruitlessly sounded over, there rushed out upon us from a suddenly blackened sky a full-dress southerly gale, ushered in by a theatrical display of thunder and lightning. Hastily picking up the scattered boats, we hurried back to the friendly if odoriferous lee of Santa Maria Island. It blew and blew, it rained and rained, and the old *Egeria* lay tugging at her anchor, while she rolled miserably on the swells, now coming in a most unpleasant manner round both ends of the island. The cross-swell had the advantage, however, of giving decent burial to the dead squids on the beaches, for the sand was swept over them by the surf, and those that the sand failed to inter were dragged out to sea by the retreating waves, so that when the swell subsided the beach was squidless and the air once more fit to be breathed.

After three days there came a slight sign of moderation in the weather, but so slight that when the Captain's Order Book came round that evening, headed as usual 'Ship will sound in the Boca Chica,' we all thought that the skipper, the Chief of the Survey, must have got slightly touched in the brain. Sounding work, we knew, would be quite impossible in the sea then running, both from the danger of the hundred-pound lead swinging about as the ship rolled in the swell and from the difficulty,

when the lead had reached the bottom, of reading the correct mark on the lead line; for, as the waves rose and fell several feet up and down the line, there would be no knowing which mark indicated the true depth. But there was the order, and, mad or not mad, there was one thing we had learned about our chief: namely, that when he said a thing, he meant it. Grousing heavily, we all turned in.

By seven o'clock next morning the dark and stormy night had gradually dissolved into a pale and gloomy day. The wind was dying down, and it was not actually raining, but that was the best that could be said about the weather; and as to the sea, when we reached the Boca Chica, a huge swell was running there, exactly as we expected. Clearly it was impossible to sound with a deep-sea lead, and when the gray set face of the skipper was turned away pitying smiles passed between us all standing beside him on the bridge, accompanied by significant tappings of the forehead and upcast eyes, in recognition of the manifest breakdown of a once fine intellect.

And then, suddenly, came complete justification for this seeming aberration of his brain. We were plunging on to the southward, and had just gone by Cabo Rumena when a huge swell passed under the ship, tumbling us from side to side as it went rolling by. We were on the crest of the next roller when we saw that the smooth back of the first one as it retreated had, at one point, become broken water. At the same moment there came to us the voice of the sea, proclaiming in an unmistakable low roar that it was being torn on a rock below.

'Look!' shouted the skipper. 'There it is! There's the rock! Get a fix at once!'

The foam where the wave had broken lasted a few seconds before the position of the rock became once more concealed



by dark, gale-discolored water. We were all of us standing by, sextant in hand, and at this word of command up went each instrument to each right eye to take the necessary angles to fix the ship's position, while the determined optic of the Chief of the Survey was directed through his sextant to the rock itself, to fix a line to it when the next swell, as it went by, should break on its top. It was necessary, of course, that all the angles, both his and ours, should be taken simultaneously.

'Are you all ready?' he called, and 'Ready, sir,' we each and all replied.

Then, when for the second time the rock 'broke' in a plume of foam, 'Fix!' he roared. Thus was laid down on the plotting sheet the ship's position, and a line from it — the first to be protracted on any chart — on some point of which lay the position of the Hall Rock. Then we steamed to a second, a third, and (to make matters quite sure) a fourth position, getting from each of them a line of bearing to the Rock when each time it broke as the swells passed over.

All these four lines when plotted on our chart crossed at a single point, so here at last we had the exact position of the Hall Rock securely captured — and all through coming out to search for it on an 'impossible' day!

It was a wonderful moment to succeed all our weary weeks of toil. We stood grouped round the plotting table gazing at the long lines of soundings, both ship's and boats', with which the sheet was closely covered; amazed to see that the true position of the rock was in most cases literally miles distant from any of the 'supposed positions' supplied by those who had struck on it, and also to see that it lay actually on the very line laid down as 'track recommended' for ships passing through the Boca Chica. It was by good luck rather than by good guidance that so many ships had missed striking on it during

all the years of traffic, both steam and sail.

Our own lines of soundings showed that we had often in the *Egeria* passed closely by the Hall Rock quite unknowingly, and, as the figures representing the depths in fathoms showed, in deep water. Evidently it was what is known as a 'pinnacle rock,' standing up solitary out of the depths, giving no evidence of its existence — a truly venomous danger.

While thus we pondered, sobered yet rejoicing, there came a sudden flash of lightning, and with the succeeding thunder a soaking squall of rain burst over the ship. It was as if the sea demons who arrange shipwrecks had realized, too late, the damage our discovery had done them and had come shrieking to drive us from one of their most promising preserves.

Evidently there was no more to be done that day, anyway, and we went back to our anchorage off Santa Maria Island until this final outburst of hate should pass by.

## VI

Convalescence of sea and sky proceeded regularly, and on the morning of the third day the surface of the Boca Chica was nearly smooth, and was glistening in bright sunlight. In a completely cheerful frame of mind we weighed anchor, and set forth to see the end of our labors. We now knew precisely where the Hall Rock was, isolated at a mile and a half out from the land, and could take a boat directly to it, though its top was completely invisible from the surface. What remained to do was to find out by sounding on it how far below the surface lay this top of the rock, and also by lead and line to discover the contours of its sides from the floor of the sea up to its deadly summit.

It turned out that on a smooth day there was only twenty-four feet of

water over the rock at low water, and in the trough of any swell this would be reduced by several feet — a serious danger to a steamer of ordinary draft. Its top was very small, only about thirty feet across, and its sides were so precipitous that the sounding lead could find a resting place nowhere, but slipped and tumbled for a hundred feet down them to the base of the pinnacle at the sea bottom. It was thus easy for a big ship to pass in safety close to the rock — so close that (if you had known where it was) you might chuck the proverbial biscuit on to it.

It happened to be my job to make these observations, and before I had quite finished with the rock the sacred hour arrived of noon, when in the Surveying Service, no less than in the General Service of the Navy, comes the dinner hour, and a much-looked-forward-to 'stand-easy' from work.

The sun still shone and the sea remained quiet, so I decided to stay where I was during the dinner hour, anchored on top of the rock, and thus be on the spot to finish off directly it was over. The meal had barely begun when, happening to gaze southward where the coast stretched away into the distance, I saw through my glasses a small dot on the horizon which was separating itself out from the dark of the land. Presently the dot emitted a tiny puff of smoke, and resolved itself into a steamer coming northward for Coronel through the Boca Chica.

Now it is the understood duty of all small boats under way to keep clear of all grown-up ships, no matter how their relative positions as 'vessels at sea' would be governed by the rule of the road. We were at anchor in our steam cutter, and so, strictly speaking, not under this law; but the officer of the watch on board the oncoming steamer certainly would not realize that a boat could be anchored over a mile out from the land in deep water, and would sup-

pose that she must be under way and therefore obliged to keep clear of his ship. In spite of this I decided to remain where I was, for the very important reason that I was acting as a mark buoy for the Hall Rock, and I could signal this fact to the steamer when she was near enough. It seemed incredible, in any case, that she would deliberately run me down if I did not get out of the way.

Such, however, was what the officer of the watch appeared determined to do.

As the ship drew nearer we could see that she was a fairly large passenger steamer — evidently one on the regular coastwise trade. She came along heading straight for my boat. We could see that the perpendicular line of her stem exactly bisected the space between the port and starboard slopes of her bows, and that her foremast and mainmast were precisely in line with one another. The officer of the watch in the steamer, though he must have seen as easily as we did that the boat lay exactly ahead of him, evidently had no intention, on that account, to deviate from the course the captain had given him to steer before he went down to lunch in the saloon.

We blew shrill blasts on our little steam whistle; we sent up black columns of smoke from the funnel; and the boat's crew stood up along the sides of the boat and waved signal flags. It was all of no use. On came the black bows still heading directly at us — a figure of swift-approaching doom, irresistible, unavoidable.

Murmuring soft nothings (at least they shall be nothings on this prim page), I gave a reluctant order to 'up anchor.'

The small chain by which the boat was anchored was quickly shortened in, but when it came 'up and down' it was discovered that the anchor had got jammed in a cleft of the rock below, and could not be moved. We steamed

against it, heading this way and that, veering and then shortening it, trying to coax the anchor from its hold, but it remained firmly stuck in the rock.

And still the big black mass of the steamer came heading straight for us, now dangerously close. There was nothing now to be done but to veer out the whole of the chain and cut the rope seizings by which its end was held in the chain locker, for we had no tools with which to cut through the chain itself.

I have never known a closer thing.

Exactly as the inboard end of the chain flipped out over the bows, the steamer began to pass over the spot where, a few instants before, we in the boat had been tugging at the recalcitrant anchor. Our engines were going full speed astern at that moment, so that we just missed being run down — but only just!

In the very bow wash of the steamer, I hailed up to the officer of the watch, staring stupidly at us, '*You are going over the Hall Rock!*'

At that a white-faced man, the captain, suddenly up from his lunch, pushed the officer of the watch out of the way, and, looking downward from the bridge, must have seen beneath him the ugly dark patch in the water which indicated the position of the Rock. 'Hard-a-starboard!' he roared.

Over went the helm, but it was too late.

From the boat we could hear no sound, but we saw the afterpart of the ship give a lift, and her stern an ominous wriggle as the bottom plating grated on the rock, but she passed over it into the deep water beyond.

It is a shocking thing to admit, but to all of us in the boat this was a really pleasurable sight.

Of course the steamer was leaking badly in her afterhold when she got into Coronel two or three hours later, for three-eighths-inch steel plating will not stand that sort of graze at twelve knots over a rock surface. It was lucky for her that it was no more than a graze, and also that she could get temporary repairs done at Coronel before docking at Valparaiso, a day's run to the northward.

Let us hope that she will be the last ship to touch on the Hall Rock, for its position is now securely charted, and traffic which, in ignorance, must often have shaved it by a few yards now passes at a respectful distance. To the old hands of the coastal trade the anxiety it ever caused has now become no more than a bad dream; to the new hands its name on the chart is but the headline of a set of tales of ancient disaster, which have become as unbelievable as those that are told of Scylla and Charybdis.

# THE MAN WHO WON THE WAR

BY ROBERT BUCKNER

ONCE to every writer there comes the perfect story, straight from life. But the great fault of most true stories is their improbability: it is far simpler to imagine a convincing plot than to borrow one from actual facts. Neither the official records of the Belgian War Office in Brussels nor the British Admiralty Archives in London contain the whole proof of what I am about to tell. The sole legal evidence, I can assure you, is buried in a small stone urn on the coast of Flanders, and in the embittered heart of an exiled Englishman.

## I

Late on a winter evening in 1927, I was returning to England after a holiday spent with friends in Cologne. The Brussels Express was running far behind time, and I remember how it sped down the dark Ruhr Valley toward the Belgian border as if frightened by the red flares from the steel furnaces. It was January and bitter cold. The windows sweated in rivulets, between the frost and the overheated train.

At Düren I descended to the platform for a breath of the wet night air. When I returned to my compartment the only other occupant was awake, filling his pipe and glancing absently at the station.

'What place is this, please?' he asked in German.

'Düren, I believe,' I replied in English, and smiled.

'I say, are you British?' he exclaimed with mild interest, halting the match midway to his face.

'No, American.'

'Oh,' he murmured, and turned back to his pipe.

The train pulled slowly through the town, across the Ruhr bridge and the black river jeweled with the lights of barges. Suddenly in the north the sky flamed red again, throwing a weird infernal glow over the dreary plain and the mountainous slag heaps.

'Looks like Hell, does n't it?'

'Hell?' The Englishman laughed shortly. 'Aye, they turn out a rather good grade of Hell here. One of the best.'

'What do you mean?'

'Steel!' he barked, removing the briar and pointing with its stem. 'Steel for guns and shells!' And then quietly, as if to himself, 'Oh, the fools, the bloody fools! Did n't they get enough of it last time?'

This outburst from one whose countrymen are usually so taciturn and reserved alarmed me at first. But it also awakened my senses, drugged by the stale air and a desire to sleep. I began to study my companion with new interest.

He was perhaps fifty years old, tall, his powerful body contradicted by a face which bore the marks of many illnesses. The effect was that of an oak tree whose death had begun in the top-most branches. But his gray eyes were

keen and friendly. He wore a dark flannel suit, brown brogues, and blue shirt, that uniform of the Englishman abroad. His luggage consisted of one battered suitcase and a square, paper-wrapped parcel, lying beside him on the seat. From the bitter tone of his remark about the war, together with his general bearing, I put him down as an ex-officer.

'Do you think the Germans are arming again?' I asked in surprise. It was exciting news then, since I had seen only poor people trying desperately to be happy around their Christmas trees.

'They can never forget,' he nodded. 'Like the Irish, they are a fighting people. Ten years, twenty — they can wait. Only, God help us when they are ready again.'

'But the League of Nations would stop them,' I protested with all the fierce idealism of youth.

'Ah yes,' he smiled indulgently, 'the League. I forgot. No, make no mistake about it, son; not even that clever Yankee invention will help us then. Nor your dollars and men, I'm afraid.'

'That's true enough,' I agreed. 'We won't be so easily dragged in again. This "winning the war" has turned out to be a pretty expensive party for us.'

'Oh?' he inquired. 'So it was America who won the war, eh? That's most interesting. I've often wondered where the credit belonged, really.'

It was an old trap into which I had fallen before. Now I stepped cautiously around it, and then decided to grab the bait out of curiosity concerning the man himself.

'We-ll,' I gazed innocently at the rack above his head, 'if we did n't win the war, who did?'

When, after a short silence, I lowered my eyes, it was to observe the tall Englishman looking at me puzzledly, as

if trying to determine my seriousness. Then his deeply lined face softened with an oddly tragic humor as he turned to the square package at his side.

'Do you really want to know?' he asked quietly, at length.

'Of course,' I replied. 'I imagine your guess would be better than mine.'

'I'm not guessing at all.' He looked up quickly. 'I did. I won the war.'

There followed a rather embarrassing pause. Obviously the fellow was a megalomaniac, I hoped of the harmless variety. 'Oh, so *you're* the man?' I smiled. 'Well, my congratulations.'

He waved my words aside. 'You're thinking I'm quite mad, I dare say.' He watched me with narrowed eyes, leaning forward slightly in his seat.

'Oh, not at all,' I insisted, now definitely alarmed at the serious intensity in his wide gray eyes.

'It does n't matter.' He sat back, observing the distant lights of Aachen slide past us in the dark. 'Only one man ever really believed me, anyway. Poor devil, I only wish he might have doubted it, too.'

'But you misunderstand,' I replied. 'I have n't said that I doubted you. I should like very much indeed to hear about it.'

He turned his head slowly and for a long while looked at me, through me, his eyes drilling down into the years.

'Well, why not?' he asked himself aloud. 'It would be rather appropriate just now, and after to-morrow's job I dare say I shan't ever feel like telling it again.'

At this moment the conductor, a pompous little Prussian with gimlet moustaches, opened the door of our compartment, bowed, and informed us with gruff pride that our baggage would be inspected by the customs office in Brussels, as the Express did not stop at the border. We should arrive in an



hour and a quarter, he replied to the Englishman's question, and with another stiff bow he withdrew.

'Time enough,' my companion murmured; and then, 'My name is Roger Bradman.' I introduced myself. We shook hands.

## II

'Of course you've never heard of me,' he began. 'Nor of the Bradman Spy Case, back in 1913. All that would be before your time.'

It was. But I had read of the famous case in Dr. Spingard's book. 'Was n't that the incident that nearly caused war between Germany and England? Are *you* that Bradman?'

'Yes,' he nodded, 'I am. The Naval Intelligence had sent me to Berlin to get the plans of the Heligoland forts. Well, I got them — and then they got me. Stupid error, of course, but there I was, caught red-handed.

'Then the fun began. They did n't care particularly about shooting me. They would have, quickly enough, but we were n't at war. But the Kaiser jumped at the chance to pin a bit of incriminating evidence on Great Britain. They were all fairly certain that I was a British officer, but they could n't prove it. We had taken care of that.

'All the same, my arrest created a terrific shindy. Every brass hat in the German army must have had a go at me, and all their newspapers were howling for my head. Oh, they put the fear of God into me, right enough; but finally, through some major miracle which I've never been able to figure out, they let me go.

'Naturally England had disowned me from the start. Never heard of me. Refused me permission to return and all that. You see it was the only way she could save her face — and my neck. It's the usual treatment when a spy is caught.

'So for a year I simply knocked

about the Continent, avoiding my fellow countrymen. Once in every two months I received my expenses from one of the Queen's messengers. A cushy job for me, but a trifle wearing on the nerves.

'Then in August of '14, when the lid finally blew off, orders came through for me to return at once to London, and I was given command of the *Firedrake*, a scouting destroyer attached to Admiral Hood's battle force on North Sea patrol.'

At this point the Englishman paused and reached across for my newspaper, which he spread flat upon his knees. Then with a pencil he sketched a rough map of the Belgian coast, marking Ostende and Nieuport and the crooked course of the Yser River.

'Have a look at this,' he suggested. 'It may give you a clearer picture of what happened that night.

'As you remember,' he pointed with his pencil, 'Germany attacked France from three directions, southward through the Vosges, in the centre along the Marne, and a third army under von Kluck smashed through Belgium. Their plan was to converge upon Paris in a series of swift flanking movements. This would compel the French army to switch its centre of mobilization, and in attempting to re-form its lines the French might conceivably be thrown into such confusion and disorder that a gigantic victory, a Sedan on a colossal scale, might be won by the Germans. Paris could be taken later, at their leisure.

'And they came jolly near to doing it, too! You see, after grabbing Antwerp they pushed along to capture the coast towns, Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne. This would have cut off England's best line of communication and also turned the Allied flank. That would have finished the war then and there.

'Meanwhile, they had shoved the

little Belgian army almost into the Channel. Retreating day after day, hammered to pieces by the heavy guns, unable to care for their dead and wounded, the Belgians were at the frayed end of their rope. They were praying for the British to come to their rescue, but Haig was having his own trouble on their right.

'On the night of the twenty-eighth of October the two armies were within half a mile of each other, with the Belgian left flank ending in the sand dunes of the North Sea at a point a mile below Nieuport. The men were completely done in, standing asleep in their trenches. The Yser, which flowed behind the lines, had swollen with the fall rains until the whole Flanders plain was a waste of bottomless mud.

'As you can readily see, it was a hopeless situation. King Albert knew that the Germans would attack again at daybreak, though they too were worn out from the long chase across Belgium and had outdistanced their supply trains. Albert knew with grim certainty that his exhausted forces would never be able to withstand the attack.

'Shortly before midnight on the twenty-eighth, the Belgian King ordered a council of his staff. When the men gathered they could scarcely bring themselves to look into each other's eyes. None of them believed there was any possible way out. They knew, too, that it would mean the certain end of the war when the Germans broke through, for there would be nothing between them and Paris. If the French dropped back to cover their flank the Crown Prince and von Hindenburg would smash through, throwing the Allied forces into a complete rout.

'The Belgian officers discussed this problem from every conceivable angle, but could find no satisfactory solution.

Finally a Colonel of Dragoons offered this last desperate suggestion.

'He proposed that they send a small patrol of picked men down to the beach on their extreme left; attempt there to overcome the German sentries and then to signal to sea, in hopes that some part of the British fleet, cruising in the darkness, would spot the signals and come to their rescue, either by landing men or else by drawing within range so that their heavy guns might bombard the German lines.

'This suggestion was immediately accepted as a last resort, but with little real hope of its success.

'Eight men, including two officers, were chosen for the expedition. They traversed the shallow trench until it became lost in the sand dunes, and from there they crept eastward toward the enemy lines, ready with their bayonets for what they hoped would be a short and silent action. The night was pitch-black, with a low storm-sky blotting out the stars. The Belgians were afraid of passing the sentries in the dark, so they spread out to ten-yard intervals and moved slowly up the beach.'

### III

Here Bradman paused again, this time to pick up the square box resting beside him on the seat. His large powerful fist closed over it until the veins stood out like earthworms in contrast to the bloodless knuckles.

'They found the sentry?' I prompted eagerly.

'Yes, they found him,' Bradman continued grimly, '*asleep!* A boy of twenty or so, haggard with weariness, seated on a driftwood log, his rifle clutched between his knees. He had taken off his boots to bury his aching feet in the cool sand, and his trousers were rolled up above his knees.

'One of the officers slugged him with the butt of a revolver. They

tied him up with belts and carried him into the dunes, after leaving his spiked helmet with one of their men who stayed at the post and later captured the relief sentry.

'Then the Belgians searched about until they discovered a spot shielded from sight of the German lines by high sandhills. Here they started a fire with driftwood and oil. After they had it blazing well they threw handfuls of gunpowder upon it at half-minute intervals, making a sort of recurrent-flare beacon.

'Now this,' Bradman hesitated and smiled, 'is where I enter the story.

'That night of the twenty-eighth the *Firedrake* and the *Myrmidon* were passing up the Belgian coast on our way to join the main fleet. Following Beatty's show in the Bight there was the expectation of a general action in the air, and we were bringing up extra shells, torpedoes, and a few cases of Scotch whiskey. That is, we *thought* it was Scotch whiskey when we loaded the crates at Plymouth. The boxes were labeled "Cameron Highlander," the name of a popular brand. But on our first night out one of my men, in checking the stores, discovered that the cases in fact contained uniforms intended for the regiment of 1st Cameron Highlanders, somewhere in France! There were a hundred and eighty complete uniforms, kilts, Glen-garries, and all. Oh, there were hundreds of mistakes more ridiculous than that made in those days, and we considered it lucky that the matter was more humorous than tragic.

'I was on the bridge at about one in the morning of the twenty-ninth when one of our lookouts spotted the fire on shore. I watched the flares for a long while through my night glasses, but as they were not in code I could make neither head nor tail of them. There were no lighthouses along this stretch of coast, nor any town. We thought

we knew the approximate extent of the German advance, but none of us believed they had pushed this far.

'Now we had orders to offer any possible assistance to the land forces, but this was supposed to mean only that our monitors such as the *Mersey* and the *Severn* might be called upon. Such private investigations as this were, of course, strictly forbidden. Nevertheless, I found myself developing a most persistent curiosity about this light where no light should be. Call it a hunch if you like. At any rate I ordered the ship dropped to half speed and swung in closer. I watched the flares again, but again could deduce nothing. One thing was obvious, however: *someone* was signaling to sea.

'I ordered the *Myrmidon* to continue at reduced speed along her course, and said that we would pick her up again toward daybreak. Then I dropped anchor, lowered a small launch, and together with a dozen sailors, all of us heavily armed, landed on the coast at a point less than a mile below the light. You see, for all I knew this signal might very well have been a ruse of the Germans, and my suspicions were becoming greater by the minute.

'We advanced cautiously up the beach until we were within a hundred yards of the fire. Here I split our force and we closed in upon them from three sides. At thirty yards or so I was able to make out the Belgian uniforms and challenged them in French.

'*Jovel!* You've never seen such amazement on any men's faces in your life! When they saw us walk into the circle of firelight they rushed forward like so many lost children and threw their arms about us, weeping for joy.

'It must have been fully five minutes before any of them was able to talk coherently, or slowly enough for me to understand. Over and over they kept repeating *men, guns*, and pointed out

to sea. Finally I pulled one of the officers aside and learned something of their desperate situation. In the light from my hand torch the fellow knelt upon the sand and sketched the battle lines. He made clear the strategic position of the enemy, waiting for morning to push through the thin Belgian line. Then he drew a small circle below and to the left. "Paris," he said simply, and looked up at me.

'I explained to him that British destroyers of the *Firedrake* class carried a crew of only a hundred men, and that our light guns had n't the range necessary for offshore bombardment.

'At this bad news the Belgian major fell silent. He stared at me almost reproachfully for a second and then spoke quietly to his men. Exactly what he said I do not know, for he spoke in Flemish, but I could fairly well guess.

'I looked away, I dare say to avoid the anguish in the poor chap's eyes, and saw the German sentry lying crumpled on the sand. He had recovered consciousness, but they had gagged him with a muddy puttee and his eyes rolled up at the light as wide with fear and pain as those of a child who has been stuck in a dark closet. In fact he looked very much like a little boy, with his trousers rolled up and his bare legs stretched out on the sand.

'I stared at his knees for a moment, trying to remember something, and then suddenly I recalled the eight cases of Cameron Highlander uniforms in the hold of the *Firedrake*! Why not turn them over to the Belgians? A company dressed in the bright Scottish kilts, by risking to display themselves in the early morning light, might alarm the battle-weary troops of von Kluck into thinking that the British had rushed up a picked division in support of the Belgians. It was a long chance, a psychological trick, that might possibly work. Also I could spare them a

crate or two of Lewis guns. It was a terrifically long shot at best, but we were in no position to weigh the odds, and we should have to work fast.

'I rushed back to the major and described my plan. He listened dully at first, like a man in whom all hope is dead, but his head lifted slowly as I talked, and before I had finished he leapt to his feet, clutched my arm and cried: "Yes, yes! It might work. It is at least *something*!"

"Then bring up several ambulances or ammunition trucks," I directed, "as close to the beach as you can get. We can carry the crates to them across the sand."

'The Belgian major called to the younger officer, described the plan in a staccato sentence, and sent him hurrying back to their lines with four of the men. Then he ran back with us to the launch, wading into the surf with the sailors to shove us off. I left him my torch to guide us in landing.

'Back on the ship, I roused out the entire crew to give a hand with the crates of uniforms. We lowered two lifeboats and roped them in tandem behind the launch. Then we ferried the boxes ashore, the whole lot of them. Meanwhile the Belgians had detailed two companies to meet us at the beach and change uniforms there in order to save time. We broke open the crates with bayonets and assembled the complete uniforms in orderly piles on the sand. It was a sight I shall never forget—a hundred and eighty men changing their clothes around that fire, laughing at the bright red and yellow kilts and putting on the caps backwards so that the ribbons fell over their gray, muddied faces. We assembled the Lewis guns and piled them into a truck.

'The job was finished just about an hour before dawn. We put out the fire, tossed the two German sentries into an ambulance, and waited until

the last kilted figure had disappeared into the dunes. Then we hurried back to the *Firedrake*, hauled the boats aboard, and headed out to sea just as the first faint streaks of morning appeared in the east.

'It had been a damned close thing,' Bradman mused, rubbing the bowl of his briar against his nose. '*Too* close for comfort. It's a tricky piece of coast there off Nieuport, all sand bars and cross-currents. Besides, the tide had gone out on us, and before we cleared the last shoals we heard the first German guns beginning their barrage. The final day of the first battle of Flanders had begun —'

'When they stopped them by opening the dikes of the Yser.' I recalled after so many years a headline which had once inflamed a boy's mind.

The Englishman nodded. 'That's how they have put it into the history books, no doubt. But it was really the kilts that did it — they and a few machine guns.

'The Belgian machine-gunners piled the enemy three-deep as they came across the marshes. Thousands were drowned in the rivers and canals. Next to Verdun and Gallipoli, it was probably the ghastliest slaughter of the war. All day it went on like that, with wave after wave of the enemy melting away, the men dropping out of sight beneath the water as they fell. Once or twice the gunners held their fire until the Germans were near enough to see the British uniforms.

'By late afternoon the marshes were literally paved with dead, and still the enemy floundered in their company-front formations. But the heart had gone out of the attack when they saw that they were confronted by what they believed to be fresh troops in the uniforms of a crack Scottish regiment. At last, just before dark, the Belgians opened the lower dikes of the Yser, and the battle was over. From that hour

until the end of the war the Germans never came a foot farther through Flanders, and the Allies' left flank was saved.'

#### IV

Bradman smiled and spread his hands palms upward upon his knees as if the story had ended.

'But Good Lord, man,' I exclaimed, 'go on!'

He shrugged and looked away. 'What more is there to tell? I never knew the outcome of it myself until many years later. Then it was too late.'

'How do you mean — too late?'

'When I reported to the fleet with the crates missing there was the devil to pay. The mistake about loading uniforms was put down as a deliberate scheme on my part. The Admiral's staff thought I had turned the stuff over to the Germans. They clapped me in irons and sent me back to England under arrest for treason. Even the sailors who had landed with me on the beach admitted at my court-martial at Hull that the men to whom we had given the Scottish uniforms might possibly have been Germans. A telegram was sent off to the Belgian Headquarters, but for some reason in the confusion there was never any answer. This was proof enough for my judges; and while they could actually prove nothing, neither could I. They stripped me of my command and rank and handed me over to a prison camp for the duration of the war.'

'You never told anyone about this?' I asked, incredulously. 'No one ever knew?'

'Yes, there *was* someone else who knew,' he replied. 'One man, the only man who ever believed me,' — and the friendly smile crept back into his eyes, — 'unless *you* do.'

Bradman turned back a cuff to glance at his watch, and then peered out at the fog-dimmed lights of a town.



The Express clattered over the points of a siding and passed the station at unchecked speed, the lights soon dropping away in the distance.

'I don't know why I should care a tinker's damn whether you believe me or not,' he remarked, 'but I do, oddly enough. Perhaps you have wondered why I fasten on you, an absolute stranger, to tell this to, but you may find some explanation in the end of my story. I say, how much time have we left?'

'That was Louvain we just passed,' I replied. 'We've a good quarter hour yet.'

'At any rate I shan't be long,' he continued, slipping the cord which bound the square package in his lap.

'After the Armistice I had to get out of England. I changed my name and crossed over to Canada. But my story, or rather *their* story about me, somehow always caught up with me. Ottawa, Vancouver, Melbourne, Freemantle, even far back in the Australian bush country, sooner or later some ex-navy man would turn up who recognized me and I would have to move on.

'Then three years ago, when I was returning to Europe on a freighter from Matadi, it suddenly occurred to me, while we were passing that same bit of coast where I had taken the *Firedrake*, that it had been just ten years ago, almost to the day, since my expensive little party on the beach. I can't explain it, but I had a feeling of overpowering curiosity to go back there and see the place again. "The criminal returning to the scene of his crime," I dare say. Whatever it was, I went.

'We docked at Antwerp on the morning of the twenty-ninth and by evening I was in Nieupoort. I put up at the village hotel, where there was but one other guest, a quiet German, a bit younger than myself. His name was Bechtel — Gunnar Bechtel. We met at dinner, the proprietor of the hotel, his

wife, Bechtel, and I sitting all together at the same table.

'We were a long time over the meal and it must have been close to midnight before the proprietor and his wife left for bed. Bechtel and I sat on for a while to finish the wine. Then he arose, bowed his apologies, and withdrew — also, as I imagined, to bed.

'I finished my pipe, then wandered out into the hall, unlatched the front door, and strolled along the cobbled streets toward the sea. There was enough of a moon to guide me through the dunes and soon I was on the beach. I faced west, remembering how the village had been above us to the east on that other night, and walked slowly along the hard sand, thinking of all that had happened in the years since.

'Suddenly from the corner of my eye I caught sight of a man seated upon a log. It gave me quite a start. Just as I was about to walk on, my eyes still guardedly upon him, I recognized that it was Bechtel, my fellow lodger at the hotel. I laughed and called out to him in relief.

'We sat there for quite a time, smoking and talking, and finally he asked me in his politely abrupt way what might have brought me to Nieupoort in October.

'I told him this story, exactly as I have told it to you. I remember when I had finished I felt a bit embarrassed, as if I had talked too much; so I wound up by saying half jokingly, "So you see, Herr Bechtel, I am the original man who won the war," and then stood up to go.

'The German rose too, and laid his hand gently on my arm. "Do you know who I am, my friend?" he asked me quietly.

'I shook my head.

"I am the man who *lost* the war," he replied, looking me squarely in the eyes. "*I am the sentry they found asleep.*"

'It was true. Bechtel was the lad they had caught napping that night, whose bare muddy knees had given me the idea of the kilts.

'For ten years his "sin," as he called it, had been gnawing at his conscience, driving him nearly mad; and he had hoped in his simple peasant way that by returning to the scene of his disgrace he might conquer the feeling. Since the end of the war he had watched all the horrors of revolution, the starvation of his people, the acres of war dead, the millions of widows and orphans, and he had seen all these things as *his* monstrous crime against the Fatherland. For Bechtel knew clearly, just as I knew, that if only he had been awake that night the battle of Flanders would have been quite another story, and the German army would unquestionably have been in Paris by Christmas.

'We stood there on that strip of sand in the moonlight, looking at each other, "the man who won the war" and "the man who lost it." There was nothing to say, nothing at all. We turned and walked slowly back along the beach, I suppose the two loneliest men on earth. . . .'

The Englishman spoke in a voice scarcely above a whisper, as a man

talks to himself. His eyes returned from the window to the square box and an expression of infinite weariness settled over his features.

In the early morning the Waterloo Road was dark but for the lanterns swinging at the crossings, dim and misty in the rain; and the squat black barges of the Willebroeck Canal were huddled like beetles for comfort from the cold. Far away the lights of Brussels flickered through a leafless grove.

'Where is he now? Have you seen him since?' I asked, moved by curiosity as well as by a desire to say something kind.

'No,' replied Bradman. 'I never saw him afterwards. Once each year we wrote. He worked in an iron foundry near Dortmund. A week ago he wrote to me from a hospital there, saying that there was something he wanted me to do for him. *There'll be a little dirt in a box*, he wrote, and he asked me to bury it for him on the beach near Nieuport.

'That is where I am going now,' said Bradman, 'and this is the box.'

Tenderly he removed the brown paper from the package on his knees, disclosing a small stone urn. He held it so that I might read the simple inscription: GUNNAR BECHTEL.

# THE AAA: AN EPITAPH<sup>1</sup>

BY JAMES E. BOYLE

## I

THE AAA — the Agricultural Adjustment Administration — has come to be the best known of all the many relief, recovery, and reform measures of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Every change made by Congress in the AAA law has served to strengthen the act, increase its penalties, and place larger powers in the hands of the Secretary of Agriculture. The AAA is a major segment of the New Deal, yet there is nothing new in it. It takes us into paths new for us, but often trodden by other peoples.

The farmer has a hazardous business. Weather, insect pests, plant diseases, and various other 'acts of God' may smite him. These woes he accepts philosophically, for hope springs eternal in his breast. But the hazards of the market he regards as man-made, and therefore proper subjects for individual and collective attack. In a period of falling prices, farm prices fall faster and farther than factory prices. There is, unfortunately for the farmer, one fundamental and inherent difference between a farm and a factory. The factory can and does adjust very quickly the quantity and quality of its output to fit market demand. The farmer can make such adjustments only approximately, and very slowly at best. He has a strictly limited control

over the quantity and quality of his produce in any one season.

The corn farmer plants No. 1 corn. His crop may be No. 1, or No. 5, but on the average it is No. 2 or No. 3. The spring-wheat farmers in 1916 planted No. 1 wheat as usual, but the crop (owing to one day of hot winds, in August) proved to be No. 9 (technically known as 'D Feed Wheat'). The Kansas wheat farmer plants  $1\frac{1}{2}$  bushels of seed wheat per acre. The yield may be 40 bushels or 20 bushels or 10, or 5, or nothing.

To carry the illustration a step further: Suppose the farmer decides to reduce his output. He reduces his acreage — but with what results? The spring-wheat farmers in the year 1914 reduced their acreage 5 per cent; the yield fell off 14 per cent. These same farmers in 1913 reduced their acreage 3.9 per cent; the yield decreased 27 per cent. Worse yet, these farmers in 1916 decreased their acreage 8 per cent, and their yield fell off 55.7 per cent. The wheat farmer can control acreage, but not yield. The AAA, for example, 'planned' a wheat crop in 1935 of 775,000,000 bushels. The weather reduced the yield to less than 500,000,000 bushels. One week — even one day — of bad weather may play havoc with both quantity and quality of crop.

Consider the cotton farmer and his major enemy, the boll weevil. The South's cotton crop suffered reduction

<sup>1</sup> This paper, written just before the demise of the AAA, clearly foreshadows important conclusions. — EDITOR

from full yields, owing to boll weevil, from one fifth to one third in these four consecutive years: 1919, 18.8 per cent; 1920, 24.0 per cent; 1921, 35.4 per cent; 1922, 26.7 per cent. Nature plays strange and cruel tricks on the farmer. Nature is old-fashioned, and thus far refuses to come under any laws enacted at Washington.

But this dark picture of the farmer has one brighter side. The farmer, unable to adjust supply to demand except approximately, must accept bigger price swings than the manufacturer, who can and does make this adjustment. On a falling market the farmer is the big loser, under this economic law. Conversely, on a rising market, his prices go up first, fastest, and farthest. The farm is not a factory, and the factory is not a farm, and so there never can be *equality* between these two economic institutions. The farmer, as a gambler, loses most of all classes on a falling market, and makes the most of all on a rising market. Thus the World War gave the wheat farmer at Ponca City, Oklahoma, three-dollar wheat. The slump in 1932 gave him twenty-five-cent wheat. Such a big price drop is a tragedy for those four farmers out of every ten whose places are mortgaged. The individual farmer is well aware of this situation, and tries to adjust himself to it.

How 'sick' is agriculture, and what is the remedy? The sickness of agriculture dates from the close of the World War. It is the worst sufferer in a new Triple Impasse. First, we changed from a debtor to a creditor country, and therefore must import more than we export. Secondly, we are a surplus-producing country and therefore must export more than we import. Thirdly, under a hundred years of tariffs culminating in the all-time high Hawley-Smoot Tariff of 1930, we raised still higher our tariff barriers, thus making it well-nigh impossible for other coun-

tries to get their goods to us — or to buy our goods. The South, exporting 60 per cent of its cotton and 40 per cent of its tobacco, the North, exporting 40 per cent of its pork products and 20 per cent of its wheat, never recovered from this blocking of the normal channels of trade. This situation, new in the history of the world, is an impossible one. Obviously something must crack.

Congress, in its wisdom, looked about for a remedy. Shall we curtail the farmer's wheat acreage, thus flirting with famine? Shall we go on a basis of new nationalism, limiting our output to our domestic market? This question of 'farm relief' brings us to the AAA, with its philosophy of planned scarcity and higher prices, and its programme of crop reduction and destruction.

If we seek the beginnings of the AAA, we must look back some fourteen years. In 1922 appeared a small anonymous booklet, *Equality for Agriculture*, conceived and written by a few farm-implement manufacturers who had found farm credits frozen. A farm-paper editor in Iowa was the most important convert to the philosophy of 'equality for agriculture,' for he was destined to become Secretary of Agriculture.

## II

'Equality for agriculture' as a new economic doctrine was translated into the law of the land on May 12, 1933, when the AAA legislation received the President's signature. Secretary of Agriculture Wallace had successfully steered the revolutionary measure through an obliging Congress. The seed planted by the implement dealers had fallen on good political ground. I say 'political' ground advisedly, for the three big farm organizations originally had quite different economic programmes of their own, and none of the three contemplated restriction of output. However, the leaders of these

farm groups quickly switched to the AAA when once it became the dominant plan.

The AAA philosophy of equality for agriculture, as formulated and implemented in the law of the land, is based on the very simple dogma of higher prices for agriculture. 'Put prices up we will,' declared the President. This dogma, as written in the law, means, in plain English, higher prices by means of scarcity. In spite of all assertions to the contrary, the philosophy of the AAA is the philosophy of scarcity. The English language has an abundance of beautiful names with which, to camouflage this ugly fact. Spokesmen of the AAA always refer to acreage reduction under the gracious name of 'adjustment.'

Here it must be pointed out that the AAA law is wonderfully and fearfully made; it contains many different titles on unrelated subjects; it provides a new and safe way for farmers to speculate in cotton futures; it provides bigger and better and cheaper loans to farmers; it provides for a 'limited amount' of printing-press money; it provides for monetary manipulation by the President; and finally it creates the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, with unprecedented executive and legislative (taxing) powers in the hands of an administrative officer. Four specific ways are provided for putting up farm prices: reduction of the amount of gold in the dollar; price fixing by fiat — that is, by 'marketing agreements'; price fixing by fiat — that is, by licenses (changed to 'orders' in the new amendments); and finally price elevation by reduction of output — that is, by scarcity. While there are thus four roads to the goal of high prices, the road marked 'scarcity' has proved to be the one of overshadowing importance. The marketing agreements have proved of doubtful value, and many of them have already been abandoned.

The AAA philosophy of scarcity involves some rather delicate problems of administration. If the farmer is to be rewarded for doing nothing, whence comes the money? A 2 or 3 per cent sales tax is an odious thing. However, a political miracle was performed. By changing the name of crop reduction to crop 'adjustment,' and by changing the name of the sales tax to 'processing tax,' the programme of crop reduction was financed by a sales tax of 30 per cent. Secretary Wallace estimates that this sales tax on wheat, cotton, tobacco, corn, and pork products represents 'on the average a tax of about 30 per cent on those commodities.'

The Secretary was the father of the AAA act as finally enacted. Some of his philosophy in his own words may throw light on this subject. 'I hold to no particular philosophy of economics,' warns Wallace in his book on *Agricultural Prices*. The gold policy of the Administration he calls 'temporary money magic.' His conclusion on this point is: 'A balanced relationship between these prices [farm prices and general prices] cannot be maintained by monetary policy alone.' The AAA is to achieve 'economic democracy.' Once achieved, this economic democracy 'must be in a position to resist unwise political pressure.' 'Human beings,' he tells us, 'respond far more readily to psychological than to logical arguments. . . . We must invent, build, and put to work new social machinery. This machinery will carry out the Sermon on the Mount as well as the present social machinery carries out and intensifies the law of the jungle.'

The Secretary's claim that the sales taxes under the AAA are the farmer's tariff has come to be universally accepted by the farmer. The tariff itself has never yet had a kind word from the Secretary. Quite the contrary. He says: 'To all intents and purposes the processing tax is the farmer's tariff.'



. . . Long ago, of course, there should have been a far greater outcry about the cost of high tariffs. Fundamentally the tariff and the processing tax are twins. . . . The passage of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act, presumed to help the farmer, was a ghastly fraud in the minds of economists generally and producers of export crops specifically. . . . The cost-of-production theory in tariff making was merely a convenient political dodge. . . . Nearly every President who has had anything to do with tariff revision has been impressed by the way great businesses rally round in the hope of securing governmental favors through the tariff in order to help them promote monopolies. Such legalized thievery is probably working more harm to the people of the United States than all other forms of robbery put together.' The Secretary has no high regard for the tariff, and he realizes that his 'economic democracy' — the AAA, founded on the tariff's 'twin,' the processing tax — is not likely to remain free from successful political 'pressure groups.'

### III

Congress and the President have given us the AAA as a permanent policy. It is part of a 'new deal.' The assumption behind it was that we had been running our agricultural plant without any policy and without any programme. In other words, agriculture was in a state of economic anarchy. This picture of American agriculture is far from correct. Our agricultural programme of the past fifty years has been one of truly brilliant achievement and progress. The United States Department of Agriculture, with its trained staff of more workers than those of all the Departments of Agriculture of all the countries of Europe combined, has built up one of the greatest fact-finding institutions in the world. The function

of the Department of Agriculture was stated in this manner by the late Secretary of Agriculture, Henry Cantwell Wallace: to supply information which the farmers cannot get for themselves; to go further would be to injure rather than to aid the farmers.

Few laymen realize the vastness of the achievements of the Department of Agriculture in promoting scientific agriculture in the United States. We need to be reminded that when we evolved our marvelously efficient inspection and grading systems for wheat and cotton we automatically improved our production of those great crops, thus enabling the farmer to 'cash in' on purely scientific work done in Federal laboratories. We have scouted all corners of the world, discovering and bringing home new plants suited to our conditions. We have laboratories for soil chemistry, out of which have come our thirty years of progress in soil conservation and improvement. We have our Bureau of Entomology, which is our front line of defense against the farmer's worst enemy — the noxious insect. Every phase of agriculture is studied scientifically by the United States Department of Agriculture — soils, plants, animals, farm management, the weather, the markets. Information to help the individual farmer is relayed to the farmer by means of the written word, or by the spoken word. The 'Extension Services' of the Federal Department, the state colleges, county agricultural agents, and county agricultural high schools carry the message of scientific farming to the man on the farm. In this broad way we have already made notable progress in planning and achieving 'better farming, better living, better business.'

In a more specific way, the separate states have gone a long way on the road of a 'planned agriculture.' Wisconsin in the year 1922 was the first state to adopt a fifty-year plan. Vir-

ginia some twelve years ago was among the first states to adopt a five-year plan. Some nine years ago Massachusetts adopted a ten-year plan for her fruit growers. About thirty states to date have agricultural plans. In some cases counties have adopted a plan. Kern County, California, in 1924 adopted a cotton plan which is working successfully. Seneca County, New York, in 1928 adopted what seems to be the best county agricultural plan in the United States. In all cases of planning by states and counties, the actual planning was done by those with their own money invested in the enterprise, by those on the ground, by those with successful experience.

In short, while a planned scarcity is a new thing in American farming, a planned agriculture is not a new thing. It is now an applied science. In fact, the agricultural college of Iowa, at Ames, has formulated a ten-point score card for planning, as follows: —

1. Plan should not yield an immediate benefit at the expense of the future.
2. Plan should promise net gain to American agriculture as a whole.
3. Plan should not interfere with farmer's plan to raise the most advantageous combination of products.
4. Plan must not put in motion forces which will nullify its effects.
5. Plan should not retard desirable economic shifts already under way.
6. Plan should utilize, not oppose, private initiative.
7. Plan should promote conservation of natural resources.
8. Separate plan is needed for each critical area.
9. Plan should involve minimum of social cost — uproot smallest possible proportion of the population.
10. Plan should be as free as possible from political influences.

The AAA plan frankly violates every one of these ten points; it violates all of the principles of farm management

taught in all our agricultural colleges during the past twenty-five years.

Some sage has remarked that, when you yoke together the scientific ox and the speculative ass, progress is slow. The AAA feels that our team, scientific programme and economic progress, is too slow; we must speed up. So now we are putting to the test the new philosophy of 'equality' for agriculture based on a programme of scarcity. This is a new path for us, but this path was trodden by England with her Eastern rubber plan, by Japan with her silk plan, by Cuba with her sugar plan, and by Brazil with her coffee valorization. In each of these four cases the results were the same: first an immediate success — that is, an upswing in prices; then a decrease in consumption and an increase in world output in unrestricted countries; then a crashing downward of prices to new all-time lows.

The AAA programme was applied to major crops first: to cotton by ploughing under one fourth of the crop, amounting to over four million bales of mature cotton (it was a puzzling sight to the ploughman in rags and tatters to see this white cotton being turned back into the black earth); then came the pig slaughter — six million pigs, and two hundred thousand sows about to become mothers of another million pigs. About 15 or 20 per cent of this slaughter went into human food; another portion into fertilizer; another part into carrion. Here was sabotage on the grandest scale in the nation's history.

Wheat farmers signed contracts with the government agreeing to cut wheat acreage 15 per cent. Cotton farmers the second year signed contracts calling for a cut of 40 per cent in their acreage. That is, each individual farmer agreed to cut his individual acreage 40 per cent, thus securing a blanket reduction by that amount in

the whole cotton belt. For the land thus put out of use — 'rented to the government' — the farmer received a check. To the cotton farmer the check amounted to ten or eleven dollars an acre on the average. The hog farmer was given a similar check for the specified number of hogs which he did not raise. In other words, the farmers were paid for not producing. They were literally getting something for nothing.

The money paid to the farmers (about one billion dollars to date) came from sales taxes averaging about 30 per cent, as already mentioned. The farmer frankly looks on this money as a gift from Santa Claus. It violates his common sense to leave his fertile acres fallow — and to be paid for doing it. In principle he rejects this philosophy; but in practice he is glad to have the cash and to 'get his share of the plunder.' Accepting the tariff as a legal device to enable one group to prey on another group, he feels it is his turn to be on the receiving end of the line instead of the paying end. Does this mean that the farmer's morals are being corrupted and his morale lowered? In a sense, yes. As the Secretary would say, the farmer is merely applying the law of the jungle in his own behalf. A lucky break in favor of AAA popularity in the Middle West was the drouth of 1933, 1934, 1935. The contract signer found the government check a godsend.

Various 'referendums' have been held to discover farmer sentiment regarding the AAA programme. From one third to one fifth of the farmers participate. A large majority of those voting thus far have upheld the AAA. In fact, however, these referendums do not reflect sober farmer opinion. There are few greater factories in the world manufacturing mass sentiment than the AAA's staff of over sixty high-power experts on publicity. The Secretary can, in twenty-four hours' time,

carry any message he desires to practically every farmer in the United States. First, his statement goes to the Extension Department of each of the forty-eight agricultural colleges. Here it can be relayed by telephone or telegraph to the county agricultural agent in each county. Then it is instantly passed on to the precinct or township committeemen, and by them to the individual farmers in the neighborhood. Words Wallace utters to-day you hear a Wyoming farmer repeating verbatim to-morrow. The state and county agencies move with great alacrity when the Secretary speaks. They are only human beings, and their salaries come in part from Federal funds. Like the voice of doom, an echo reverberates in the back of their mind: 'Federal control follows Federal financing.' Before each referendum, each farmer has the pleasure of reading the 'facts' as furnished him by a publicity expert in Washington. The farmers laughingly refer to these referendums as 'turning on the heat.' When the first cotton sign-up campaign was under way, frank and open social pressure was successfully applied to the non-signers.

#### IV

The first result of the programme of artificial scarcity is an unbalanced agriculture.

The individual farmer finds his farm-management plans all awry. On information gleaned from Federal farmers' bulletins, from his agricultural college publications, from his farm papers, and from his own costly experience, he has invested a certain amount of money in horses or mules, or in a truck or tractor, and in other farm equipment, and in land, and has hired a certain amount of labor to give him a balanced enterprise. Or, in technical language, he has secured the best balance of land, labor, and capital for his

particular farm enterprise, considering his soil, topography, climate, markets, roads, and so on. Under the reduction ('adjustment') planned in Washington for the country as a whole, he must leave part of his plant idle. True, he may grow certain specified crops, as Washington permits, on the 'rented land.' But even so, part of his labor and part of his machinery will not be needed. Consider, for example, the cotton farmer in Mississippi — the best cotton land in the world. Farmer A has a plantation of 2000 acres. He has the right number of mules and 'hands' to work this land. To be sure, he can grow corn, good corn. But he has learned by experience that his cotton nets him \$31 an acre and his corn \$17. Therefore he sells cotton and buys Iowa corn for his mules. He signs the 'adjustment' contract, and reduces his cotton 40 per cent, or by 800 acres. His cost of production is now increased, because of his big investment in idle cotton machinery. The surplus 'hands' — renters and share croppers — he can and does send away.

Or take the example of a New York farmer operating a 1000-acre farm. His blueprints of his farm show nineteen types of soil. He does mixed farming, to fit his soil condition. He has 75 acres of potatoes on his potato soil. Next year, under the AAA plan, he will be given a definite quota, drastically cutting his potato acreage. The blueprints made in Washington for the 'average farmer' (an imaginary being) do not fit the actual farmer.

Dealing with agriculture in the blanket manner, the AAA has now put out of use for cotton millions of acres of the best cotton lands in the world. The best corn lands of the world are in Iowa, and here again the AAA has put out of use for corn millions of acres of this superior land. The net effect is to increase the cost of production. Farmers producing crops for the export

market, as most of them do, are under the dire necessity of reducing their cost of production in order to survive the competition in this market.

A second effect of the AAA programme is to unbalance agriculture as between regions. The cotton farmer, for example, when forced out of cotton, turned to peanuts, an unrestricted crop. Then Congress declared peanuts to be a basic commodity. The peanut farmer, forced out of peanuts, turned to potatoes, an unrestricted crop. Congress again intervened, and made potatoes a basic crop. So the AAA restricted potatoes. The Texas farmers, forced out of cotton, turned to pastures and meadows — feed for beef and dairy cattle. This meant new competition for the dairy farmers of Wisconsin and Minnesota and New York and Vermont. And the dairy business was already suffering from farmer strikes and violence owing to low prices for butter and milk.

The Northeastern States are known as dairy and poultry states. One half the dairy and poultry ration consists of wheat and corn. But the 'adjustment' in wheat and corn put these prices up, thus crippling the Eastern dairy and poultry farmers. The country's milk crop is worth considerably more than the wheat and cotton crops combined. In fact, the poultry and egg crop is worth more than the wheat crop. So, to the extent that the product of one farm becomes the raw material of a second farm, the second farm suffers from any artificial price boosts of this raw material. Farmers themselves are consumers of at least 40 per cent of our total crop output.

A third effect of the AAA programme of scarcity is an unbalancing of international agriculture. For two hundred years the farms of the South have been geared to the world's cotton markets. Sixty per cent of the crop went into export channels. Cutting our acreage

40 per cent did not create a vacuum in world markets. Quite the contrary. Sixty countries produce cotton commercially; they merely stepped up their output enough to offset our 'adjustment.' Now Liverpool, for the first time, has introduced a standard cotton contract for future trading, permitting deliveries of Brazil and Argentine cotton. Japan, finding abundance of good cotton in various countries, at unpegged prices, has been able to import these growths, manufacture them, and export to the United States tens of millions of square yards of cotton cloth within the last year.

In former years we depended on our exports of wheat to pull us out of a depression. This year we are importing from fifty to one hundred millions of bushels of wheat. Before the World War we produced more than two thirds of the world's corn. Now we are importing corn, our crop being about half the world's crop. In fact, ships from many lands are bringing to our ports wheat, corn, rye, meat, butter, and other foods and feeds. During the year, partly owing to drouth, partly owing to AAA, we have imported butter from Canada, South America, England, Belgium, Denmark, Estonia, Finland, Germany, Greece, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Russia, Sweden, Asia (Iran), Australia, New Zealand, Africa (Morocco, Union of South Africa).

A fourth unbalancing effect of the AAA scarcity programme is the tragic increase of unemployment. Over two hundred thousand share croppers and tenants, with their families, well over a million souls in all, have been forced into the bread lines of the cities and towns. The curtailed hog crop meant tens of thousands of stockyard and packing-house workers in Chicago alone put on the relief rolls. Cotton gins, oil mills, packing houses, transportation companies, and many other agencies

have their services reduced by the AAA programme. The killing of eight million cattle, to conserve feed stuffs, added enormously to the 'surplus' labor of the country. North of the international boundary a few miles was a volume of literally hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat and oats and barley, excellent feed for animals, and not needed there, but desperately needed here to save the lives of our drouth-stricken cattle. Idle labor could have been put to work transporting this grain. But the AAA plan decreed death to the animals, idleness to the labor, and the piling up in Canadian warehouses of this 'surplus' grain. In short, the AAA programme has now added at least two million men to our unemployed. Thus do the AAA and PWA work at cross-purposes, one nullifying the other.

## V

The Secretary spoke of the danger of 'pressure groups.' Already there are ominous signs that the economic planning done by the AAA is frequently overruled by the political planning done by these pressure groups. In the closing days of the last Congress we saw a sight to sadden our hearts. Senators ceased to represent the nation. The potato Senators combined with the wheat Senators. The coal Senators, like the silver Senators before them, fought for their economic group. So it came to pass that after less than one hundred minutes of debate in both houses the potato law — the most drastic piece of regimentation in our history — was passed.

The potato law is a drastic, compulsory-control law. Under it ten new crimes are created. Each of the three or four million potato farmers is to be given his quota. Any potatoes he produces above his quota and sells on the market will be taxed 45 cents a bushel — unless he can successfully



bootleg them. But if he is caught he is subject to a fine of one thousand dollars and a year in the penitentiary. If a farmer drives to town with a load of potatoes and sells some of them at the housewife's back door he is likely to get her into trouble. She is guilty of a felony if these potatoes are not in a specified container and if there is no stamp tax on them. She can be sent to the penitentiary for a year for her crime. Can pressure groups go further than this?

The AAA law, as originally passed, contains the word 'emergency' three times in its title. But now the Administration has declared the act to be permanent, and Congress has made it as permanent as any law can be. As originally passed, the essence of the act was 'voluntary coöperation' on the part of farmers. Already the law has been made compulsory for cotton, tobacco, and potatoes.

As originally enacted, the law applied to seven so-called 'basic' crops — the wheat, corn, and hogs of the North; the cotton, tobacco, and rice of the South; and milk and its products. These seven basic crops have now swollen to seventeen by adding sugar cane, sugar beets, beef cattle, dairy cattle, peanuts, rye, flax, barley, grain sorghums, potatoes.

This sudden spurt in the number of 'basic' crops, like the enactment of the potato act, is a warning to the Secretary that already the political planners have taken the stage away from him. The Secretary had quite a different vision before him when he entered upon his superhuman task.

However, as the Secretary surveys the AAA in operation, he is led to express approval and to say frankly that one step leads to another: 'The cotton plan, the corn and hog plan, the dairy, tobacco, fruit and wheat programmes

that we are launching — all these are experimental first steps in the new direction. Once you take the first step in that direction, you are forced to take other steps.'

Undersecretary Tugwell, with the vision of an Isaiah, seems to glimpse a time here when every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low. Farmers on the hilltops are to be taken down into the valleys to do 'rational' farming. 'The National Administration,' says Tugwell, 'has procured a regulated harvest of cotton and cigar tobacco for this year and is moving to procure a regulated harvest of wheat. Soon we shall have plans under way for a long-time programme to adjust the production of corn and hogs.'

'One move compels another as in a game of chess.

'And that move in turn compels a whole series of others.

'We have set upon a process which is bound to alter our entire agricultural structure.

'It may go beyond that and lead in time to a rational resettlement of America.'

In a still more optimistic moment the Secretary declared: 'The millennium is not yet here, although the makings of it are clearly in our hands.'

But Old Man HCL arrives ahead of the millennium. It was only some forty years ago when our magazines and journals were full of articles on the 'High Cost of Living.' Within this last year we have read of consumers' strikes against the high cost of meat and of bread.

Will high prices and scarcity get us out of the depression? Clearly a general organization of scarcity, however imposed, will simply make the depression permanent. Recovery can come only through an expansion of production.

## CHILD IN THE HILLS

WHERE on these hills are tracks a small foot made,  
Where rests the echo of his voice calling to the crows  
In sprouting corn? Here are tall trees his eyes  
Have measured to their tops, here lies fallow earth  
Unfurrowed by terracing ploughs these sleeping years.  
Here flow the waters of Carr before his darkened door.

I cannot see you, child, but I can hear your voice  
Shrill and imperious with rain in the beechwood trees.  
In the dark hours I have heard your questing words  
Creep out of nowhere in the mountain silence;  
I have heard your small heart beat with low whispering  
In measured breaths of deep night, ebbing and returning.

Now you are shod against the earth.  
Once your eager toes were thrust with gladness in the soil  
And smooth pebbles welled between your willing toes;  
Once you waded the clear stony waters of Carr  
And perch fled before your steps in swaying silver zigzags.

Once, waking in the night, open-eyed and wondering  
You heard geese flying over, and you listened, breathless;  
Once swift feet of horses echoed when your brother died,  
Once the waters of Carr rose in the night to flooding  
And you heard the swelling voice of the water's strength.

Now you have fled with the geese, with the hoofs at midnight,  
Swept with the waters down the winding mountain valleys,  
Drifted into years of growth and strange enmeshment,  
But the child did not go. . . .

He is waiting under the shadow of these hills,  
In the damp coolness of laurel and rhododendron;  
He is lost in the mossy coves, in the lynn's late sighing.  
His voice is drowned in the waters of Carr.

JAMES STILL

# SMALL TOWN

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

## I

IN a newspaper office in a Western town of 17,000 population, forty years ago, sat three young men discussing an editorial by Edward Bok in his *Ladies' Home Journal*. Bok deplored the tendency of young people to set out for the nearest big city to make their start in life, and stressed the advantages of the small town both as a place to work and as a place to live. The young men voted, 'Very good, Edward,' and wrote him a joint letter to that effect, explaining that they were publishing a small-town daily and getting a lot of fun out of it, and proposed to see it through and carve out their destinies, if any, in the old home town. Two years later those three young men were settled down to their lifework in New York.

One became a publisher, another a banker, and the third an advertising man. They prospered after a fashion, experienced varied fortunes, but within fifteen years were successful enough to have homes in small towns within commuting distance of New York, and after another fifteen years to move to the actual country fifty to a hundred miles away, spending long week-ends there during the summer. Two of those men are now dead, but the third lives on a modernized abandoned farm six months out of the year, surrounding himself as far as possible with the environment his boyhood knew: earth, trees, grass, horizons — the things he thought he hated when he

shook from his feet the dust of his native town. When business compels him to visit the city, he escapes back to the country with a long sigh of relief.

The country to which he now escapes is no substitute for the town he abandoned forty years ago. Here he is but one of a number of summer denizens, an alien in a New England community, with no background, no roots, no integral part in the local life. His being there at all is an instinctive response to the call of the earth which is dormant in the soul of any city man whose first twenty years were spent in mowing the lawn, milking the cow, and spading the garden. Those hated chores of boyhood become the recreations of later years, but they do not entirely recapture the no doubt fanciful glamour which surrounds his youth.

Such is the case history of many an inhabitant of the big city; or, if his means are straitened, he spends fifty weeks in a narrow flat with two weeks in the country as a vacation. Those who boast two homes lead strenuous double lives, traveling long distances daily or weekly for the satisfaction of seeing something besides brick and mortar and asphalt. They are not city-born, nor in a real sense city-bred. They came hither to seek their fortunes because of the legend which still persists that opportunities here are greater and more numerous. Let a young man have a gift or aptitude, or even a dash

of ambition, and he feels that remaining in the small town which nourished him is hiding his talent in a napkin.

When George Ade was asked, 'A good many bright young men come from Indiana, don't they?' he answered, 'Yes, and the brighter they are, the sooner they come.'

And George Ade, who certainly had his hour in the bright lights of Broadway, now lives on his Indiana farm.

One result of this obsession, this naïve belief in the chances fortune affords in the big city, has been to divide the country into metropolises and home towns, though the line cannot be drawn sharply. One man's metropolis is another man's village. It is not always New York the young adventurers seek, each with an industrial captain's baton concealed in his knapsack, nor even Chicago. It may well be Denver, or Cleveland, or St. Louis. All that is necessary is that the city shall be appreciably larger than the seeker's present domicile. It is merely the lure of the new and strange contrasted with the known and commonplace; the escape from 'I knew him when . . .' We have all experienced the difficulty of growing up, of achieving recognized maturity, in the place where the older inhabitants have known us from birth, where we are still Clint Calkins's little boy Ernie, even after we have reached voting age.

But there is more to this tendency big-city-ward than desire to escape from boyhood environment. The young people believe the metropolis bristling with opportunities, that their talents, unappreciated at home, will be quickly recognized abroad — and this also is sometimes true. The big city does have more opportunities than the small one, and more successes, just as it has more failures, more has-beens, more dullards and plodders, for the simple reason that it has more people of all kinds. It is likewise crowded with young

hopefuls seeking that mysterious and elusive something known as 'opportunity.' The chances are relatively no greater, the rewards relatively no more satisfying; and, if attained, they seem to lead in the long run back to the country.

All my business life I have answered letters from aspiring men and women who sound me out as to the wisdom of dropping everything and coming to New York to get into advertising. Their home is a small town, they urge, and does not offer any opportunity. Patiently I explain that advertising is one of our most widely distributed commodities, that the work can be done wherever men sell goods, that if they have any aptitude for it they can start where they are. And this advice holds good for medicine, salesmanship, architecture, dentistry, or newspaper editing.

The spell of the great city has broadcast a glamour that is far from real, and at the same time given life in the small town a drabness that is equally undeserved. The small-town 'hick,' the country 'rube,' are as rare as the city 'slicker.' None of them ever existed in a statistical sense. They are literary figures. They are states of mind which are found everywhere, in the big cities as well as the smallest hamlets, exactly as the shrewd man-of-the-world type is found everywhere. There are vacuous bumpkins living in New York, Boston, and San Francisco, and there are men in small towns whose dress is urban, whose manners are urbane, who have culture, worldly wisdom, savoir-faire, polish — whatever it is that bumping against one's fellows in big cities is supposed to impart. It is n't riding in the subway, or seeing the Empire State Building, or struggling with the crowd on Forty-second Street, that makes a man large-minded. That merely develops the special skill of coping with crowds, just

as cultivating the soil develops weather wisdom. After all, it is as broad as it is long. The boulevardier cuts no better figure in a cornfield than the farmer on Broadway.

If there was ever real ground for the sharp differentiation between town and country it disappeared before the equalizing influence of improved communication and transportation. Thanks to the radio, people now speak as sloppy English in the country as in the city; the movie tells them what clothes to wear, and they wear them. The ubiquitous motor is congesting traffic on Main Street as well as State Street. The farmer who walked up Broadway with his ancient carpetbag, raising the hackles of every confidence man in sight, is part of folklore. He is more apt to drive his Cadillac up to the Waldorf or the La Salle.

It is an ancient and honorable controversy, the argument over the comparative advantages and disadvantages of town and country living. The dispute is as old as literature, probably as old as towns. Æsop had something to say about it, and Horace was deeply concerned as he weighed the dust and noise of the arena against the peace and quiet of his Sabine farm. La Fontaine did it into a fable, which to my surprise I found was about rats, though the literary allusions are always to 'The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse.' At any rate, the moral is that, while there is greater abundance of food in the city, in the country one eats in quiet and safety. But, on the other hand, those two inveterate cockneys, Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb, saw no charm in country life. Johnson thought the best prospect in Scotland was the road to London. But the question has been given what advertising men call 'a new slant' in recent years by the changes that inventions have made in modes and manners, and needs to be reconsidered on a fresh basis.

## II

When, a few years ago, I attended the fortieth reunion of my class at a Western college and met the classmates and contemporaries I had not seen since our common youth, I was struck by the fact that there was no essential difference between those who had passed their lives in small towns and those of the same estate whom I had known in New York — none, that is, in dress, speech, manner, or way of living that set them off as having missed something essential. On the contrary, many of the small-town magnates seemed to have had a fuller, richer, more satisfying existence than their counterparts in the populous cities.

These were naturally the successful men of their communities, though for that matter failure, while less conspicuous, is no more bearable in urban than in rural surroundings. But I am here concerned with those who elected to remain in small towns, preferring, as the old proverb has it, to be first in a Nubian village rather than second in Rome. These are the men who might have gone to the big towns and been proportionately successful there.

They had worked out their careers in towns having from thirty thousand inhabitants down to as few as five thousand. They were farmers, bankers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers. They were small-town men, but they did not seem to have small-town minds. They got about; they knew men; they were interested in large enterprises; they had had varied experiences. Some of them were trustees of the college. All had connections, social and business, with other towns, other states. After leaving college, some had gone East for postgraduate work or professional training, and returned to start in the home town; others took over the paternal bank or store or factory. They married, had



children and grandchildren, and some of these had settled close by. None of them seemed to feel he had chosen unwisely. Their lives were as full, as gracious, as satisfying, apparently, as lives anywhere.

Success, of course, is measured by various yardsticks, but a work that satisfies, ample material return, and a pleasant environment cover what most of us desire. The last is the most important, for there is no doubt that a man can make as good a living in a small town as his ability can achieve; the doubt lies in whether the living, when made in such an environment, is worth while.

There was one man at this college reunion who might stand as an extreme example, for the town where he lived boasted less than five thousand people — what is known as a ‘tank town,’ where through trains do not stop (a negligible deprivation in these days of motor cars), where picturesque characters are supposed to gather around the grocery stove (the chain stores have put a stop to all that); an ordinary small Western town with no great advantages in the way of location, scenery, or architecture; not a show town or model city, but a town that has been conditioned by a hundred years of pleasant, not-too-hectic living. A good satirist could make it sound ‘hick’ with a few strokes of the pen.

Martin Leigh is the banker of that town, the only banker. After graduating from the fresh-water college, he had his year at Harvard, and then entered the family bank, established by his grandfather, a pioneer on the prairies. Though the town is small, it is the trading centre of a large farming community, which means it has shared the ups and downs of agriculture; but, despite moratoriums, bank holidays, and farm mortgages, the bank is sound and solvent.

Leigh’s home is a roomy, rambling,

and comfortable structure, enlarged to accommodate a growing family and different conceptions of social needs. Its wide lawn is now covered with stately old trees, and there is a vegetable garden, and charming flower gardens, and a pasture for the cow. Two maids, or rather one maid and a strong ‘woman by the day,’ do the housework, but that does not preclude the mistress from taking a hand, as she is well qualified to do, and thus linking her domestic life more closely with that of her neighbors’ simpler homes, for one of the amenities of small-town life is the limit public opinion sets on ‘show-off.’ There are men in each of these little communities who have the means to splurge in domestic establishments, — butlers, livery, uniformed chauffeurs, — but the native good sense of the community, the persistence of the pioneer ideal, keeps them on a plane little above that of their neighbors, and life is simple and wholesome, with much income saved.

In Leigh’s home have been entertained people of note in public affairs, in letters, and in business. He himself mixes in politics a bit, has represented his state in national conventions, and takes a decent interest in the governing of the small town, to which he has given a community house and playground. The family travel widely and people come long distances to see them. Chicago is but a hundred miles distant, over the straightest, smoothest, and fastest roads in this country, and Leigh drives to the big city to attend board meetings and is home in time for dinner, which most of the town-folk call supper. All the family go up for opera, concerts, plays (though the movie is effacing that diversion), as well as dinners, parties, and other social affairs, giving them all the metropolitan life they need or desire.

One attraction of the small town is that it justifies the motor car, which

congestion in the big cities has practically nullified. In the small town one starts the ride from the front gate. In five minutes he is in open country, instead of spending the first and last hours of a drive threading congested purlieus. A car is hardly needed for the daily rounds in so small a place. The bank and business quarters are but five minutes' walk away under trees that meet in a Gothic arch overhead. There is a large garage on the home place, a car for nearly every member of the family, and no bills for storage. The cars are washed and kept in order by the useful man who milks the cow, mows the lawn, and takes care of the gardens. He can drive when necessary, but does not wear a uniform, a peaked cap being the only concession to the change of status from hired man to chauffeur.

In ten minutes by car Leigh can be on the links of an eighteen-hole golf course (dues twenty dollars a year), beside a winding artificial lake created in the dimples of the rolling prairie, its simple clubhouse the centre of much entertaining. Simple, we say — but that does not preclude cocktail parties, pajamas and shorts, or bare-backed sun-bathing. The fads, follies, and fashions of supposedly more favored resorts are all found in these small towns for those who want them, but one advantage is that they are not compulsory.

The cost of such living is less than for similar privileges and environment in a big city. Isolated small towns are self-contained, make their own standards of living, and set the price as well as the pace. Not only are the necessities of life cheaper, but there is no occasion for some expenditures that the city renders imperative — transportation, for instance, with its steady outlay of nickels, dimes, and half dollars for subway, bus, and taxi; no constant call for tipping, no thirty-five dollars a

month for car storage. But Leigh's clothes are made in Chicago, his wife's dresses in New York, and sometimes in Paris; his children, after graduating from the local college, attend Eastern universities. It is a safe bet that \$25,000 a year in the small city will buy as much of living as \$100,000 in New York, discounting the so-called greater opportunities — provided living in the small town is at least as satisfying as living in the metropolis.

Of course Leigh is exceptional in his own town, but he is not exceptional the country over. Every small town has its quota of such men. In the gathering I spoke about there were at least a dozen small-town business men whose names are in *Who's Who*, — from towns such as Madison, Wisconsin; Elgin, Illinois; Oberlin, Ohio, — who seemed more than content. Certainly they showed no curiosity about New York. As a matter of fact, they knew it as well as I, who have lived there forty years.

The big city was ably represented by Jack Basset, who might almost serve as a symbol of the country boy who wins a fortune in the big city. Son of a Methodist minister, he grew up in the small town where the college was situated. On graduation he went to New York, took up banking, and in time found his *métier*. More manufacturer than banker, he became an expert in a specialized field growing out of our complicated economic system — that of nursing sick businesses. He has a genius for pulling factories out of the hole and making them pay. When the bank took over such an industry he was put in charge, and just now he is president of a large corporation with offices in New York and ramifications elsewhere. He has a small but perfectly ordered apartment in New York, where he spends five days a week, but his legal residence is a five-hundred-acre fancy farm in the

Berkshires, with bathing pool, trout stream, pedigreed cattle, and cages of pheasants, which requires the services of twenty-eight men to keep it presentable for the brief survey its owner is able to give it. To reach his 'farm,' Jack rides a hundred miles by train and twenty by motor, every week, for the sake of forty-eight hours in the country.

The place is well worth the trip, but one cannot help feeling he gets little out of it at the expense of considerable time and trouble, that he could have it every day if his factory and offices were near at hand, as they might easily be, — New England is full of factories, — and that a much simpler arrangement for country living would have sufficed to satisfy the instinct to return to the land. It is doubtful if he gets more pleasure out of his elaborate place, especially when you consider how little he sees of it, than Martin Leigh does out of his less pretentious home.

The other day the editor of a small country weekly in upper New York received a classified advertisement which piqued his curiosity. A lawyer announced he would be in certain neighboring towns on certain days prepared to give legal advice, and in his home town, a small village, on other days. The editor investigated and got a good story. The advertiser was a successful New York lawyer who had deliberately abandoned a promising city practice and settled in the small town with the intention of building a second career in that unpromising territory, for the sake of giving his sons the advantage, which had been his as a boy, of living in the country. The heritage of small-town memories which so many Americans possess is something for which there is no substitute. For a boy, at least, a big city is a barren waste beside the unfailing attractions and diversions of the country.

Emporia has given William Allen White all the background he needed to become a national figure. It was as a lover of his native soil that he wrote the ringing editorial, 'What's the Matter with Kansas?' — and he did not belie his faith by running off to New York when his words set a nation talking. Emporia made White, but White has put Emporia on the map. He has pictured small-town life in *In Our Town* with all its warmth and color and humanness. But more convincing still is his continued satisfaction with life in Emporia. He does n't just write about it. He lives it.

### III

But enough of the material side. It is obvious that practically everything which can be bought with money is as accessible to the small-townner as to the big-city man. The deeper satisfactions of life in small cities or large villages lie elsewhere — in nature and human nature, the country and the people.

There is something in us that demands contact with elemental forces — earth, sky, wind, sun. There is a philosophy that comes from nearness to the land, tilling the soil, caring for animals, coping directly and at first hand with nature. Outdoor men, farmers, cowboys, shepherds, sailors, hunters, engineers, have it. I often felt it in my boyhood in the farmers that I knew, strong, quiet, thoughtful men. The earth does things to you — the smell of freshly turned sod, the sun on the back of your neck, running water, the tremendous systole and diastole of nature, giving each month of the round a significance; in the city they are but names on a calendar.

The Greeks put the idea neatly in the legend of Antæus, whose strength was renewed by contact with Mother Earth. The only way Hercules could

overcome him was to get him off his feet.

The small town is still linked to the soil. It has more affinity with the country than with the big city it so mistakenly emulates. Its people are still aware of the procession of the seasons, seedtime and harvest, sunrise and sunset, the night and its stars, which for the city dweller — his earth plated with concrete, his sky narrowed by brick canyons — have almost ceased to exist.

But the best thing about a small town is the people who live in it. I say this boldly, knowing how often that element is seized upon as a subject for ridicule — their dullness, banality, narrow lives and interests. The point is that the indictment simply is not true. There are such people and such conditions in small towns, just as there are in large cities, for the human race is plentifully supplied with all kinds; they average about the same everywhere. The inhabitants of the small town are no worse and no better than people everywhere, but in the small town you know them, as friends, neighbors, acquaintances, over a long span of years, lifetimes often, and they know you for what you are — a sobering but an inspiring thought. In the small town you do not need to pretend; you can be yourself. This may irk some minds, who will prefer the anonymity of the big city, but to a normal person there is something heartening in being an integral part of a community. Be sure of this: if you find the small town dull, the lack is in you. You no doubt bore the people.

Neighborliness! That is the touchstone of the small town. Our common, ingrained humanity finds expression and overleaps mere social distinctions. The girl in the Western Union office rejoices audibly over the good news we are telegraphing, and condoles with us over a misfortune. She goes to our

Sunday school. The carpenter and painter take a friendly interest in their work, with none of that slapdash indifference of city artisans, here today and gone to-morrow, and they do odd jobs for you not countenanced by their unions. The old postman sits down in your porch to look over this week's *Time* before leaving it, and tells you he is sorry there is no letter from Betty this week — Betty being your married daughter who lives in Texas. The postman has known her from babyhood, when she used to sit on the gatepost waiting for the mail; now she has daughters of her own. One is surrounded by this warm, friendly, genuine interest which is neither prying nor curiosity, which does not fail in times of trouble. It is the thing country folk miss most in large cities.

The neighborliness of the small town is an honest tradition from pioneer days when the early settlers 'changed work' and helped one another with bees and house-raising, as is done still among farmers at threshing time. The neighborly exchange of simple social life, from porch to porch, over the back fence, the casual daily meetings on Main Street, still go on, but they are accompanied now in even the smallest places by social functions which differ little from the same festivities in large cities.

Besides qualifying for the small-town virtue of neighborliness, some of the people are intrinsically interesting and worth knowing for their own sakes. There are characters distinguished for culture, achievement, experience, and personality far more individual than if their corners had been rubbed off by the friction of metropolitan life. In a big city you might see such famous people, but in the small town, if you are worthy, you are privileged to know them. They are part of the life of the town, *dramatis personæ* of the play for which you have a reserved seat.

I recall such people in a town of less than 30,000, men and women — a Latin teacher who was a gifted conversationalist, a cobbler whose astute socialist arguments dismayed smug reactionary business men, an editor who in his leisure hours became an authority on the geology of the state, a Catholic priest who was the best of good companions, a lawyer whose library was a collection of rare first editions. Stories, each one of them. To know them was an experience, an adventure in friendship.

One is aware of the continuing stream of life. Mankind is seen as a whole, in all its relations, instead of such detached segments as impinge on one's consciousness from the milling crowds of a great city. You may thus behold, if you live long enough, the span of five successive generations — births, marriages, and deaths, the vagaries of heredity, the changing fortunes in human lives. I recall in my boyhood a stern bearded man, son of the first pioneer of our village. I knew his son and his grandson, and, did I still live there, I should now know that grandson's grandson, and such experiences are repeated for other family strains. The lives of such dynasties constitute books, books read with a touch of nostalgia by detached floating human elements living in big cities. There is as much romance, adventure, drama, tragedy, in any small town as in any similar-sized group in a large city. For one to whom a human being is the most interesting animal in the world, there is unfailing entertainment, and food for thought too, in the changing panorama of life in a small town.

What is often disparaged as the gossip of a small town is its most vital quality — interest in human history. After all, what is the difference between the country-wide interest in the marital adventures of Barbara Hutton, or the struggle for possession of Gloria

Vanderbilt, and the same curiosity, tempered in this case by friendly interest, regarding the marriage of Mame Littleton of our town, whose birth notice in the local sheet we read, it seems, just the other day, whose father and mother are our friends and neighbors, whose grandfather we looked up to with awe as children as one of the 'rude forefathers of the hamlet'? The county correspondence in country newspapers comes in for a good deal of 'joshing,' with its grist of seemingly trivial social affairs, but what essential difference is there between those paragraphs and the items in the society column of a metropolitan newspaper?

Small towns have culture, often in greater degree, relatively, than any large city. There are college towns in the Mississippi Valley (and elsewhere, too) — Oberlin, Marietta, Jacksonville, Galesburg, to name but a few — with a high I. Q. The public library at Galesburg is one of the best in Illinois. The use of books there during the depression rose to 16.7 per capita a year, which librarians will tell you is a high score. Nor is that due to the presence of Knox College, for the students have their own unusually complete library. There are some fine libraries in homes, and many books and magazines in others, study clubs which really function, — the two best have met continuously for forty years, — musical societies, little theatres, all the paraphernalia of culture.

Forty years ago a discerning French journalist, Madame Thérèse Bentzon of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, wrote of one of those prairie college towns: —

We visit the town, which is charming with its shady avenues and its verdant boulevards. It covers a vast extent, trees and gardens occupying much of the space. Green trees surround the principal buildings. There are a few mercantile streets, but they are quietly busy, as befits a town where trade is only a secondary matter,



which has never cared for anything but religion and learning. The elegant quarter is filled with very pretty middle-class houses, mostly of painted wood, but of every architectural style. Lawns encircle them; they seem to be scattered over a meadow. The entire town is scrupulously neat. . . .

Am invited to several houses in the town, where I find the best of company — women simple, and at the same time well informed, talking on all subjects and asking intelligent questions. Evidently contact with the college is a constant stimulus, and the society of the professors a precious resource. Some have traveled, but they are not possessed by that feverish desire for change which I have remarked elsewhere, nor is there any trace of pretense or affectation — which is restful. The diversity of religious denominations in this little town, which is so devout as a whole, is singular.

Under the impact of movie, radio, and motor car, the town has changed; some of its peace and quiet have vanished; it is bigger, noisier, more crowded, but its inner life is much as Madame Bentzon saw it. And there are many such in that great plain between the Alleghanies and the Rockies.

If I have inclined too strongly toward the Middle West, it is only partly because I know it best, but more logically because that region is the heart of the United States. The towns are widely scattered, each the centre of its own broad farming land,

hence isolated and self-contained; less overshadowed by big cities, and able to lead its own life and develop its own individuality. These towns are the projection of a recent pioneer impulse, and many of them are less than one hundred years from virgin prairie. But the thesis holds good for small towns in other sections of the country, the East and the far West, provided they have not sold their birthright for a mess of industrial pottage. For it is the farm towns that to-day look best and reveal a charm and inviting prospect which few factory towns have yet learned to acquire.

The small towns are our greatest asset. It is time we took stock of them, those middle-sized, middle-class, bourgeois burghs which it is so easy to mock, though few who have lived there have escaped their charm and amenity. A wistful longing for them has built up a flourishing business in New York, selling out-of-town newspapers. The movement toward decentralization already under way, which made Rockefeller Center and the Empire State Building obsolete before they were completed, will give them new significance.

'God made the country,' says the proverb, 'and the devil made the city.' Between God's country and the devil's city is the small town, combining the best features of both.

# BLIND ALLEYS<sup>1</sup>

BY CARL JOACHIM FRIEDRICH

## I

A FEW years ago, in the swank modern salon of André Maurois, I met a vivacious old gentleman who turned out to be a professor of law. Upon learning that I had gone from Heidelberg to Harvard University, he exclaimed: 'How could you?' There ensued a discussion of the merits of American as compared with French and German institutions of higher learning. In the course of this exchange of views, my French friend finally summarized his disdain in the sentence: '*Les universités d'outre-mer n'ont pas d'esprit!*'

What did this man mean by his indictment that American universities have no spirit? Surely his opinion would not have been altered if he could have watched the manifestations of boisterous college spirit which vents its enthusiasm in thundering rah-rahs on the football field. In fact, the French *esprit* is so full of meaning, so rich in implications, that no foreign language can adequately render the word. *Esprit* comprises all that a Frenchman likes in intellectual life. It suggests wit and faith, candor and lucidity, imagination and originality.

But there is something else which a possession of all these qualities will

give to a man, and a scholar: a profound, vital interest and participation in the growth of ideas moulding his time and his people. I suspect, from the whole tenor of our conversation, that it was this quality which my French friend had in mind. Before his inner eye he had the University of Paris in the days of Abélard and Saint Thomas, when it consisted of a few rich personalities of real genius who drew unto themselves all who were sensitive to the flowering of ideas, to the unfolding of the mind. For, although it is a far cry from Saint Thomas to the Sorbonne under the Third Republic, the tradition of the university as the centre of living ideas has never died in France. Originality, imagination, and faith in the reality of the spiritual life are the rock upon which Bologna, Paris, and Heidelberg were built. That this foundation is lacking in the United States is commonly assumed in Europe, and in its eyes justifies the condescension of scholars who often teach in institutions whose material resources are merely a fraction of those of the leading universities in this country.

## II

Such a disdainful attitude is surely quite outmoded in the natural sciences. For in these fields American universities have undoubtedly assumed leadership very much in the same way as Euro-

<sup>1</sup> Although the author has in recent years been connected with Harvard University, the following thoughts are based upon extensive observations of more than a hundred colleges and universities from Maine to California. Needless to say, none of the illustrations refer to individuals unless these are specially mentioned. — EDITOR

pean universities have done. Chemistry, physics, biology, engineering, and medicine are all being pushed forward vigorously by the efforts of men and women employed in the higher institutions of learning. Though some very important work is being done outside, by great industrial concerns like the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and by government bureaus like the Bureau of Standards, the more theoretical tasks, the exploration of new paths, are largely undertaken by scholars in the universities and technical institutes. In these more comprehensive efforts, the revitalizing effect of constant communication and contact with men working in cognate fields, often remote from practical needs, — like mathematics and astronomy, — is essential. Here, then, in the broad realm of the natural sciences, American universities are in the vanguard of the movement of ideas; they are full of spirit, to use my friend's expression; they display imagination and originality, and their work is carried forward with an ardent faith in the value and future of science. We may, for that reason, leave the natural sciences aside.

After all, my Frenchman was a professor of law, and his concern was with the social sciences and the humanities, with philosophy, history, and literature. For, decisive as is the position of natural science in the total sum of human knowledge, and tremendous as are the revolutions brought about by its recent discoveries, the spiritual climate of our time, as of all times, expresses itself more readily in our ideas on man and society, on education, sex life, government, and religion. A people's *Weltanschauung* is not concerned with chemical formulas; it is built, in the eloquent words of John Morley, around 'the questions that haunt all ages, that survive all philosophies, that defy continuous generations of char-

tered soothsayers, that mock rising and sinking schools alike.' This is the stuff with which the social sciences and the humanities are concerned: 'man's outlook upon the world and time and human destinies; the mental summary of experience, knowledge, duty, affections to his fellows.' Most people are only dimly aware of these matters. It is the task of thoughtful men to examine anew ideas on these topics which tradition has handed down to us, to test them in the light of new experiences and of hitherto unknown facts which the changing social life presents. It is at this point that American universities seem to fail.

### III

The obvious retort — the one which I immediately made in my conversation — is to point with pride to Veblen and Dewey, to Beard and Commons. Being a jurist, my friend was not too familiar with these names, and requested me to add legal scholars of similar stature. I spoke of Langdell and Ames and Pound; then proceeded to explain that the profoundly different traditions of bench and bar in common-law lands would forever give the great judges preëminence in the field of law, that it was difficult if not impossible for any scholar to match the intellectual authority of a man of great gifts on the Supreme Court, such as Oliver Wendell Holmes.

But on further reflection these arguments seemed hollow; they did not really meet the challenge to the American university as an institution. After all, every one of these men was or is in some measure an outsider; Beard actually was induced to resign from academic life. Quite apart from the cheap attacks of unintelligent alumni and politicians in the state legislatures, men of such intense *esprit* have usually played a lone hand. Their influence did not radiate through their occupying a

position of leadership in their institution; rather did they turn from the corporate institutional background of their university to a broader public outside. To be sure, each man has been surrounded by his group of admiring students who idolized him, but the universities themselves were not moulded by his kind, but rather by humdrum minds with so-called 'administrative' ability, men who conceived it as their highest ambition to become a dean or a president rather than to excel in thought or writing.

## IV

It is curious how little attention has been given to the smothering effect of such administrative control in American institutions of higher learning. And yet this predominance of a permanent scholastic bureaucracy puzzles a scholar from Europe more than anything else, when he attentively observes how the wheels go round in institutions large and small throughout the land. Every European country has, of course, its ministry of education, which holds a whip hand of administrative influence over all academic appointments and the spending of money for research. And I, for one, rather prefer the American system, composed as it is of men who after all belong to the faculty and share with it a practical knowledge of the intricacies of teaching and research, and are readily accessible for discussion and argument over any controversial point. This system seems to me to offer better opportunities for adequate adjustment of difficulties than the obsequious bureaucracy of a distant central ministry, composed of men who seek a career quite outside of the universities. The personal history of some of the master intriguers in that field — like that of the Prussian bureau chief, Althoff — would bring to light the extent to which intellectual life was throt-

tled by the exigencies of a very questionable statecraft.

The evil nature of bureaucracy abroad can scarcely excuse our indifference to the manifest shortcomings of intramural 'deanocracy' in this country. We must remember that the encroachments of a ministerial bureaucracy used to founder upon the solid rock of faculty solidarity, particularly where questions of *esprit*, of the freedom to teach, were concerned. 'Administrative' professors, on the contrary, fail to respond to such intellectual issues and they therefore divide the faculty into 'regulars' and 'troublemakers.' Many a man with a profound enthusiasm for the higher aspirations of the university has been more deeply hurt by the cold stare of his former friends than by anything the authorities could have done. Unfortunately this question has too often been envisaged in terms of the teacher who is politically 'radical.' For, however 'radical' one may consider the position of some of these men in practical politics, as scholars they are often quite tame and conservative. This was true of Ludwig Lewisohn as well as of Harold Laski, and the same could be said of other so-called radicals who are to-day teaching in American universities. The really serious problem arises over the radical scholar, the man whose scientific views deviate so markedly from accepted opinion that they can be dubbed and will be dubbed 'unsound' by the recognized pundits of the particular field.

## V

It is this discouragement of the man groping for new paths, advancing thoroughly heterodox ideas, which appears to me to be the real crux of higher thought and learning in America. Professor Karl Llewellyn, in a purposely provocative address to the students of the Harvard Law School, bela-

bored American law schools generally for their failure to appoint 'nuts.' That remark obviously overstates the point I am driving at. Of course Llewellyn did not want real 'nuts'; but he wanted a few men who would be considered in that light until a later generation would come to call some of them great.

But the law schools are by no means the only sinners. The dead hand of professional orthodoxy has an even more powerful grip on the faculties of arts and sciences. For here departmental recommendations are a necessary preliminary to faculty appointment. What is a department? Every science or field of learning constitutes a department (or division). Thus you find in every large university departments of philosophy, psychology, history, government, economics, and so forth and so on. Now these departments are composed of the men teaching the particular field, with all decisions resting in the hands of the more or less permanently appointed senior members. These men are scholars, and the stronger and greater they are, the stronger and more outspokenly do they hold their views. It is an error to believe that great minds recognize their equals; they very often do not. The young man with real fire is apt to challenge established views; the grand old man frowns upon such challenge, unless it is couched in the conciliatory language of a born diplomat.

Such young diplomats do exist, but they are the exception rather than the rule. Most young thinkers of real mettle take an irritating joy in proving the old master wrong; they take after the great Pierre de la Ramée, who, as candidate for the bachelor's degree in 1541, threw the gauntlet to the assembled Aristotelian scholastics with the thesis: 'All that Aristotle taught is wrong' — surely not a sound thesis, but one which later mellowed into a much truer conception of Aristotle than

the hair-splitting doctors of Paris had expounded. Ramée was, of course, repudiated by his seniors, and so are his kin of to-day. Not always, to be sure. There are wise men of generous disposition who will look upon the youthful antics of their critics with magnanimity. I have been rather lucky in encountering some such men in my own path. But institutions must reckon with the average run of men, not with the happy exception. This average scholar will oppose the heretic; if recommendations must be passed upon by him, they will be rejected. He will mistake obsequious repetition of his own views, or their faithful application to some unexplored set of facts, for real promise.

## VI

It must, of course, be admitted that a considerable number of such 'sound' men are needed in every institution, because they will carry on the work. This is particularly true as long as the general scientific outlook remains unaltered. But, unhappily, in the moral and particularly in the social sciences the general outlook rarely remains stable for any length of time. Sensitivity to the general movement of ideas in the community is a prime requisite for really significant work. Soundness turns readily into dry-as-dust accumulation of irrelevant stuff. The human spirit cannot remember everything, cannot consider everything; it must select and explore anew. Where new ideas emerge, new work has to be done. To find the men who can do it is a task which no panacea of organization will solve. It depends forever upon the understanding and insight of those who determine the choices.

But you can remove obstacles. You can seek to offer a fair chance to the aspirant of real mettle. I have for a long time felt that the usual departmental and school boundaries should



be disregarded in considering the promise of applicants. It is not enough that a fellow be a competent economist or lawyer; he must have a comprehension of and a sympathy for a wider field. I have, moreover, felt that some form of open competition should be introduced. If an assistant professorship in economics, let us say, is to be awarded, why not have several candidates submit to an open competition? Let anyone who feels he has the capacity to fill the job submit all he has written, as he is allowed to do in Holland, and secure the written comment of leading scholars of opposite opinions on this work. Let the three best ones address the faculty and student body; afterwards one can ascertain their opinion on the performance. The reason the faculty of Paris had to award Ramée his degree in spite of their disgust at his views is that examinations were at that time public; they could not afford to disregard the powerful impression which the candidate had made upon the assembled student body.

## VII

If it is difficult to induce the real creative and powerful minds to enter the universities when they are young, it is even more difficult to provide adequate opportunities for growth after they have entered. The division of the arts and sciences into fields and departments, and the subdivision of these departments into various specialties, superimpose a rigid and narrow classification of each man's 'interest' which in no wise corresponds to the actual nature of intellectual work in these philosophical disciplines; nay, it does violence to the well-known urge to explore ever wider areas in search of a comprehensive synthesis. One president of a great university, perceiving the obstacles to learning under this system, has suggested a certain number

of 'roving professorships.' This idea has not had the reception which it deserves, partly, perhaps, owing to the fact that the idea of roving is commonly interpreted to signify aimless wandering about. From a practical standpoint this is deplorable. But in the intellectual realm to go afield without settled determination is often a most fruitful undertaking. 'Seek and ye shall find . . .' The most crying need is to provide room for the growth of men who show an inclination to explore.

If, for example, a young man starts by teaching Roman history, and out of his intense occupation with the problems of Roman history develops a desire to investigate phases of early mediæval history or archæology or political science, he ought to be able to do so. An understanding university administration could make it its business to work out techniques for fitting such an aspiring scholar into the work of another department. Recognized tests to determine his ability to participate in the teaching of the new field might readily be prepared. There can be little doubt that a greater freedom in our universities in this respect would contribute mightily toward the breakdown of that departmental exclusiveness and inter-school chauvinism which crops up time and again, to the incalculable detriment of learning and teaching alike.

To-day our universities are run on the motto, 'Once an economist, always an economist.' The consequence is often a deadening of interest; in particularly serious cases it results in a duplication of effort. For, if a really remarkable thinker develops a strong interest in a subject outside his 'specialty,' he will commence to divert his specialty to the teaching of that subject, and thus a course in comparative literature will become interlarded with digressions on ethics. The twists and

tortuous ramifications of such a genuine flower grafted on to an alien bush are distressing. To make matters worse, such a man continues to address students in literature. Not having even an elementary grasp of ethics, such students are either mystified or indulge in a superficial enthusiasm instead of giving that sympathetic and competent criticism on which the teacher's intellectual development thrives. Yet often such a man more nearly approaches the ideal scholar as a living force in the community than many of his colleagues who look down upon him because he is neither a philologist nor a philosopher exclusively. But he is not nearly as good or as great as he could be in a more favorable setting.

### VIII

Discovering the little acorns out of which big oaks will grow, and providing the room for the growth of such mighty trees — such is the task in the spiritual and social sciences which the leading American universities must fulfill if they are to assume that position of intellectual leadership which alone would justify their claim for academic 'freedom.' Freedom must be earned by work and by achievement. Unless the

universities lead the community in the realm of the spirit, they must be content with training the young in the spirit of others. If that is the case, really creative minds will be obliged to dissociate themselves from the university, and one of the greatest achievements of Western civilization — the constant collaboration of many different minds in the fellowship of learning, the *universitas literarum* — will be lost.

In order to assume the leadership which ought to be theirs, the great universities of this country must concentrate upon the problem of providing a fertile soil for the growth of pioneers of the spirit. They must get away from a preoccupation with the schooling of the average student. They must vigorously oppose 'the curse of bigness,' as Justice Brandeis has so aptly phrased it. Neither numbers of students nor magnitude of plant can compensate for the lack of really choice spirits. They are rare even under the most favorable conditions, yet they are the most precious possession an institution of learning can harbor. Without them the faith in the reality of spiritual life dies, is bound to die. Once that faith is dead, the universe of learning has lost its warming sun. Soon it will disintegrate. A heap of ashes will be left.

# NO HITCHING POSTS

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

IN one of his autobiographical moments, Einstein has told of an incident that occurred when he was a child of five years. His father showed him a magnetic compass, offering it as an object of amusement. The dancing needle, never at rest, and yet persistently returning to its north-south direction, obeying some inscrutable order of nature as though subject to invisible pushes or pulls, fascinated the small boy. Nor was his interest only the casual response to a new toy. 'It created in me a sensation which I consider to have been a dominant factor in my life up to the very present,' Einstein declares.

This was his introduction to electromagnetism, that mysterious agency which not only swings the quivering compass needle, but also thrusts light through space, reflects it back and forth between mirrors, and so lays its swift beam along the crossarms of the Michelson-Morley interferometer for man to measure — if he can!

It seems historically right that the boy who was caught so early by the spell of electromagnetism should as a man be the one to untangle the skein of complexities that had grown out of electromagnetic attempts to measure the flight of the Earth through the ether. Einstein was an eight-year-old schoolboy in Munich when the Cleveland professors collaborated in their famous experiment. He was twenty-six years old, employed as an examiner

in the Swiss Patent Office at Berne, when he published his fundamental paper of 1905, 'On the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies.' Under that technical title, and expressed for the most part in complicated algebraic symbols, was a view of nature so realistic that it seemed paradoxical — therefore, to many, impossible and unbelievable. But this new view, and particularly the generalization which Einstein gave it ten years later in his great synthesis, the General Theory of Relativity, has met successfully every experimental test. Relativity has explained phenomena which the classical physics could not account for, and it has predicted phenomena which were unknown but which when searched for have been found. 'To accept it is not merely a pleasure,' says F. S. C. Northrop, 'but a necessity' — a necessity of thought requisite to the intelligent interpretation of this strange hidden world which science now discovers is not the majestic machine of Newtonian kinematics, but something quite astonishingly different. How different we shall presently see.

## I

Inasmuch as the theory of relativity is presented by its author in mathematical language, and in strictness of speaking cannot be expressed in any other, there is a certain presumption in every attempt to translate it into the

vernacular. One might as well try to interpret Beethoven's Fifth Symphony on a saxophone. Frankly we acknowledge that such profundities are communicable only by a full orchestra. But, lacking the virtuosity of an orchestra, we may venture to pick out a few chords on the piano, believing, as Einstein's friend Moszkowski has suggested, that such efforts, even though vague and partial, 'have a fruitful result if they succeed in focusing the attention of the reader or the hearer so that the connections, the leitmotifs, so to speak, of the doctrine, are at least suggested.'

Such is the plan of the present article: to recall the leitmotifs of relativity.

To begin with, Einstein is a realist. His theory rests on a physical fact. Physical facts are those natural effects which we verify by repeated observation and experiment. All the nineteenth-century attempts to measure the absolute motion of the Earth had been consistent in one respect: *they showed an unfailing constancy in the velocity of light*. Whether the measuring instrument was moving toward or away from the direction of the light, the velocity of the ray was the same in all experiments, as Michelson's and Morley's repeated measurements showed.

Then, said the realist, let us start with this observed physical fact. Since all the experiments agree on the result, let us assume that it is universally true. Let us assume that no matter how fast you move *toward* an oncoming ray of light, its relative velocity will be the same as it was when you were at rest — or, conversely, no matter how fast you move *away* from an oncoming ray of light, its rate of motion in your measuring device will show no change. The experiments give this result and no other result; since we are basing our science on experiment, we shall accept

the only conclusion that experiment affords and build on it.

This acceptance seems reasonable, a logical consequence of the experimental method, but it involves difficulties. To illustrate: let us suppose that you are in an automobile traveling at thirty miles an hour, while another car is approaching at sixty miles an hour. As you pass on the road, what would you say is the relative speed of the other car? Sixty plus thirty, or ninety miles, of course — but that is quite contrary to what we are asked to believe of the velocity of light. If the two cars were abreast and moving in the same direction, the other car would pass you at the relative speed of sixty minus thirty, or thirty miles an hour — but light does not behave that way, according to the Michelson-Morley experiment. If the velocity of light is 186,000 miles a second, it is always that. If you move along with the light, your speed does not slow it down any. If the light is coming from a star directly ahead, and if the Earth is moving directly toward the light at many miles a second, that fact does not add anything to the relative velocity of the light. We may express the situation in the form of a simple equation: —

$$\frac{\text{Velocity of light} + \text{Velocity of Earth}}{\text{Velocity of light}} =$$

This sounds suspiciously like nonsense — like saying, for example, that  $1+2=1$ . But it is inherent in our postulate. If you take the velocity of light (186,000 miles a second in vacuo) as unity, and regard all other possible velocities on the Earth or in the skies as fractions thereof, Einstein's hypothesis holds that, no matter how many of these fractions you add together, you will never exceed unity.

Let us take some velocities and see how this works out. The motion of the

Earth in its orbit is about nineteen miles a second. The motion of the Sun and its planets with reference to the fixed stars is about twelve miles a second. The speed of rotation of the Milky Way is about a hundred and seventy-five miles a second. It is likely that our galaxy has in addition a motion of translation with reference to the outer galaxies, since all these outside systems appear to have such, so we may assume that there is an additional velocity here, say five hundred miles a second (which is a slow speed for a galaxy). While these various motions may be in different directions, and some may in fact neutralize others, yet it is possible that at some time the Earth will reach a point in its orbit coincident with the Sun's reaching a point in its course through the Milky Way such that all these various motions are at one instant in the same general direction. Suppose, at this strategic moment, we flash a beam of light forward into space, thus adding to its motion these various cumulative velocities of our Earth. Common sense says that the light beam ought to be accelerated by a factor  $19+12+175+500$ , or 706 miles a second. But the relativity equations admit no exception, the velocity of light cannot be accelerated, and our formula still stands:  $186,000+706=186,000$ . You might imagine the light flashed from a beta particle shot out of the heart of a radium atom at a speed of 150,000 miles a second, but even this enormous addition of motion cannot affect the constancy of our standard. The result remains unchanged:  $186,000+150,000=186,000$ . If the motion of the beta particle were in the opposite direction, and its velocity were subtracted instead of added, the result would be the same.

These arithmetical conclusions seem absurdities, and to hold to the postulate regardless of its apparent violation

of common sense required a high degree of intellectual courage. Columbus employed something of the same valor when he resolved to accept the idea that ships could sail upside down on the other side of the Earth, a thing obviously contrary to common sense, but a consequence of his belief in the shape of the Earth. Evidence had convinced him that the Earth is a globe, and he acted on that assumption, trusting that his quest would resolve the absurdities. And so with Einstein. Having accepted an observed result as a physical fact, he resolutely held to it as the clue to reality, irrespective of the fictions that it might seem to involve.

'This,' says L. L. Whyte, in *A Critique of Physics*, 'is the crucial step in the Special Theory of Relativity: the expression as postulates of facts given directly by experience, and the ruthless acceptance of their logical consequences.'

## II

The postulate of light's constancy of motion seems, at first glance, a slender clue on which to build a world. Here was this intricate complex of matter in space, huge aggregates of stuff called stars, huger aggregates of stars called galaxies, all in perpetual flight, but with no fixtures to refer their motions to, no landmarks to stake out the confines and designate the dimensions of the whole. Indeed, there were no confines. It was an infinite Universe; space was absolute, time was absolute, matter was absolute; infinity and eternity were ahead for every coursing star and every vibrant particle, and the forces that drove this mighty mechanism could accelerate velocities without limit, given time enough. That was the accepted world picture in 1905 when this unknown examiner of patents in Switzerland came forward with his idea of a world in which motion was restricted to the velocity of light as a



maximum. It was the first limitation of the infinite.

But it was the only tangible result that had emerged from the Michelson-Morley experiments. So Einstein proceeded to ask whether it was possible to modify our fundamental ideas of space, time, and matter in such wise that the velocity of light would always register unity, irrespective of acceleration. The experiments had indicated the impossibility of measuring absolute motion. Might there not be an equal impossibility of detecting absolute space, time, and matter? What if space, time, and matter were not the same for all observers, but were *relative* entities that vary with the observer — just as Columbus found to be the case with those earlier absolutes, upness and downness?

Such questions give a hint of the method of reasoning that, expressed in the precise phrasing of mathematics and freed of the anthropomorphic implications of common sense, produced the theory of relativity. If you grant the principle of the invariability of the velocity of light, then all the rest follows logically. By working from this principle it can be shown that as the motion of a planet, rocket, airplane, or other moving body increases, the measurement of the dimensions of the body and of all its material objects changes at a rate which is proportional to the acceleration. As the velocity of the moving body quickens, its spacial distances shrink, time moves more slowly, and matter grows more massive — and these changes become more pronounced as the velocity approaches that of light itself.

1. I have said that matter grows more massive. If the Earth could be gradually speeded up, weights would gradually increase. If the Earth's motion could be accelerated to the velocity of 161,000 miles a second, every pound on it or in it would weigh two pounds,

and with increasing acceleration the masses would yet more rapidly increase until at the velocity of light each terrestrial mass would be infinitely great. This consequence follows from the principle of inertia, since mass (or inertia) is the resistance that a material body offers to a change of motion. If the resistance remained the same irrespective of motion, then any acceleration able to increase the velocity at all would by continued application go on increasing it indefinitely. In other words, it would then be possible to produce a velocity greater than that of light, and indeed there would be no limit. But we have accepted and are building on the postulate that nothing can exceed in motion the velocity of light, therefore we must assume an inertia or resistance which will harmonize with this concept. It can be shown that if the motion of an accelerated body causes its mass to change in the ratio determined by Einstein, then a resistance to change is set up such that it increases rapidly as the velocity of light is approached, and at that velocity, 186,000 miles a second, becomes an infinite resistance making impossible any further acceleration.

Thus, the fact that the velocity of light is a constant, and that no body can ever move faster than that fixed speed, requires as a consequence this curious behavior of matter. The measurement of material particles shot out of radium, at speeds ranging up to 185,000 miles a second, beautifully confirms this law of relativity. By their deflection between the poles of a powerful magnet, the swift particles can be weighed in flight — and it has been found that the faster they move, the greater is their mass.

2. I have said that time passes more slowly. This is a consequence of this mass variation. On a planet moving at a higher velocity, the masses of the pendulums, balance wheels, and other

time-keeping mechanisms are increased in the manner suggested in item 1 above; therefore, as heavier masses they must move more slowly. As the more massive bob swings more slowly, lengthening the duration between ticks, the hands of the clock turn more slowly. A person on the planet would be unaware of this slowing down of time, for, since all clocks are equally affected, there would be no master clock by which to check deviations. To learn the right time from another planet would involve the transfer of a light signal, and, since light has its finite velocity, some time would be required in getting the light signal communicated, thus introducing an element of uncertainty and invalidating any attempt to fix the standard of one system by that of another. In other words, the idea of simultaneity loses its sense.

Perhaps some hardheaded 'rationalist' will insist that this is pushing our thesis too far. Even if we cannot synchronize the time between two systems, may there not be two events occurring simultaneously? Quite independent of our ability to clock them, may not exact coincidences *really* occur? Relativity must answer, No. 'If such questions are allowed,' writes D. E. Richmond, in *The Dilemma of Modern Physics*, 'one gets into no end of trouble. In conjunction with the theory of relativity there has therefore grown up a philosophy of science which states that questions are physically meaningless unless they admit of experimental answer.'

3. I have said that spacial distances shrink. Yardsticks contract in the direction of the accelerated motion of the planet or other body; but as all other things on the planet similarly contract, including the observer, the shrinkage will be imperceptible — except to some outsider moving at a different velocity.

One consequence of this close re-

latedness of space and time, and their relativity to motion, is the fact that when a velocity is accelerated by another velocity, the two never add up to their common-sense arithmetical sum. Thus, if we see a railway train traveling at 60 miles an hour, and in the train a man is walking forward at 5 miles an hour, the velocity of the man with reference to the ground is not  $60+5$  as we should expect from classical physics. No, it is something less than 65 by a fraction in such a proportion to the velocity of light that at the latter velocity it would disappear. All accelerations are inexorably tied to this constant, this 'first discovered law of the new physics,' in a ratio such that its rule can never be violated.

But all these transformations, it must be remembered, are apparent only to observers *outside* the moving system and at rest relative to it. Indeed, the transformations have their basis in the fact that the measured values of one system (or frame of reference) are referred to those of another in a different state of motion. If an airplane of thirty feet length and ten tons weight should take to the air, and attain a speed of 161,000 miles a second, its transformations would not be apparent to its pilot, though to an observer on the ground they would be conspicuous — assuming, of course, superhuman sensory powers to match the highly imaginary airplane speed. To the man on the ground the plane would appear to be but fifteen feet long, the hands of the clock carried in the plane would appear to be moving only half as fast as those on the ground, and the weight of the plane as 'sensed' by our imaginary gravitational detector would register twenty tons instead of ten. While none of these changes would be known to the occupant of the plane, — since all his measuring devices have changed in exactly the same ratio, — he would behold equally strange trans-

formations down on the ground. For, from the point of view of the aviator, appearances are the same as though it were the Earth that was sweeping past at 161,000 miles per second while his plane was at rest. Therefore, the aviation field would seem half as long as it was when he took off, the clock over the hangar entrance would seem to be moving half as fast as normal, and objects on the ground would seem double weight.

Which measurer is right — the pilot on the moving plane, or the observer on the stationary Earth? Both, answers the relativist, for who is to say which is the *true* length, the *true* time, or the *true* mass of anything? An observer on the Sun would see that the Earth is not stationary, and consequently would see transformations not apparent to either the pilot or the groundsman; while an observer on Arcturus would see that the Sun too is in motion, dragging the Earth and the airplane along its path at an added velocity; therefore, all measurements of objects on Sun, Earth, and airplane would be still different for the eye of Arcturus. Since there is no hitching post anywhere, no observer at rest who can be said to have *the* measuring rod or *the* clock, we must discard the notion of space, time, and matter as absolutes. So far as we can apprehend them by our measuring devices, each of these entities is relative, relative to the motion of the observer — therefore, in its ultimate definition, a derivative of motion. Thus that universal quality which Heraclitus twenty-five centuries ago attributed to nature when he said, 'All things flow,' is now revealed as the moulder, the transformer, and in a sense the creator, of the things.

'This idea of the derivative character of matter, space, and time lies at the heart of the modern principle of relativity,' says Herbert Dingle, in *Relativity for All*. 'It deserves particular

emphasis, for, if it is at once grasped, the greater part of the difficulty of the subject disappears. It is the event that is the immediate entity of perception; nature is the sum total of events, and every instrument of thought that our minds employ can be traced back to its ultimate origin in events. Two observers of nature see, not necessarily the same matter, but the same events, because events finally constitute the external physical world.'

### III

But we see the external world as lumps of matter and waves of radiation, these stars, planets, solid rocks, green growing things, and the other objects, animate and inanimate, of nature. Are they events? The perception of them is, and that is all we really know. If your eye touches a star as truly as your hand touches this table, then the event of seeing has equal validity with the event of touching, and every glance at the heavens is as precisely an event as every handclasp, every birth, death, railway collision, or earthquake. Of the handclasp, birth, death, accident, or earthquake, we know two details if we know the event at all directly: (1) the *place* of the occurrence, and (2) the *time* of the occurrence. The two are inseparable; we cannot experience space except at a time, nor can we experience time except at a place.

All measurements have this same dual character. When we say that an hour has passed, we mean that the pointer hand of a clock or watch has described a certain distance, a measurement of space on a dial. That is our hour, and whether we measure time as the Naval Observatory does by recording the transit of stars across the hairline of a meridian-circle telescope, or as the ploughboy does by estimating the position of the Sun in the sky, it

is a distance measurement. Similarly with measurements of space. From New York to Chicago is 17 hours by express train, and the hours of time are as valid a rating of the distance as the miles of space which separate the two cities.

Thus, the *interval* between two events, as well as the events themselves, is a closely knit fabric of space and time, and every determination of the interval involves both time measurement and space measurement. One cannot make the trip from New York to Chicago, or from the Sun to Arc-turus, without reckoning a time difference as well as a space difference; and likewise one cannot run his eye from one end of the measuring rod to the other without rating (unconsciously perhaps) the time lapse between the two events as well as the space distance.

These ideas were not included by Einstein in his original treatment of relativity, but were first suggested the same year by Henri Poincaré, the French mathematician; but it was their elaboration and formalization by the Göttingen professor, Herman Minkowski, that finally won the attention of men who think on these things. In 1908, Minkowski gave Einstein's theory a mathematical restatement. He pointed out that the new ideas of motion could be portrayed very elegantly by accepting this inseparability of space and time as a physical fact, and treating time as a fourth dimension coördinate with the three dimensions of space. 'From this hour,' said Minkowski, 'space of itself and time of itself sink to mere shadows, and only a kind of blend of the two retains an independent existence.'

This blend of the two 'shadows' is the world of space-time. It is within this space-time continuum that motions produce the events which we experience as the phenomena of nature.

Every event takes place at a point of space which the mathematician finds it convenient to designate dimensionally by three numbers (the space coördinates,  $x, y, z$ ), and at a moment of time (the time coördinate,  $t$ ). These four numbers define a *world-point* or world-element, and the sum total of the world-elements is the world itself, the Universe.

But within space-time there is something. Minkowski prefers not to call it matter or electricity, as these terms are already barnacled with meanings and implications. Call it substance, and call every atom and light wave and lesser or larger particle a 'substantial point.' But the substantial points are not stationary. Everything is in motion, so every substantial point is continually changing its position. At a given moment a given atom coincides with the world-point  $x, y, z, t$ , but at the next moment it coincides with a different world-point  $x', y', z', t'$  — just as the train going from New York to Chicago is continually changing its position. If Albany at 4 P.M. on November 1, 1935, is  $x, y, z, t$ , then Schenectady at 4.29 the same day is  $x', y', z', t'$ , and so on. The world-points, corresponding to the railway stations, are stationary; the substantial points, corresponding to the train, are moving. Just as the train travels its track from one station to the next, so the atom travels its path through space-time, describing a continuous track which Minkowski called its *world-line*.

Every substantial point has its world-line, and history is made — that is, events occur — when world-lines cross. When an astronomer observes a star, the event is the result of the intersection of one world-line (that described by the light ray sent out by the star) with another world-line (that described by the retina of the observer's eye). When a sleeper is awakened by

the nightingale's song, the phenomenon is likewise an effect of a crossing of world-lines — the world-line of the sound wave encounters the world-line of the eardrum. And so with everything that is seen, heard, felt, tasted, smelled, or in any other way sensed. It matters not whether the encounter is personally willed, as in the case of the star observation, or accidental, as was the nightingale's song; it is the intersection of world-lines that makes the events of life, all the phenomena of nature, from stars to fireflies, from observing a solar eclipse to the reading of this word. All devices for taking measurements — clocks, thermometers, speedometers, electroscopes, spectrographs, thermopiles — are simply arrangements for recording or registering the intersections of world-lines. A complex of atoms, such as the human body is, threads an invisible cable of world-lines through space-time; every moment of life is a multiplex of encounters with other world-lines.

And so with those vaster complexes, the stars. Their motions, pulsations, occultations, and catastrophes must also be wrought of this strange interweaving of space and time, threaded with world-lines innumerable, endlessly crossing and recrossing, in the mysterious manifold of destiny.

#### IV

This revelation of the world as a four-dimensional medium, fabricated of three parts space and one part time, brought to the doctrine of relativity a new and powerful illumination. It provided the natural mathematical foundation for the novel conception of space, time, and matter as derivatives of motion. But it did more. It pointed the way to an extension of the principle to embrace a wider range of phenomena, and gave the lead which Einstein now followed to his great synthesis.

His first achievement, that published in his original paper of 1905, is known as the Special Theory of Relativity because its conclusions are specialized and apply only to uniform motion in a straight line. But it is obvious that the world has not restricted its kinematics to uniform linear motion: we have only to note the rotations and revolutions of stars, planets, and other massive bodies to see that straight-line motion is rare. A fundamental theory of nature must include every kind of motion.

Moreover — or, perhaps one should say, consequently — the Special Theory had left untouched the concept of physical forces. This concept, you will remember, had been invented by Newton to account for the acceleration of bodies. The forces of gravitation, however, are not any less mysterious than the propelling angels which they supplanted; in fact, the forces might be called the angels under another name; and it was clear that any generalization of relativity to include rotation and revolution must also take into account the law of gravitation and its underlying postulates.

One of these postulates is the idea of action at a distance. Newton assumed that gravitation propagates its influence at infinite speed — that the attraction between two bodies is instantaneously operative. But the Special Theory of Relativity holds that nothing can be accelerated to a velocity greater than that of light.

Another challenge to gravitation was involved in Einstein's picture of the relativity of space, time, and matter. According to Newton, the attraction between two bodies operates with a force which is proportional to the product of the masses divided by the square of the distance. But when masses and distance change with the relative motion of the observer, who is to say what are *the* masses and *the* distance?



Besides, there was something unaccountable in the perfect indifference of the force of gravitation to other influences. You can pound a body into whatever form you wish, smash it and grind it to powder, electrify it, magnetize it, heat it, evaporate it, do with it what you will, and none of these changes will affect its gravitational response. This is not true of the other forces of nature. If you heat a magnet, it loses its magnetism. If you touch an electrified body with a grounded copper wire, its charge disappears. You can screen off heat, magnetism, electricity, light, radio waves; even the penetrating gamma rays of radium are stopped by a few sheets of lead — but nothing will stop or modify the force of gravitation. It acts *as if* it were everywhere, instantaneously, and unconditionally operative. There is no other force like it.

Perhaps it is not a force? Einstein asked that searching question. Suppose a race of people lived on a disk under an enclosing dome which shut out the rest of the world. Suppose the disk and dome began slowly to rotate; the inhabitants would be unable to detect the smooth motion, for they would have no outside point of reference by which to gauge it. But presently, as they ventured away from the centre of the disk, they would feel a strange influence tending to pull them outward; and the farther they wandered from the centre, the more pronounced would be this influence. They might develop a theory of a gravitational force in the wall of the dome, or outside, that was attracting them, and it would be possible to derive a mathematical law to account for the behavior which we know as the familiar centrifugal effect.

But who, when he speaks of centrifugal force, really pictures a force? When an object is flung off a whirling wheel, we attribute the centrifugal

effect to its inertia. The object simply tends to continue in the direction in which it is moving — that is, in a straight line tangent to the curve of the wheel. It is taking the path of least resistance, the course which will cause the least change in its motion, therefore the least opposition to its inertia. This inertia, according to an ancient law of physics, is a direct index to the mass of the body; it is also called the inertial mass, and determines the degree of force necessary to give the body an acceleration. But the body also has its gravitational mass, an index to its gravitational force. All this is familiar Newtonian mechanics, but to many a hypercritical physicist it had long seemed strange that the inertial mass and the gravitational mass of any given body always came out equal.

Perhaps they are the same thing, ventured Einstein. By rotating the disk under the dome we create an artificial gravitational field, though we know it is really an effect of inertia. May it not be that the gravitational fields of Earth, Moon, Sun, and stars are equally fictitious, being also effects of inertia? Is it not possible that certain natural tracks are the paths of least resistance for the movement of inertial masses? Indeed, are not these tracks the world-lines which ponderable bodies describe as they move through Minkowski's world of space-time?

This principle of the equivalence of inertia and gravitation was announced by Einstein in 1911, six years after his publication of the Special Theory, and its attainment marks the first step toward the generalization which came four years later. Einstein had long since given up his post in the Swiss Patent Office, and while serving as professor at various universities, first at Zurich, then at Prague, then Zurich again, and finally at Berlin, worked persistently on this problem of gravita-

tion. His collaborator was Marcel Grossman, an able mathematician and friend of student days. 'Our final results appear almost self-evident,' said Einstein in an address at the University of Glasgow in 1933, 'but the years of searching in the dark for a truth that one feels but cannot express, the intense desire, and the alternations of confidence and misgiving, until one breaks through to clarity and understanding, are known only to him who has himself experienced them.'

Einstein and his associate had settled in Berlin early in 1914, in those electric months that preceded the World War; and while the military machine was moving into action on half a dozen European fronts the gentle professor within the four walls of his study room was winning a far more adventurous and lasting, if less sanguinary, victory. The difficulties involved, the mental struggles that had to be undergone, the trials and failures and retrials and eventual success, are concisely suggested in the Glasgow address.

## V

In brief, his solution involved the adoption of a new kind of geometry — new only in the sense that its application was novel, for the metric itself had been provided fifty years before by the Göttingen professor Bernhard Reimann.<sup>1</sup> Einstein discovered that the geometry of Euclid — the familiar geometry of common usage, in which a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and in which the angles of a triangle always add up to two right angles — could not be used as a description of the world of space-time.

<sup>1</sup> Even earlier than Reimann's work is that of the Russian mathematician, Nicholas Ivanovitch Lobatchewsky, who was the first to reject Euclid's well-known postulate of parallel lines. It was, however, Reimann's particular form of the new geometry that Einstein adopted. — AUTHOR

By its name geometry means earth-measurement, and by geometry we ordinarily mean the system first set forth by the Greek mathematician Euclid, which has been taught in our schools ever since, more than 2000 years. But the theory of relativity shows that only in regions almost infinitesimally small is Euclidean geometry applicable. On the surface of a tennis court the sum of the angles of a triangle will always equal two right angles, and here too the Pythagorean theorem of the square on the hypotenuse will always hold. But on the surface of a sphere these rules break down. San Francisco and Yokohama both lie close to the 35th parallel of latitude, and on a map this parallel appears as the straight line between the two. But no shipmaster, wishing to make the shortest voyage between the two ports, would follow that parallel. No, he would sail a course which describes the arc of a great circle sweeping northward toward the Alaskan islands and then southward to Japan. This curved course is the *geodesic* — the actual shortest distance between the two points on the globe.

On the two-dimensional surface of the tennis court, a straight line is the geodesic. On the three-dimensional surface of the Earth, the arc of a great circle is the geodesic. In the four-dimensional continuum of space-time, the orbit of a planet or star is the geodesic.

The analogy cannot be pressed further, for the four-dimensional form is not picturable, but in general we may say that just as the surface of the Earth is curved into a shape which determines its geodesics, so is space-time curved. It is curved by the matter or masses which it contains.

The idea may be suggested by the effect of a magnet. If you bring a powerful magnet into a room in which there is a compass, the needle will instantly

respond. The space surrounding the magnet shows new properties, for if you hold a sheet of paper above the poles of the magnet and sprinkle the paper with iron filings, the filings will arrange themselves in a symmetrical pattern of lines indicating the magnetic field. The effect manifests itself only in the proximity of a magnet; and the larger the magnet, the more powerful and far-reaching is its field. Now, instead of attributing the response of the filings and needle to some inexplicable force within the magnet, we might find that there was a distortion of the space surrounding the magnet and see the behavior of the filings and needle as a natural conformity to this space peculiarity.

This supposition is not offered to explain magnetism, but only to illustrate the new conception of gravitation. There are no forces. There is simply matter in motion through space-time, and the matter itself is described as singularities in space-time. As these singularities — the stars and planets, for example — move through the all-surrounding medium, they affect it. Space-time, whose normal undisturbed tendency is to smooth out into unrelieved flatness, crumples up around the Sun into vast invisible and unpicturable curvature, and the planets moving with the inertia of their masses simply swing into the tracks ordained for them by the curvature. Nearer the Sun the curvature would be so acute as to spiral them into its depths; farther from the Sun the curvature flattens and at great distances it would approximate a straight line. 'Gravitation,' says the British physicist, E. T. Whittaker, 'simply represents a continual effort of the universe to straighten itself out.'

We have spoken of these orbits of planets and stars as geodesics, and have likened them to the geodesics on

the tennis court and on the surface of a sphere. Curiously, though, a geodesic in space-time is not the shortest distance between two points, but the *longest* distance that a body can cover in a *given* time. It can be shown that the orbit of the Moon is that track in which it can traverse the space in the shortest time — and so with all the planetary orbits. Nature, it seems, is lazy. One of its fundamentals is the 'Principle of Least Work.' To squeeze the most travel out of the least time would seem to be a rather consistent ingenuity in a world where motion appears to be the primary rule of being.

The General Theory of Relativity brings us a picture of the cosmos in which space by itself and time by itself have indeed ceased to exist, and the blend of the two has become a supple theatre for events. The theatre continually changes with the events which it stages. Not only is space-time moulded and transformed at every point by the matter and motions which it contains, but the very rules of the geometry by which its manifold is measured are shown to be relative, and the relations are expressed in purely physical terms. Gravitation is a consequence of this geometrical relativity. Light rays travel, not necessarily in the straight lines of Euclidean space, but in the geodesics determined by these peculiarities. Particles affect other particles, planets affect other planets, not through any mysterious attraction, but through the inevitable distortions of space-time which they produce.

All things, by immortal power,  
Near or far,  
Hiddenly  
To each other linkèd are,  
That thou canst not stir a flower  
Without troubling of a star.

Everything affects everything. That is the meaning of the new law of gravitation.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## A FABLE FOR CRITICS

A CRITIC asked a man I knew,  
'If cast upon a desert isle  
To languish there, what little pile  
Of chosen books, what cherished few,

Which hundred best, or hand-picked ten,  
Would be your baggage to that spot?  
What books would please you, sir? What  
not?'

This most unusual of men

Refrained from murder, first-degree,  
And told the critic, idle wretch,  
'Unto that barren shore I'd fetch  
Four tons of mixed biography,

Some books on economic woe  
Or coming war, the weariest,  
The bulkiest, the dreariest,  
And plough them in, to make things grow.

Upon wide walls of trilogies  
I'd build a house of epic verse,  
And garden books, and even worse,  
And shingle it with histories.

Of mysteries, and travel yarns,  
And worth-while books that I had missed  
Because you put them on a list,  
I'd build a well and seven barns.

Then casting you list-writing chaps  
Upon that desert isle to stay,  
One moonless night I'd swim away,  
And scratch that island off the maps.'

The critic shuddered where he stood.  
He ground his teeth. He shook his fist.  
He never wrote another list,  
But made a living chopping wood,

A dirty job, not half so good.  
He never turned another page,  
And did not reach, they say, old age,  
And would not, even if he could.

The moral is, if you should care,  
'Make up your own mind, if you dare.'

JOHN HOLMES

## NO POST IN HEAVEN

I WAS alone in the Villa Monacone. Maria had long since said '*A rivederla*' and gone down the path to the Marina Grande, where her fisher father lived. Miss Tony, too, had come and gone. The shouts of the swimmers far below echoed faintly to the terrace, where I sat reading, for the second time, Axel Munthe's *Story of San Michele*. I had reached the passage describing the excitement in Anacapri over the telegram that had lain unopened on Munthe's desk for days. This time I understood.

On my desk lay letters, dozens of them — not unopened, but unanswered. Somewhere in Naples there was a package waiting to be claimed by me. The postmaster at the Mergellina station had told Signorina Fabricatori that I must come in person to get it. *La signorina* had written me. The Capri postmaster had recommended that I go to Naples to get the package. I did not know what that package was. I did not care. I said so. And with great joy I read again what Munthe had written: 'I had no time for the world outside Capri. There is no post in Heaven.'

I looked from my book to the sea beyond, to the water that changed from purple to blue to mauve, to the rugged stone of the Faraglioni, red-brown in the rust-gold light of late afternoon. In the distance a clipper ship sailed serenely on the crest of a wave.

A purple blossom fell upon my open book. I turned the page, and read: "'Was it true there was war between Italy and the Turks?'" I did not know. I did not care in the least if there was a war so long as I was left in peace to dig in my garden.'

And for him Capri was peace, first the peace of San Michele, then the cool darkness in the old tower of the Materita, where he still seeks refuge from the white light of San Michele. 'Lord of Light, be it so,' he had said, when his blindness came upon him. For him Capri was peace.

The white sails were a gray blur far away. Close to the rocks a submarine, half sub-

merged, moved silently through the water, a black smear upon the blue. Far below I could see a swimmer, poised with arms up-lifted for a dive, stand motionless, staring at the gliding thing. Then there was only the blue sea, and the brown rocks, and a ripple of white where the waves broke.

Of a sudden there echoed the dull boom of cannon from the town of Capri, less than a mile away. Twice, three times I heard it, followed by a silence so deep it seemed to beat upon the ears. I wondered if Dr. Munthe, in his tower, had heard. If it were war, I thought, as I hurried along the path to the piazza, frightening the lizards that scuttled out of my way . . . if it were war . . .

Not once in all those weeks had anyone mentioned the war. That there would be a war was taken for granted. Yet it seemed there were those who would care — R. Uotto, for one. His five brothers would have to go. Matteo Sarno, the artist, and his Heidelberg wife, they would care. Old Gioanina would care — already lemons were too expensive. Miss Tony would care — there would be fewer foreigners to teach. And Miss Zela, the elder of the Russian sisters from whom we rented the Villa Monacone? She would care most of all, for war was not the way of Saint Francis.

The piazza was crowded with people, subdued, quiet. There was about the place an air of expectancy. Elbowing my way through the crowd, I took the short cut to the café. Uotto was standing in the doorway. Little Edoardo came running out to show me to a table. Still breathless from the rapid walk in the warm dusk, I said, '*È la guerra?*'

His laugh rippled through the silence.

'No, *signorina! Il cardinale!*' And his brown eyes danced as he asked me what kind of ice cream I wanted.

The cardinal — come from Naples for the week-end! Not war, but the cardinal! One might as well eat *gelati*.

Porters laden with luggage crossed and recrossed the little square. Maria, in her red-checked dress, moved among the crowd, a tub of water balanced on her head. The oyster man, crowned with his burden, called his wares. The peanut vender, stooped and bent, brushed by my table. A peasant woman walked leisurely by, the

basket on her head green and gold and purple with its burden of fruit. The blue and gold of the clock tower faded into the dusk of evening. The piazza was itself again. Capri was peace. Yet into it had come the threat of war, a black smear on a purple sea.

Matteo Sarno and his wife joined me at my table. A Neapolitan engineer pulled up his chair. Over the *caffè espresso* we talked. The liquid sounds of Italian, the deeper note of German, the staccato of French, and the sibilance of Russian blended into a pleasing murmur against the patter of sandaled feet on stone.

Our little party went beyond the *funicolare* to look out upon the sea. Far below were the lights of the Marina Grande. The post boat to Amalfi was about to leave. The lights of Naples and Posilipo were strung like a necklace of amber across the Mediterranean. Vesuvius was dark in the distance.

Homeward we walked, the Good Companion and I, round the turn to the Via Tragara, with its oleanders and roses, its myrtle and almonds, its white villas silvered by the moon. Fragrance of jasmine floated down about us, reminding us that we had passed the last villa on the path. We approached the sharp turn, beyond which lay the open sea, the Faraglioni, and the Villa Monacone. Always we stopped there; always it was as if we looked for the first time upon that view. What should we see this night, when the moon was at the full?

We rounded the turn. The Tyrrhenian Sea was liquid silver. The Faraglioni stood out sharp and clear against the silver light, which etched into being every needle of the pines along the path. A thin streak of silver shone between the two great rocks. And the moon . . .

I remembered the first evening we had seen it in Capri. There had been a faint throbbing of water, with streaks of light across it, and a silver slip of a new moon. On every side the lights of the fishing boats were scattered across the sea, a milky way of yellow stars. Another night, and the moon was a silver shadow on the sea. Still another, and the light had deepened, until the water was a shimmer of black light. To-night the moon was at the full, and we looked upon a breathtaking beauty.



The Russian sisters were waiting for us. The moonlight shone through the wide doorway of their living room upon the large painting of Saint Francis. Wherever one went, the eyes of the 'little poor man of Assisi' seemed to follow. Miss Zela, his disciple, spoke, welcoming us to her home. The round table was laid for five. There were the four of us, and a daughter of the house of Miradois. We talked long, of their country and ours, of Germany and Italy, the while we ate tiny sandwiches of anchovy and cucumber, drank Russian punch, and crumbled cakes of coffee cream.

It was late when we climbed the stone stairway to our villa. The moon shone through the skylight, and the mosquito netting cast a checkered pattern upon my bed.

I was awakened by the pleasant thin sound of rain falling upon the skylight, a sound that ceased even as I listened. I ran out to the terrace to look at the sea. The water was touched with silver, silver laid on blue that deepened to turquoise near the rocks, to purple shadows in the distance.

Maria, impressed by our impending departure, came down the path half an hour early, the basket on her head filled with fresh rolls and butter, eggs and milk, for our breakfast. How she stared at us; for the blue and red sandals of Capri, the bathing suits and bandannas, the cool, comfortable clothes, had all been packed. She had not seen our traveling clothes before.

Soon after lunch, the porters came for the luggage. Everything was ready. There was no further excuse for lingering in the villa. Maria came up to me and said, 'To-morrow — I need not come?'

'No, Maria,' I replied.

'Ah-h-h,' she sighed; and her eyes were bright with tears.

First Miss Zela, then Miss Tony, put her arms around us, and kissed us, once on each cheek. Old Gioanina stood on the terrace, waiting. When we passed, she kissed our hands and curtsied, then covered her face with her apron. And we — we said, '*A rivederla*,' and walked silently down the familiar path for the last time.

There were few people on the two-o'clock boat to Naples. We watched the island grow fainter in the distance, until it was only a misty haze on the horizon.

The harbor of Naples was filled with battleships and cruisers. A troopship was being loaded. At Genoa a troopship was being loaded. The Straits of Gibraltar were strangely crowded.

And I wondered — how much longer would Capri be peace?

### LITERARY CALORIES

ONE of the popular magazines prints at the head of each article, or story, the length of time required for its reading. This information is a comfort to the author, who is thereby assured that one person, at least, has read his article. But, from the point of view of the reader, such an editorial caption is exasperating. It tells only one of a number of things which the reader would like to know in advance, some of them far more important than the reading time. For example: the writing time.

If it is important to know how long it will take to read an article, is it not more important to know how long it took the writer to write it? Did he dash this thing off in a care-free quarter hour, or did he spend several hours in the preliminary writing and subsequent revising of what he had to say? Was the writing time of his article fifteen minutes, or five hours and thirty minutes? Whether I have the time to read a given article is a question which troubles me less than whether it is worth my reading.

This matter of the worth of an article suggests the possibility of a caption containing the formula for the mixture, after the manner of the formula on a bottle of patent medicine which tells what the ingredients of the liquid are, and in what per cent they occur.

At the head of an article on, let us say, 'Fascism in America,' there would be some such caption as this: —

|                                | <i>Per cent</i> |
|--------------------------------|-----------------|
| Factual incidents . . . . .    | 2               |
| Unverified rumors . . . . .    | 33              |
| Author's prejudices . . . . .  | 55              |
| Concealed propaganda . . . . . | 10              |

Such a caption would aid both the pro-Fascist and the anti-Fascist reader in deciding whether it was worth their while to read the article.

The formula caption would be especially valuable to the reader of books. The possibilities of the idea fairly burst upon us in a bewildering shower. A friend is dispirited. You step into a bookstore to select a book. 'Something cheerful,' you say to the clerk, and he hands you the current glad-book. You glance at the caption: —

| SMILING IN THE RAIN        |          |
|----------------------------|----------|
| INGREDIENTS                |          |
|                            | Per cent |
| Plain platitudes . . . . . | 25       |
| Attempted humor . . . . .  | 30       |
| Real humor . . . . .       | 5        |
| Egregious advice . . . . . | 20       |
| Original ideas . . . . .   | 0        |
| Inert matter . . . . .     | 20       |

Either you do or you do not buy the book. Some would.

Or you may have gone into the store to get for yourself something light and popular to relax your mind, if not your conscience. The clerk hands you a copy of *Farewell to Legs*.

You turn to the title-page and read: —

| INGREDIENTS                  |          |
|------------------------------|----------|
|                              | Per cent |
| Brilliant writing . . . . .  | 35       |
| Sex . . . . .                | 33½      |
| Cynicism . . . . .           | 15       |
| Psychopathic . . . . .       | 15       |
| Normal responses . . . . .   | 1½       |
| Stabilizing matter . . . . . | 0½       |

Again, some would.

The possible values of the caption are not limited to the field of literature. Consider the menu which confronted me in a popular chain restaurant. Opposite each item on the menu was given the content in calories. I thought this information must be valuable or it would n't be there, so I made a speedy calculation of the total calories in the lunch I planned to order. The total was heartening. It was all and more than I needed in the way of calories. But was there time for me to eat them all? The menu gave me no help in this matter, which was quite as important at the moment as the number of concealed calories. I commend to all chain restaurants, and also to the unchained, the idea of printing at the head of each pre-arranged meal not merely the price, and not only the content in calories, but also the length of time required for eating.

|                          |                        |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| CLUB LUNCH (1) . . . . . | \$1.00                 |
| 1500 calories            |                        |
| Eating time . . . . .    | 32 minutes, 10 seconds |

Even the à la carte items could be listed, with a little help from the Consumers' Research: —

| A LA CARTE                  |          |                  |
|-----------------------------|----------|------------------|
| Quantity                    | Calories | Eating Time      |
| 1 egg . . . . .             | 70       | 4 min.           |
| 1 banana . . . . .          | 100      | 5 min.           |
| butter (1 tbsp.) . . . . .  | 100      | 15 sec.          |
| milk (1 glass) . . . . .    | 170      | 1 min. (advised) |
| 1 dish prunes (5) . . . . . | 300      | 8 min.           |
| ½ head lettuce . . . . .    | 25       | 12 min.          |
|                             | 765      | 30 min., 15 sec. |

But it is the caption which tells of the author's writing time that interests me most. In order to show how practical this idea is, I decided at the outset to check on the time it took me to write what I am writing. Of course there would be interruptions, and probably dark unproductive periods, which would have to be deducted; but it could be done. Like the sundial, I need mark only the sunny hours. My time sheet lies before me. I give it to you for what it is worth.

|                       |                                                                  |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 11.30 A.M. . . . .    | Sit down to write                                                |
| 11.30-11.45 . . . . . | Try to think of good title, but give it up                       |
| 11.45 . . . . .       | Begin in earnest to write                                        |
| 11.47 . . . . .       | Telephone call                                                   |
| 11.50 . . . . .       | Cross out what I have written, and begin in a different way      |
| 11.51-11.55 . . . . . | Wonder whether it is worth writing or shall I go out for a drive |
| 11.55 . . . . .       | Begin to write in real earnest                                   |
| 12.15 P.M. . . . .    | Go to lunch                                                      |
| 11.20 P.M. . . . .    | After one thing and another ever since lunch, sit down to write  |
| 11.45 . . . . .       | Ideas don't come. Time for bed                                   |

That is all I find on the time sheet. It is now 12.30 P.M. of the next day. I got off to a good start soon after breakfast, but forgot to make note of the hour. There were various interruptions during the morning and I forgot to time them. However, the thing is finished. Of course I regret that I did not keep a check on my writing time, but my failure to do so does not prove that the idea itself is not practical. Given a practical man to do the writing, the time check would be a simple matter — provided he could write.



● Now that Safety Glass All-Around is provided as standard equipment by almost every passenger car manufacturer, its importance in common carriers is doubly emphasized. Every effort to extend its use in taxicabs, busses and airplanes is surely in the interest of greater public protection.



Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.

**LIBBEY - OWENS - FORD**  
*Safety* **PLATE** *Glass*  
**ALL-AROUND**

# The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WHEN Elizabeth C. Forrest (p. 129) and her husband exchanged the toil and vicissitudes of farming in Eastern Oregon for the rigors of Arctic life, they little thought that concern for the health of a young son, then unborn, would be the determining factor in returning them south again. Of the written record of their stay one hundred miles from their nearest white neighbors, Mrs. Forrest has this to say: 'It is the work of Segevan, James Angashuk, Anga, Tooluk, and of all our other brown friends, among whom I spent the three best years of my life.'

'I never tackled a problem more difficult,' wrote Oswald Garrison Villard (p. 138) in submitting his present paper, a comment indicative of the vast amount of detail which the former editor of the *Nation* had to estimate — and estimate accurately — in his determination of our armed forces to-day. Since Mr. Villard's article was made ready for the presses, President Roosevelt has startled even Navy circles in Washington. At a press conference on December 13, he stated that after a two-hour White House conference with the chief officers of the high commands he had decided to increase the Naval Reserve from a present total of 25,000 to 130,000 men — this to be a 'really effective force.'

Geoffrey Household (p. 150) is an *Atlantic* 'discovery' for 1936. In this issue he contributes the second of his short stories on the Latin temperament. An Englishman, Spain is his other land; in fact at the moment he is in Málaga keeping warm and incidentally working on a novel which will some day bear the *Atlantic* imprint. In a letter to the editors, Mr. Household makes this interesting comment upon his short story, 'Technique': "'Technique" was evolved instantaneously in a Bilbao cabaret, when I saw the lady I called Isabelita imitating in her box a German girl on the stage. I needed some other imaginary brutality with which to shock Anna out of her senses — and the very next day life provided a better one than I could ever have invented. The poor kid was actually fined by the civil governor for indecency. As a matter of fact, it did n't worry her much.'

Whether in Brussels or New York, Albert Jay Nock (p. 161) likes most to explode fallacies, to run generalities to earth — to bring order into the loose thinking which besets mankind.

Graduate of Rugby and Oxford and a poet on either side of the Atlantic, George Allen (p. 170) is spending this year at Harvard as a Commonwealth Fellow in Literature.

Born in England forty years ago, H. B. Elliston (p. 171) has spent nearly half his life in service to the press. After an apprenticeship on the London dailies, he was sent to the Far East as correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* and the London *Observer*. Following seven years' experience on the China Coast, his work called him to the United States. To-day the Financial Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, Mr. Elliston is particularly well qualified to survey and contrast the methods which England and the United States have employed in their recovery from the depression. The first half of his study, describing Britain's readjustment after the war, appeared in the January *Atlantic*. It should not be missed.

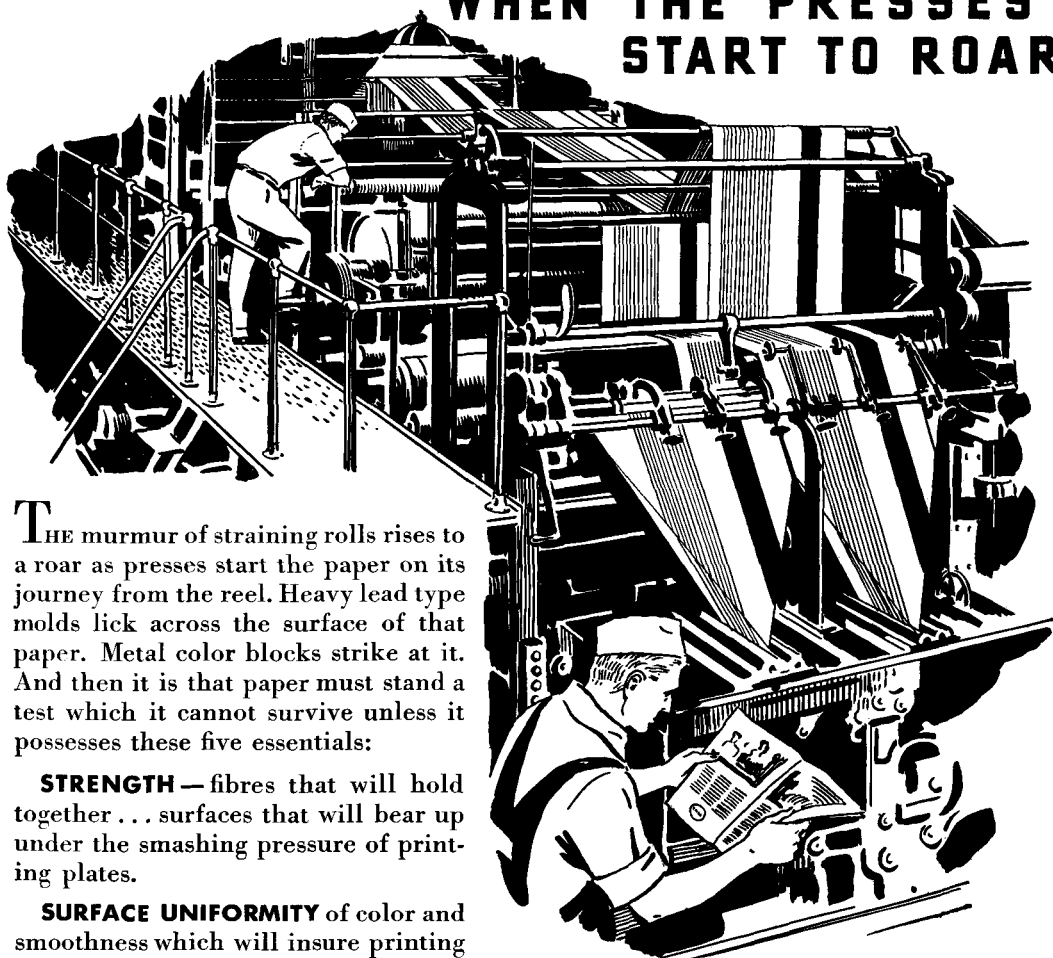
Stephen Leacock (p. 179) writes the best of his humorous sallies in those drear (for the most of us) hours from 6 to 8 A.M. Then he downs a stout Canadian breakfast and goes off to his congenial duties as head of the Department of Economics and Political Science at McGill University.

Curator of the Worcester Art Museum, Francis Henry Taylor (p. 182) helped to solve some emergencies in American painting during his service as chairman of the New England Committee for the Federal Art Project.

Lawrence Sullivan's shrewd summary of the growth of political patronage (p. 189) is based upon nearly ten years' intimate knowledge of the Washington scene, where he has been variously correspondent and White House reporter for several press associations, and more recently for *Forbes Business Magazine*.

Vice Admiral Boyle Somerville (p. 198) had some venturesome experiences while in the hydrographic service of the British Navy.

# Think what happens to Paper WHEN THE PRESSES START TO ROAR



**T**HE murmur of straining rolls rises to a roar as presses start the paper on its journey from the reel. Heavy lead type molds lick across the surface of that paper. Metal color blocks strike at it. And then it is that paper must stand a test which it cannot survive unless it possesses these five essentials:

**STRENGTH** — fibres that will hold together . . . surfaces that will bear up under the smashing pressure of printing plates.

**SURFACE UNIFORMITY** of color and smoothness which will insure printing of equally high quality on both the wire and felt sides of the paper.

**COLOR** not so dazzlingly white that it will fatigue readers' eyes, but neutralized to add legibility to text and effectiveness to the illustration.

**OPACITY** which will prevent heavy ink areas from showing through and thus enable you to save on mailing costs by using lighter weight papers.

**INK AFFINITY** measured to eliminate unevenness in type color or fuzziness in illustrative reproduction and make possible clean cut impressions at low cost.

Kleerfect offers you these 5 essentials in balanced relationship. On your next printing job — whether it calls for one

color or many — specify Kleerfect. It produces results which, up to now, have not been possible on book papers.

Your printer can supply Kleerfect and quote prices. For samples of printing on this new paper write our advertising office in Chicago.

*Hyfect* For work not demanding the ultra of Kleerfect, use Hyfect, the all-purpose book paper which possesses, in relationship to its lower price range relatively the same balanced qualities as Kleerfect.

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THE PERFECT PRINTING PAPER  
MANUFACTURED UNDER U. S. PAT. NO. 191809



# The COLUMN

A Virginian and graduate of the University of Edinburgh, **Robert Buckner** (p. 208) took pains to have the facts of Captain Bradman's adventure verified from official British and Belgian sources. His story may well be an important footnote to World War history.

**James E. Boyle** (p. 217), professor of Rural Economy at the Agricultural Experiment Station, Cornell University, has his doubts about short ways to end long troubles — notably the old Farm Board, the NRA, and the AAA. In this connection it is interesting to observe that Professor Boyle's colleague, George F. Warren, the Cornell professor of gold-purchasing fame, has now turned critic of the AAA. Professor Warren advances the theory that if the Supreme Court should throw out the processing taxes and production control, and if the whole AAA programme were forthwith abandoned, it would not necessarily hurt the farmers. On the contrary, he asserts that the prices of hogs, cotton, and wheat would show an immediate and appreciable rise. The paper was written with some prescience before the Court decision.

**James Still** (p. 226), a new contributor to the *Atlantic*, sends us his poetry from the Hindman Settlement, Hindman, Kentucky.

**Earnest Elmo Calkins** (p. 227) left Galesburg, Illinois, to become one of the leading advertising agents in Manhattan. The farther he got from Galesburg, the better he liked his home town, the quicker he wanted to return.

Born in Germany and educated at Marburg, Vienna, and Heidelberg (where he received his doctorate in 1925), **Carl Joachim Friedrich** (p. 236) has taught for a number of years in America. His Continental training has made him particularly sensitive to certain problems in the path of American professors.

For two years past, **George W. Gray** (p. 242) has been interpreting the new aspects of the physical sciences to *Atlantic* readers. His illuminating and well-coordinated book, *New World Picture*, will be published on March 20.

~ ~ ~

**Geoffrey Household** has this to say about his story, 'The Salvation of Pisco Gabar,' leading contribution in the *Atlantic* for January: —

Yes, I think 'Pisco Gabar' is fairly authentic. The priest, the path, and the image in the sailor suit really exist — according to a graphic yarn I was told

— in the northern Argentine. The original of Pisco himself is a good friend of mine, and still far, I trust, from salvation.

## An author corrects himself.

Dear Atlantic, —

I wish to acknowledge a factual error in my story, 'Doctor Winton.' The high holiday, Rosh Hashonah, comes first, then is followed by Yom Kippur a week later, which is a fast day. In my story it was vice versa. If you deem fit to insert a small explanatory note in your magazine, I should appreciate it. In my next collection of short stories I intend to rectify the matter.

ALBERT HALPER  
New York City

## Apparently there are widows and widows.

Dear Atlantic, —

Re 'Notes on Being a Widow' and Mrs. Harkness's assertion that she speaks for all widows, November number.

I object! I refuse to be put into a class, into a tube to be squeezed out like so much Kolynos. So I insist, contrary to Mrs. Harkness, Widow is not my hallmark. It never dawns on me to refer to myself as such or to sign myself thusly. I threaten to return letters not addressed Mrs. Frank E. I *am* just a person. I have never worn mourning. I have no nieces or nephews, bought or otherwise. I have no sons, hence no room in a daughter-in-law's home is waiting for me. I have no 'chronic' lawyer, nor, up to date, have I arthritis.

I have never been imbecile enough to 'hide photographs and take a meal of them now and again' or to try to trick myself holding pictures to a mirror. I know when I am beaten. My husband is dead and I accept the hard, cold fact.

But that does not make anything special of me. There were two of us — now there is one. I am alone. Well, what of it? My sister is alone. She has never been married. I am that to the good. An intimate friend is an old maid; she would rather be a widow. Another is married, is not a widow, and is most horribly alone; she would like to be a widow.

If I am wrong and Mrs. Harkness is right, and most widows are as she says they are, then there is no hope for them and all these exhortations will do no good. But if I am right and she is wrong, then they do not need the gratuitous proddings.

Personally I could not use 'a stately pleasure-dome,' but God forbid that I be condemned to a remodeled cottage of my own contriving.

I am a funny widow.

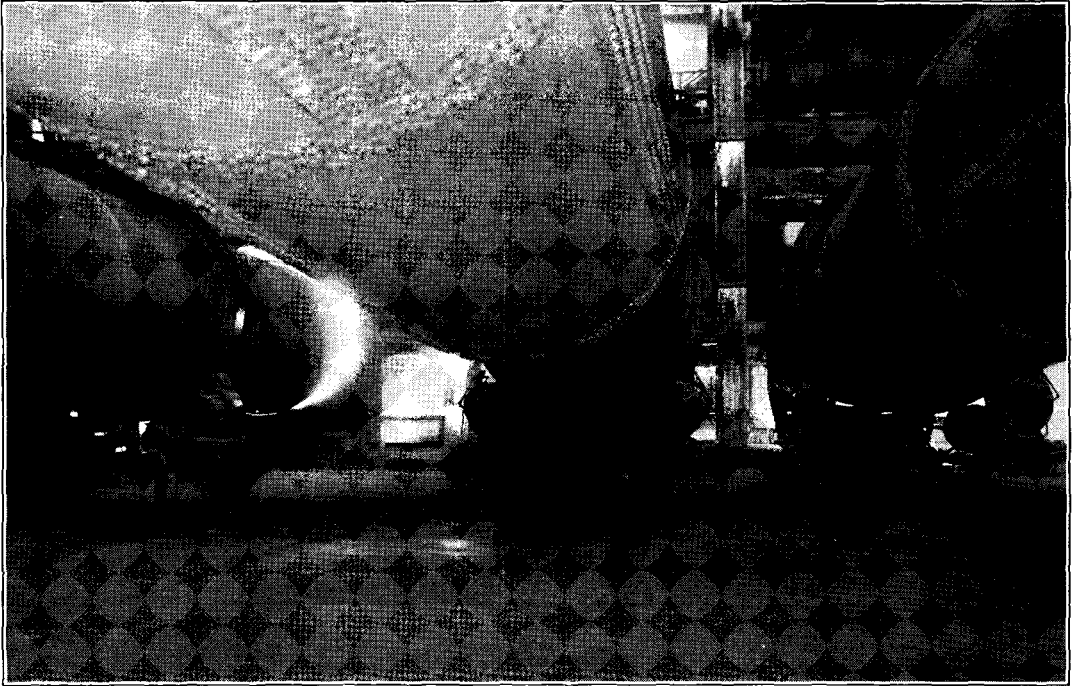
FLORENCE D. WALLIS  
Paris, France

**Henry Williamson's** illuminating chronicle, 'Salar the Salmon,' calls forth this interesting response from an American naturalist.

Dear Atlantic, —

Regarding the story 'Salar the Salmon' which you have been running through three numbers of the *Atlantic*, I am prompted to tell you a thing or two about salmon to be found in the Pacific.

The interesting point about a Pacific salmon is



A part of the battery of rotary kilns at the Buffington (Indiana) Plant of the Universal Atlas Cement Company. The pulverized raw materials are fed into one end of these kilns, exposed to a heat of about 2800° F., generated by an air blast, and come out as cement clinker at the other end.

**T**HE United States Steel Corporation and its subsidiaries, with a series of mines and plants so distributed and linked as to provide a complete national service of steel products and ferrous alloys anywhere, at any time, in any quantity, of unvarying quality and at the lowest prices, have been a basic tool in the making of the nation, in peace and in war, during a third of a century. Today, mature in experience but young in outlook, the Corporation is giving, with the aid of profound research, even larger service to the America it has helped so greatly to build.

In 1902 the Corporation and its subsidiaries paid a total of \$2,391,466 in taxes—all of which were state and local. In 1918 they paid a total of \$230,585,007, of which \$17,501,453 were state and local. In 1929 they paid a total of \$54,971,946, of which \$37,617,085 were state and local. In 1934 they paid a total of \$35,780,385, of which \$31,258,782 were state and local.

*United States Steel Corporation*

# The COLUMN

that when he turns into the Columbia River and heads for spawning grounds in Idaho he has a thousand miles to go without a bite to eat. He will sometimes bite at a spoon in the shallows, but he has no disposition to eat because his digestive department has gone out of commission and his stomach keeps on shrinking. He will fight cataracts, bore through rushing narrows, and spend long hours leaping at a waterfall until he has found a way to get over it; his life is not plain swimming, but a surprising exhibition of fish athletics. And it all has to be done on the oil stored in his tissues when he heads in from the Pacific. On the one filling of oil he has got to go from spring or early summer till November, when spawning is done; and if he is bound for Idaho it will take him all the time to get there. It is the world's best exhibition of oil economy and good combustion. When you think of all the hard leaps and the energetic rushes he has gone through in one summer it would hardly seem possible that it was all latent in one load of fuel. All the while the roe and the milt have been growing in Mr. and Mrs. Salmon, and there is hardly room for what little there is left of stomach and intestine.

They do not all go to the headwaters; some go 800 miles, others 600 or less. They run in clans and each clan knows just where to turn into its native branch of the Columbia.

I do not believe in making fish talk, or even letting them think, though I would accord this privilege to a Columbia River salmon in preference to any. But if, by any chance, one of our Western salmon got into British waters and started up an English estuary, the conclusion he would come to after a few days' swimming would be that the country he had got into needed bigger and better rivers.

CHARLES D. STEWART  
*Hartford, Wisconsin*

## Heil Hitler!

Dear Atlantic, —

Just arrived from abroad and an American friend of mine told me he is disgusted with your magazine, which is becoming 100 per cent Jewish, like the rest of the press in this country. (This country is already under Jewish yoke, yet mild and cleverly veiled.)

You New Englanders boast so much about your moral qualities! It is just a bluff and nothing else! Don't you know that the Soviet Government is a gang of Jewish murderers and thieves? The money they pay you is soaked with Christian sweat and tears and spluttered with Christian blood. Only 'modern' Judas Iscariot will accept it.

Articles of your 'historian' Frank Simonds are pure bunk! He is probably a Jew or pro-Jew — that means traitor of Christianity. As regarding the article of William Chamberlin in the September issue (comparison between Hitler and Stalin), it is a record of idiotism! Hitler is a German and an idol of 85 per cent of Germans! Stalin is a savage of Caucasian tribe and a paid executioner of Russian Christians.

Do you think that *all* of your readers are idiots?

A EUROPEAN OBSERVER

An interior decorator takes exception to the strictures of modern art as set forth by Francis Henry Taylor in the December *Atlantic*.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Francis Henry Taylor, like Europa, has gotten astride a powerful but gentle bull. She, seeming to know it was Jove himself who was taking her 'for a ride,' held on to but one horn (*vide* Tennyson). He, astride a museum job, must needs hold both horns (academic and modernistic) to play safe. But Mr. Taylor the man, a student of the arts, must have a positive opinion as to what constitutes good art. The dilemma is his and not the modern artist's.

I resent the statement, 'that most horrible of all artistic conventions, the easel picture,' and will proceed to justify my resentment, assuring you I do not earn my bread as a painter. The people of all nations have always hung works of art on the walls of the home — paintings on clay; the woven picture; the *kakemono*; yes, and the 'easel picture.' Only the wealthy patrons of art, the church and the nobility, could command painting as part of an architectural interior. Although oil painting is a process invented but a few centuries ago, from the beginning it was used for the framed picture. What would Ghirlandajo have thought of Mr. Taylor's invective? Or Millet, Hals, or Holbein, or our own Winslow Homer? What a dreary place would be the Worcester Art Museum without them.

Take the pictures from the walls of our homes? Nonsense. They are decorative, they may be beautiful, they stimulate the imagination, they are a part of our culture. No, Mr. Taylor, you must remove all the pictures from your own walls, whether prints or paintings, if you are honest. Perhaps you have done so, in which case I care not to visit your home.

Now as to the alleged dilemma of the living artist. First we will agree not to include the great unkempt army of unskilled and unimaginative mimics, the mere followers of a school or cult, or those who cash in on a passing fad. Art is and always has been influenced by the financial and mental state of the community, and the resulting fluctuating degree of culture. It is not static. Whosoever can draw well, has an appreciation of color values and is gifted with imagination, paints as he is inspired to do. Whether or not he acquires his *métier* from other painters at an academy is a matter of little moment if he is an artist. He talks but little, must think constantly, and as to looking — he is ever at it.

That we provide him with nourishment for his body — that is, buy his pictures — is a kindly but somewhat patronizing gesture. If dealers were prevented from exploiting the paintings of psychopathic cases, and museums would refrain from exhibiting them, public opinion would not be divided, and the artist would be rewarded according to his merit.

I have added another bull with the public astride it. That makes three bulls in all, but only two with the horns of a dilemma, on which the museum director and the public are going around in dizzy circles. Europa rode safely to Crete and bore a king by Jove. The modern artist has also received the divine spark, by Jove, and brings forth beautiful 'easel pictures.'

HORACE MORAN  
*New York, N. Y.*

# "Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity is a greater"

**L**OOK about you; you can see this nation summoning its energies now for real recovery and the next advance.

Sustaining that change are the accomplishments of enterprising, courageous men and businesses who seek to *compel* sales by force of new products, new services, new values.

Goodyear may justly claim a place in the ranks of those who have dared to move forward during the recent dark years.

It has brought into being in those years a greater variety and range of new products and product-betterments than in any similar bracket of time in its history.

As a result, we enter the new era confident in the belief that these new products will merit the interest and approval of quickening markets.

Foremost among them is the new "G-3"



All-Weather — the tire that is giving 43% longer non-skid mileage than its famous predecessor — *the world's largest selling tire*. Then there is the new "G-3" Airwheel★ combining the super-softness of the airplane tire with the *long-wearing, sure-gripping* tread of the "G-3" All-Weather.

Latest among the dozens of new products to emerge from the largest and most progressive experimental departments in the world's rubber industry is the Double Eagle Airwheel★ tire — incomparably the safest, strongest, most luxurious tire for modern cars so far devised.

Companioning this outstanding tire, making safe surety doubly sure, is the unique LifeGuard\* Tube — the new Goodyear invention that makes a blowout on a speeding car as harmless as a slow leak.

These extraordinary products—the Double Eagle Airwheel★ and the LifeGuard\* Tube — are perfected out of a matchless experience in building more than 225,000,000 tires. They bid for your favor solely on grounds of outright quality—their mission is not to save money but to save life.

We invite your examination of these outstanding contributions to motoring safety at any Goodyear dealer's, confident that you will find them eloquently expressive of that productive leadership which makes Goodyear "The Greatest Name in Rubber."

## Better Tires For Better Times

Goodyear greets the promise of reviving business with this array of new and improved products, developed out of resolute application in its experimental laboratories during the dark days of the recent depression.

|                                                                          |                                                                                           |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>DOUBLE EAGLE AIRWHEEL</b><br>(new high-speed super-quality tire)      | <b>STOP-START TIRE</b><br>(for frequent-stop delivery service)                            |
| <b>LIFEGUARD INNER TUBE</b><br>(eliminates blowout danger)               | <b>LUG TIRE</b><br>(for off-the-pavement operations)                                      |
| <b>"G-3" ALL-WEATHER</b><br>(43% longer non-skid mileage)                | <b>NEW FARM IMPLEMENT TIRE</b><br>(increases tractor efficiency 25%)                      |
| <b>PATHFINDER</b><br>(improved first line economy tire)                  | <b>DUMP TRUCK TIRE</b><br>(extra sidewall protection, plus grip and power in soft ground) |
| <b>NEW "G-3" AIRWHEEL</b><br>(super-soft — for airplanes and motor cars) | <b>INDUSTRIAL PNEUMATIC TIRES</b><br>(for all types of plant equipment)                   |
| <b>STUDDIED TIRE</b><br>(pulls through snow or mud without chains)       |                                                                                           |

*F. B. Whitcomb*  
President

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# The COLUMN

And here is Mr. Taylor's reply.

Dear Atlantic, —

I am afraid that I shall have to do what poor Europa never did (if we are to believe the ancient authors) — that is, relax and enjoy it. For, after all, the horns of the bull are probably far less dangerous than the horns of the dilemma. And much more fun.

FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Mass.

In praise of 'Country Christmas.'

Dear Atlantic, —

'Country Christmas,' in the December *Atlantic Monthly*, would make a splendid companion volume for Dickens's 'Christmas Carol' and Washington Irving's 'Old Christmas.' A fine literary trilogy!

The same conditions of weather prevailing this morning — a fine, steely-gray mist over the pines and cedars, with a threatening storm of rain or snow — made a fit setting for a third perusal of the story, which is, in my own estimation at least, a classic. Why should n't one give praise where praise is due?

LOUISE A. BUCKNAM

Bath, Maine

The Pedestrian Protective Association — or P. P. A., if you are fond of initials — so ably espoused in the Contributors' Club for December has provoked editorials in the press and shouts of acclaim from those who dodge motors on the run. Here is the Eighth Law proposed for the P. P. A.

Dear Atlantic, —

My daughter Elizabeth, ten years old, offers this addition to the seven diverting laws proposed by the Pedestrian Protective Association: —

8. It shall be unlawful for more than two motorists to run down a single pedestrian.

Yours for new game laws,

MYRTLE CRUZON GEYER

Chicago, Illinois

'Ole and young wiggins.'

Dear Atlantic, —

Among my father's papers was the following letter, written by an old colored woman of New Orleans to Madame Bouvier, of Philadelphia, on the death of the latter's sister. As the times this letter typifies are passing so rapidly away, I thought the letter worth preserving.

Mrs. C. F. HARD

Greenville, South Carolina

Dear Lady:

I has the honor to salute you and beg a pardin fur botherin in dis present time, but I has loss of patience waitin to git somebody fur to write an thank you fur de fine opinion what you seems to have of der Holy family and der thoughtfulness what you shew in de prayers of pore colored folks — dey all joins you dese compliments and is heartfelt sorry for to hear dat you has been flicted fur de death of your re-

spectable sister, but when you gits to combine greay hairs an eatin de soft part of de loaf kase you quinn't got no teef fo de crusts you'll kind be rejoiced she's don fought all her fights and has no mo' tears to drop in dis here walley, fo Jordan is a pebble road to trabel. Dere's neber no day widout somethin goin upside down ways. I neber has an hour ob peace kase I has awful miseries in my back and my legs keeps swellin til I tink they'll bust. I has brought into dis world seven of der fattest blackest babies what you ever sot eyes on & dey all turned out scamps, so I has as many swords stickin out o' my heart as the blessed mother had. No, I had one mo' kase she only had one husband & I has been a widow twice. It is only wiggins what aint continually in bilin water & sorry I is dat I did n't find dis out sooner. My last was the hatefulest ole nigger in all de plantations of Louisiana. I always kep my head risin in de air kase I was injun blood & neber feared no one, but he wanted to put Liza's nose in der ground & we was always warrin gin each other. Liza has seen hard days when de drops tricklin down dese black cheeks made my soup so watery I did n't know if dere was a speck of meal in it or not. Liza's things is all ready fur de grave, tis de only restin place what a slave keers of & she puts by all her picayinnies in der Lord's bank kase she is pore & don't intend to have her kin wipin dere eyes for to see what money ole Mammy lef in der ole stockin. Please give my compliments to all what I know & all what I don't know for I is much attached to ole & young wiggins.

LIZA NEBBIT

Evidence — if evidence need be — that *Atlantic* testimonials are not bought and paid for.

Dear Atlantic, —

The discovery by a member of my family of my letter published in the advertising section of your December issue, in space which has the appearance of having been especially designed for it, makes me wonder what impression it may produce upon such of my friends as may happen to find it there.

I am sure that you will take pleasure in giving them my assurance that it was sent purely as an expression of good will, and that there was no 'deal' of any kind connected with it.

No reward could be more gratifying than that of being accepted as an in-law of the *Atlantic* family; but, confidentially, I wonder whether any member of that family has even begun to suspect what a priceless treasure I possess in the editor's kindly note of acknowledgment.

JOHN W. CHAPMAN

New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Chapman, —

Your note of November 30 still further endears you to the *Atlantic* family.

The truth is I had meant to write you apologizing for the libelous use to which your letter was put. Such an apology could only come appropriately from me, as the handiwork was mine. Certainly it stood us in good stead, and I thought made an amusing and alluring piece.

THE EDITOR